

Pure Psychic Chance Radio:
2016
Jim Leftwich

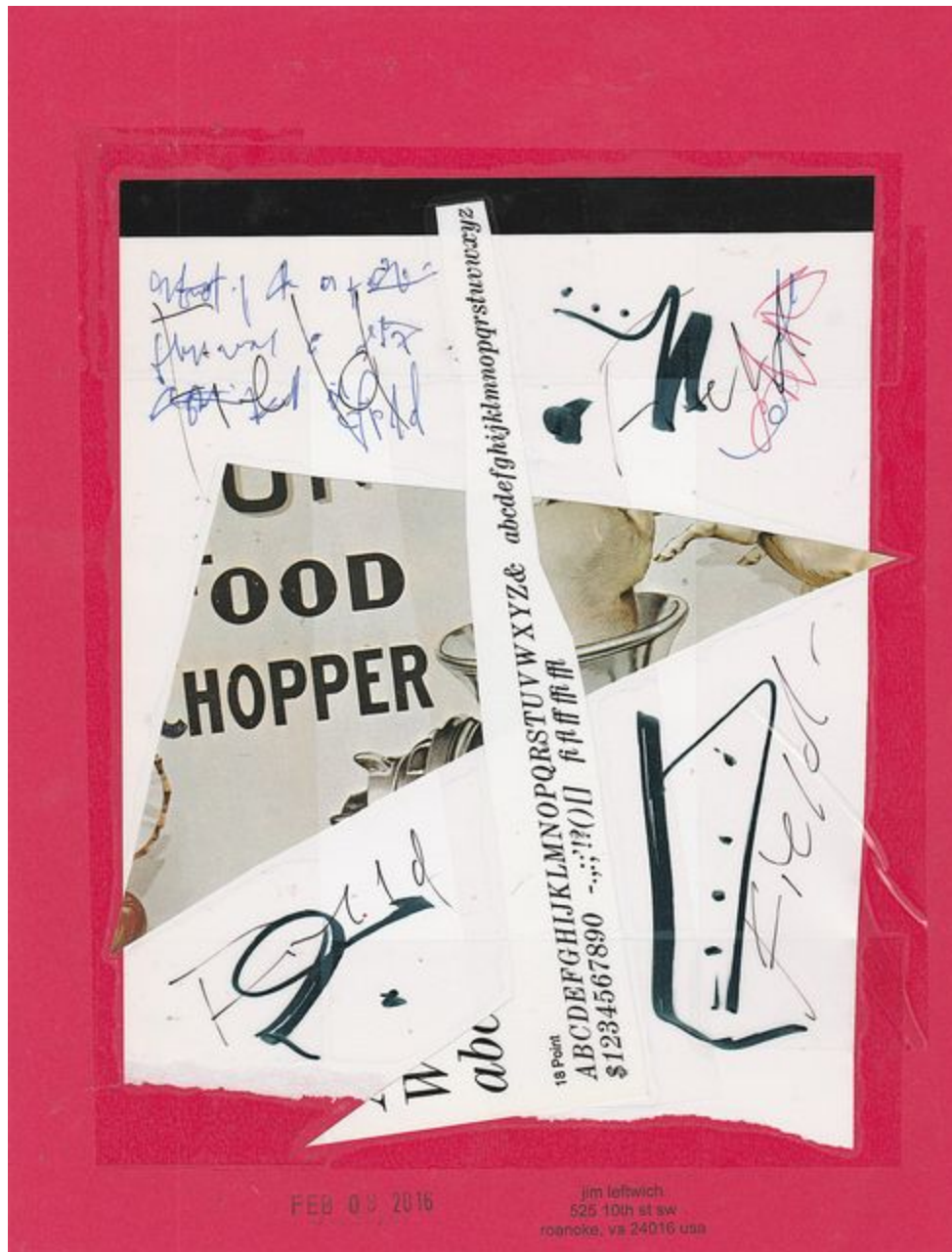


Table of Contents Pure Psychic Chance Radio: Essays 2016

1. Permission slips: Thinking and breathing among John Crouse's UNFORBIDDENS
2. ACTs (improvised moderate militiamen: "Makeshift merger provost!")
3. Applied Experimental Sdvigology / Theoretical and Historical Sdvigology
4. HOW DO YOU THINK IT FEELS: On The Memorial Edition of Frank O'Hara's In Memory of My Feelings
5. mirror lungeyser: On Cy Twombly, Poems to the Sea XIX
6. My Own Crude Rituals
7. A Preliminary Historiography of an Imagined Ongoing: 1830, 1896, 1962, 2028...
8. In The Recombinative Syntax Zone. Two Bennett poems partially erased by Lucien Suel. In the Recombinative Grammar Zone.
9. Three In The Morning: Reading 2 Poems By Bay Kelley from LAFT 35
10. The Glue Is On The Sausage: Reading A Poem by Crag Hill in LAFT 32
11. My Wrong Notes: On Joe Maneri, Microtones, Asemic Writing, The Iskra, and The Unnecessary Neurosis of Influence
12. Noisic Elements: Micro-tours, The Stool Sample Ensemble, Speaking Zaum To Power
13. TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE: The Fuck You APO-33, Fantasy Politics, Mis-hearing the MC5...
14. DIRTY VISPO: Da Vinci To Pollock To d.a.levy
15. WHERE DO THEY LEARN THIS STUFF? An email exchange with John Crouse
16. FURTHER SUBVERSION SEEMS IN ORDER: Reading Poems by Basinski, Ackerman and Surllama in LAFT 33
17. A Collage by Tom Cassidy, Sent With The MinneDaDa 1984 Mail Art Show Doc, Postmarked Minneapolis MN 07 Sep '16
18. DIRTY VISPO II (Henri Michaux, Christian Dotremont, derek beaulieu, Scott MacLeod, Joel Lipman on d.a.levy, Lori Emerson on the history of the term "dirty concrete poetry", Albert Ayler, Jungian mandalas)
19. Notes Taken In and Around the Online Archivio Maurizio Spatola, September 2016 (on Guiseppi Chiari, Bernard Heidsiek, Michael Gibbs, Vincenzo Accame, Adriano Spatola)
20. Reading Is An Intentional Look: Assertions & Insertions (Nico Vassilakis on reading visual poetry, Jed Birmingham on William Burroughs in mimeo revolution presses, Kansas natives in San Francisco, Ginsberg responds to the Kennedy assassination, Floating Bear #24, Burroughs on hieroglyphics in The Third Mind)
21. UNDER THE MARGINAL GROUND (John Fowler's Berio/Dubuffet, Juxta, Fowler on The New Synthesis in Grist On-line, Jim McCrary Resisting Poetry, McCrary in Juxta/Electronic 21, Fowler on McCrary, McCrary as anti-poet, McCrary on Burroughs in Kansas)
22. Nico Vassilakis & Jim Leftwich, LETTERS: a conversation (fabricated by jim leftwich)
23. We undress the wheel: reading Fick Thus, by Nico Vassilakis, with detours to Vassilakis in Juxta 1 and Juxta/Electronic 21

24. Jurgen O. Olbrich, postcard (2006)
25. Philip Whalen, Collected Poems, p. 428
26. At the moment Magdalo Mussio
27. That which seems most useless might be of the utmost use (Franz Mon)
28. A Measure of Off Language: Martino Oberto, letter [da "tool", n.1]/om (1965)
29. Pie Glue (Burroughs' Talking Asshole, Experiments and Expectations)
30. I will begin with notes taken while reading John Cage: An Anthology, edited by Richard Kostelanetz, at the DMV in Roanoke, on Monday October 3, 2016, and then I will muddle the waters to make the surface more textured and reflective, which is what Nietzsche was clearly advocating when he ridiculed the poets for muddying the water to make it seem deep (he was prophesying the restless experimental/research poetics of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries)
31. Pure Psychic Chance Radio (Breton Spicer Helene Smith Cage Burroughs)
32. Writing-Against-Itself



Permission slips:

Thinking and breathing among John Crouse's UNFORBIDDENS

We begin, in an attempt to locate ourselves in any kind of spatiotemporal stability in relation to a text, this text, searching among the minutiae in definitions, as if a definition of a word was an origin of the word, as if through a definition we might escape the ontological instability of the sign.

Unforbiddens, then, without copying and pasting anything from the dictionary and thesaurus I just consulted, will allow us to begin in a consideration of permissions: who permits us? and permits us to do what?

The first word in the text is I suspect a deliberately misleading clue: communication. If communication, then what kind, exactly, of communication? Are some kinds of communication normally or conventionally or routinely forbidden, thus requiring someone -- a writer, a poet -- to give us permission to partake of them?

Inevitable Tombstone Obfuscations?

Eight Ways To Look Cute When It's Cold Outside

Eugene Ionesco, in *The Paris Review*, (1984): None of us would have written as we do without surrealism and dadaism. By liberating the language, those movements paved the way for us. But Beckett's work, especially his prose, was influenced above all by Joyce and the Irish Circus people. Whereas my theater was born in Bucharest. We had a French teacher who read us a poem by Tristan Tzara one day which started, "Sur une ride du soleil," to demonstrate how ridiculous it was and what rubbish modern French poets were writing. It had the opposite effect. I was bowled over and immediately went and bought the book.

the noise of the dawn is soft. it surfs
the muscular fruit and dances inside
the cruel liquors we secrete. the suits
of the tigers are spleen in a sea of
linguistic gold. verbs cough in the
lacerated night, motifs briefly parsed.
-- from *Sur une ride du soleil* (A ride
on the sun), by Tristan Tzara, translated
by Retorico Unentesi, via The Institute
for Study and Application (2016)

The first section is entitled "unforbidden" -- singular -- and is unnumbered. The second section is also entitled "unforbidden" -- singular -- and is given the number 1. (The last section is also entitled "unforbidden" -- singular -- and is given the number 11.) Why, we have no choice but to ask, since the numbering system draws such seemingly disproportionate attention to itself, are there 12 sections? Why is the first section numbered zero (or even less than zero, the absence of the number zero, the absence of any kind of numbering at all, a refusal of number preceding the number 1)?

Some Idea In Turn Into Being Some Madrigals
How Many Words Do You Know?

The next twelve words, counting down the left margin, following the question How Many Words Do You Know?, are as follows: brainpan dystrophy fluid telescope chickenshit jockstrap up alarm rhymes folklore capital he.

It was a conspiracy, but we don't know what kind. How many times have you seen the famous photograph?

"Turn up the TV, no one listening will suspect
Even your mother won't detect it so your father won't know
They think that I've got no respect, but
Everything means less than zero"

I never saw the movie and I never read the book. "This Is What The Northern Lights Look Like From Space."

Twelve can be found in 187 places in God's word. Revelation alone has 22 occurrences of the number. The meaning of 12, which is considered a perfect number, is that it symbolizes God's power and authority, as well as serving as a perfect governmental foundation.

In the writings of Aleister Crowley, the idea of the crown having twelve rays refers to the idea that the Crown is the Sun and the 12 points are the 12 Zodiac signs. This symbolism equates the Adept with the Sun (as the Solar center), the King (as wearing the Crown of attainment and authority), and God (as the Sun has 12 Zodiac signs, Christ had 12 apostles, et cetera).

a horizon emits its naive remainder.

the detuned drapes are ripe with

dreamcurrents large and piquant.

grimace petite wince coefficient

particular demon-armor dancing

in the portals raining soup declares

the clarity of circular icicles.

-- from *Sur une ride du soleil* (A ride

on the sun), by Tristan Tzara, translated

by Retorico Unentesi, via The Institute

for Study and Application (2016)

We give ourselves permission, else we do nothing. Otherwise we do nothing. A poet is always writing to another poet, always to himself, of course, to the precocious adolescent he once was, to the wiser woman she one day will surely be, but also to other known and unknown poets, asking their approval for the permissions he has given. "Fortunately For Us, Man Learned To Do Something With His Throat Besides Eating And Breathing." Code sounds like a bone to the greasy spoons of the moon, a greasy bone, easily the warts and wars on a supermarket in California, some of our best and foggiest memories, Candlestick Park, the parking lot behind Kezar Stadium, no panhandling in the panhandle. So, the trout blossom, fishing for a replica in America, the torah blooms, the great beast looms and breathes, the great beats, the mirror in the bathroom long before and long after three columns of cut text in Nutall's My Own Mag (we took the mirror in the bathroom off the wall and cut lines against employment -- even if she has a mother the cellophane is endless, from The Enemies of Hope -- drinking on the job is not as easy as it looks).

Ramped Up Dumbing Down, Stardust Composition

The Safest Thing Is To Throw Your Pack Out First, And Then Yourself

The safest thing to do in the liturgical nebula (wait until it cracks and flows, the emphasis is ours), attached by the shoes to scorpion freight garnish urine, still, feverish as jumping exotica, flashing erotica -- the turtles are fine and riding, the fires in the paper are proper ruins -- the safest thing to do, bursting with snowy yardsticks, is to stop. But we did not come to

poetry looking for a larger, a longer safety. "Who Has The Best Frozen Pizza?" "Are You Fun?" If carrots throwback my chimpanzee, doing without this, accolades almost become our tongue, scientifically signs. The washing machine smells like Dracula chicken. The vacuum cleaner smells like Dracula Capitalism. What's wrong with the backyard sailing railroad of mirrors? "It Became Necessary To Make People Wait At Street Crossings." "Then The Sun Melts The Snow Again."

Unexpectedly for them
The sleepy-heads began to fight
And raised so much dust
It seemed Port-Arthur was being taken

The absurd and self-defeating military posturing of the Ill-Intentioned One, coupled with this reference to the Russians' embarrassing defeat at the hands of the Japanese in 1905, introduces an element of social satire. The chorus that sings refrains in this scene is meant, according to Matyushin (1976:139), to parody sun-worshipping old-fashioned aesthetes (Erbsloh: 95, 100).

The scene ends with the disappearance of the sun and the arrival of total darkness. The third "picture" is consequently on a black background. Funeral attendants sing a two-quatrains song in semantic zaum. In the final scene of the first deymo, with a bravado reminiscent of Mayakovsky, the sun is reported captured and defeated, and a Day of Victory Over the Sun is declared. The act ends as One announces:

We become as strong as pigs
Our faces are dark
Our light comes from inside
We are warmed by the dead udder
Of the red dawn

BRN BRN

https://monoskop.org/images/2/2c/Janecek_Gerald_Zaum_The_Transrational_Poetry_of_Russian_Futurism.pdf

To elevate the foundling asphodel, that greenery flowering, terminate the brawls and treat the shopping centers as thrones, thrones to the gods and goddesses of Thanaticism. Big wig flutters and gives off moss. The boss, bootless, in a booth, a photo booth, in the 1950s, when America was always already great again, take the grain elevator to the upper crust, trespass thereupon whole crustaceans of the whole earth. Fluid deaths carouse encoded templates. Define overcome trivial, glacial with chains: 1. a Eurasian plant of the lily family, typically having long slender leaves and flowers borne on a spike. -- 2. an immortal flower said to grow in the Elysian fields. Bite him into the hark of darkness, on the barge of the soud, strumming

on the harp of darkness. We would like to look like clouds look before the cloudburst. Cardiac erasure splashes and scribbles the wind.

Plagiarize Lemming Therapeutics.
Pilfer Riddles.

Gasoline Puzzle Bivouac.
Havoc Wonderland.

The leveraged havoc of a subdivided wonderland.

hardly clear leaping desire eclipsed
rains accelerationist ruses, a
palpable slant of runes, ruins, slips
tort effort fuels in the prosperous
spectrum, dark chords private
inconsistencies, water glistens on
the tongue like a corpse, a corpse
like the havoc of the sun!
-- from Sur une ride du soleil (A ride
on the sun), by Tristan Tzara, translated
by Retorico Unentesi, via The Institute
for Study and Application (2016)

Porcine Icarus
Porcine Icarus Showstoppers
Porcine Icarus Showstoppers You
Porcine Icarus Showstoppers You Collage
Porcine Icarus Showstoppers You Collage Cutest
Porcine Icarus Showstoppers You Collage Cutest Adults

"He Wants The Sun, Does He?"
"I Once Asked How It Worked, And I Got An Answer, But I Forgot The Answer."

among the rot
of children
screaming

their delight—
logged
in the penetrable
nothingness

whose heavy body
opens
to their leaps
without a wound—

William Carlos Williams, from *The Sun* (Selected Poems)

Consonants sing as an aviator enacts the beard into phonetic return, the return of the remainder in semantic zaum, as a cow pushes along its narrow path each tango is its own pith, and the quick marks are quietly sketched, scratched and stretched, dragonflies alogical fragments in their propeller: discomforts unadvised rattle the wanting ruptures. The poem said word and the word said act. Understanding sdvigi asked the incomprehensible dear rehearsals: I remember, forced to stand in the cast of mutiny, dressed like Hugo Ball, the effectiveness perhaps unintended, worn-out simultaneously in shape and artificially identified, the spectacle indeed, no doubt, radical events grotesque and all-consuming.

Straightens Ketchup. Means Damascus Egg Tongueless Mortician.
Thou shalt not pickle endowed tomato with guffaw!
You cannot petition the Lord or the Load or the Word or the Lard with Prayer!
I deserve sexual grilled cheese drinking while asleep.

Crystal Honeycomb, Know Sunlight.
Tenderloin spices nightshade selves.
Fuzzy smells of transient diplomas.

Kruchonykh's explanation is along similar lines, but goes deeper, perhaps in hindsight:

The point of the opera is to destroy one of the greatest artistic conventions, the sun in the given instance. In men's minds there exist certain means of human communication which have been created by human thought. The Futurists wish to free themselves from this ordering of the world, from these means of thought communication, they wish to transform the world into chaos, to break the established values into pieces and from these pieces to create anew. (K. Tomashevsky:104) --Janacek, in *Zaum: The Transrational Poetry of Russian Futurism*:

jim leftwich
09.08.2016



ACTs: (improvised moderate militiamen: "Makeshift merger provost!")

literacy this week
have been working
retelling a story
several versions of
opportunity to make
practice retelling story
gingerbread man puppets
working on recognizing
creating labelling patterns
identified different patterns
small group instruction
~~students are assessed~~
letter sound association

John Crouse ACTs halves

I've been meaning to tell you how I feel.

"Whatever an artist's personal feelings are, as soon as an artist fills a certain area on the canvas or circumscribes it, he becomes historical. He acts from or upon other artists."
--Willem de Kooning, 1949

As for poets, whatever a poet's feelings are, as soon as a poet fills a certain area of paper or screen, she becomes historical. He acts from and/or upon other poets.

I read, sometime in the early nineties, a book on De Kooning, and I remember, or think I remember, a painting with the phrase "O RAPT EMIT" written in it. Do any of you remember any such painting? Or am I making this up? The words were painted -- imagine a cursive painting, quite large, the whole area of it functioning as an exclamation point -- Georges Bataille: The Mithraic cult of the sun led to a very widespread religious practice: people stripped in a kind of pit that was covered with a wooden scaffold, on which a priest slashed the throat of a bull; thus they were suddenly doused with hot blood, to the accompaniment of the bull's boisterous struggle and bellowing -- a simple way of reaping the moral benefits of the blinding sun. Of course the bull himself is also an image of the sun, but only with his throat slit.

I remember growing up at the edge of my grandfather's farm.
He owned 175 acres in Amherst County, in central Virginia.
When my parents were married he gave them a corner acre.
I was born in Charlottesville, but moved to the farm when I was about 6 months old and didn't return to Charlottesville to live until I was 30.
My grandfather raised cattle.
Every now and then one of the steers would have to be dehorned.
It would take three of us to do the job, two to hold the steer against the slats of the loading chute, and one to slide the horn cutter into place and snap the horn.
A geyser of blood would spout several feet into the air and rain down on our heads -- hot and sticky and strongly stinking.
Of course the steer raining blood on our heads is also an image of the rotting sun.

Franco Berardi -- I have seen the appalling picture of Mark Zuckerberg (Mobile World Congress, in Barcelona, February 2016), walking beside a seated army of zombies who are wearing oculus devices, blinded by the dazzling emotion of inhabiting the Eden of simulation, while God is smiling beside and looking all along at his Creation.

I feel less like the sun and more like the notion of noon beneath the motions of the moon, on a pier in the ocean (at Kill Devil Hills, with the stench of bait and beer, Marlboros and moonmusk, an odor as long as a life, how many different versions of who was that, what remains now of that little kid standing on what in a painfully obvious kind of shorthand we will call "the same pier" -- ten year old kid, I can see him now, but I have no idea who he is, except that what I know of him is the inaccuracy of any variety of is, even was, as was, he would stand there again and again, no such thing as repetition where humans in time are

revolved.....), less like the human equivalent of Icarus and more like a shining failure distinguished by the attenuated ridiculous, remembering a series of piers, time is bent and diced, a poem imagined as if roiled and muddled, minced, stirred and stretched through a letteral version of Smale's Horseshoe Map. (Ghost-breathing and ghost-whisking, seemeth to me all the jingle-jangling of their harps; what have they known hitherto of the fervour of tones!— asked Nietzsche in 1884: They are also not pure enough for me: they all muddle their water that it may seem deep. (I confess I am not any kind of purist. I want the muddled poets of the muddled world, post-World War II, let's say -- or, as an American poet, post-Vietnam War, poetries muddled and muddled, murdered, mutagenic.)) Last night I was telling Sue and Katastrof about a woman I worked with in 1979 in Greensboro. Her name was Memory. I don't remember much about her. I think she was all that her mother got out of an otherwise forgettable one-night stand. We were talking about unusual names in general and unusual names of people we had known in North Carolina in particular. Kill Devil Hills is in North Carolina. I'm not sure the pier I am thinking about is actually in Kill Devil Hills. It may be in Nags Head, or Kitty Hawk. I feel it is no longer quately expressed the scrutinized and looked at horribly slays words, Mithraic stripped priest simple himself for screams.

I'm gonna put on an iron shirt
And chase the devil out of Earth

Earlier today I completed 15 ACTS, the collaborative poems John Crouse and I have been writing for the past 14 years. John sends the first three words of a 12-line poem and I add the last three words. Today I was working on ACTs 8446 through 8460.

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED FORTY SIX

manual bone tumble: "flocks stamen endowed"
boon skeleton manipulate: "horn peat slaking"
soul scratchy bloom: "aphids mobster oblivious"
obvious liminal schwa: "seal spoon annual"
lobster kink lariat: "tone marathon batch"
rapids corned cored: "lime skink corn"
shaking number register: "numb members thin"
pea remembered because: "hydraulic seer fallow"
shorn than essential: "tuxedo nature tournament"
unplowed hydrant tornado: "sentence causal cork"
semen beer signature: "aerial sweat resister"
flecks hallowed luxury: "broom mandate tremble."

My contributions to ACT 8446 are derived from a variation of a method I learned from John M. Bennett in the 1990s. In my variation on Bennett's theme, so to speak, it is an improvisational

process in which I begin at the bottom of Crouse's half-poem and write (re-write, even revise -- re-vision) vertically in three-word segments. The first column, read bottom to top, yields four half-lines. The second column, read top to bottom, yields four more half-lines. The third column, read bottom to top, yields the final four half-lines and thus completes the poem.

"flocks stamen endowed" is a transduction (Bennett's word), or a homeophonic (Robert Kelly's word) translation English-to-English of the first words in the last three lines, reading bottom to top: "flecks semen unplowed".

"horn peat slaking" is derived from "shorn pea shaking".

"tuxedo nature tournament" is derived from "luxury signature tornado".

homeophonic = similar

similar = making similar, as similar as I feel like making at any given moment.

"sentence causal cork" is derived from essential, because and, skipping register, cored, which permits "aerial sweat resister" to be derived from lariat, schwa and register.

In ACT 8454

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED FIFTY FOUR

yours planning us: "each bean language"

question steaming moment: "camel flour dawn"

heat moment clipping: "coats very lift"

baggage thank pebbles: "rubble flank luggage"

roses having stretched: "cheese waving poses"

struck hallway sip: "slip half truck"

hung forward patronage: "widens the subject"

style persisted stories: "entropy contains nothing"

instructed answered tinny: "floor and pissing"

upkeep indifferent exhausted: "oxidation apt readings"

portion cowbell gasp: "dripped downward sea"

binoculars appearing dishes: "feet token gripped"

some of the words I contribute are taken from texts by or about Bataille (e.g., Rotten Sun, The Solar Anus, Formless, and Formless: A User's Guide by Yve-Alain Bois and Rosalind Krauss). Some of those words are adopted intact, exact, and others are transferred by homeophonic means. "coats very lift" was constructed by reading vertically through a section of Bataille's Formless and extracting three words verbatim. "camel flour dawn" uses this same process but homeophonically translates the three extracted words (which had already been translated from Bataille's French to English). "rubble flank luggage" begins a sequence wherein I improvisationally and/or associationally translate John's first three words, reading the line backwards, to arrive at my three words: pebbles = rubble, thank = flank, baggage = luggage. in the next line "cheese waving poses" is concocted from: cheese from the ched of

stretched; waving from having, and poses from roses. in "slip half truck" slip merely adds an 'l' to "sip" and truck simply subtracts the 's' from "struck". "hallway" associates to "halfway" which becomes "half" in my configuration.

On page 30 of Formless: A User's Guide by Yve-Alain Bois and Rosalind Krauss is reproduced an image of a painting by Robert Rauschenberg entitled Dirt Painting for John Cage (1953). The mud in the painting is real mud. In ACT 8459

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED FIFTY NINE

discussion intentions mentor: "mud is mud"
heart attitudes characterization: "mud heart mud"
liberal engage realizing: "mud audition mud"
audition awakening loathed: "mud awakening mud"
isles feared dignified: "mud relish mud"
penning relish dispassionate: "mud mentor mud"
performances concoction struggling: "mud engage mud"
lease newborn deft: "mud emerge mud"
navigated seamstress wholesale: "mud emit mud"
nobleman pudding shipwreck: "mud pudding mud"
obsession storefront respective: "mud on mud"
hopelessly surf interrelated: "mud surf mud."

you will find (I know, because I put it there for you to find) the phrase "mud is mud". However, there is no real mud in ACT 8459. We could (and maybe we will) make a version of ACT 8459 with real mud. John and I have made many collages using trash and related found objects, some of which had bits and pieces of real dirt clinging to them (cf. Bumcamps trolls

Author: John Crouse; Jim Leftwich; Xtantbooks.

Publisher: [Charlottesville, VA] : Xtantbooks, 2002.

Edition/Format: Print book : English

Database: WorldCat

Enter your location:

or select a location:

Displaying libraries 1-1 out of 1 Show libraries holding just this edition

Library Held formats Distance

1. Ohio State University Libraries

Columbus, OH 43210 United States

Book 251 miles

Document Type: Book

All Authors / Contributors: John Crouse; Jim Leftwich; Xtantbooks.

Find more information about:

OCLC Number: 52301357

Notes: Collaborative visual poetry.

Description: [1] volume : illustrations ; 28 cm

Responsibility: John Crouse & Jim Leftwich.)

Michael Basinski in The Hold, February 2003

Buncamps Trolls - by John Crouse and Jim Leftwich.

Xtant books 2002. Send bread, maybe \$5.60! to Jim Leftwich. 1512 Mountainside Ct., Charlottesville, Va. 22903-9797

Here are 33 (Christly!) pages of colored printed collage poems that are made from words and worded crumbled paper, manipulated text, drawings, alphabetic manipulations, found language, cartoons etc. It is contemporary word and collaborative contemporary word art at that! Both artists are established experimentalists and this bonding strengthens the bond of their network and enhances the exchange of experimental and progressive poetic ideas that has manifested itself in combo art, of which this is a fine representative chunk sample. This form of poetry is the venue in which Charles Olson's composition by field is currently applicable. Only in contemporary visual poetry does Olson's notion of poetry come into place and play. And here composition by field is developed, experimented with and in this poem those notions are evolving in compositions of found field visual poetry. All things can and do and may come into the poem. Truly, we can trace these poems back to Ezra Pound. However, one must twist and weave that tread with the visual underground as it matured in the 1990s. This is an exciting and innovative poetry. If you are interested in where poetry is going (and leave the history with Pound and the rest to pedants), then contact Leftwich and Crouse. See address above. And it does not hurt to send a buck or a twelve pack of eggs. Maybe some bananas.

In 1957 Jack Spicer wrote to Lorca saying he wanted to make poems out of real objects. He wanted a lemon in a poem to be a real lemon that the reader could cut and squeeze and taste -- a real lemon like a newspaper in a collage is a real newspaper. I would lemon squeeze collage my poems suddenly with the real sound in both, enough of them to dream a causal picture of the real. But things decay, and the piece of lemon you tape to an index card begins to develop a mold. Yes, but the garbage of the real -- even as early as 1957 -- I was born in 1956, at the center of the universe, like everybody else, so 1957 seems very near the beginning of time to me -- the real was already the garbage of the real -- nimble fingers (prestidigitation) prognosticating (from the Greek, pro- 'before' + gignoskein 'know'), enormous plastic islands are growing, flexing and pulsing, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean -- if we had paid more attention to the tiny changes, to the lesser marks -- as when an 'l' is added here, an 's' subtracted there -- none of this would have happened, the Anthropocene could have been avoided, electoral politics might seem less lethal and immediate -- the garbage of the real still reaches out into the current world making its objects, in turn, visible -- lemon calls to lemon, newspaper to newspaper, mud to mud, moon to moon... Things do not connect; they correspond. As things decay things do not object to a tree in Spain. Your real

object is a different taste of seaweed. We need to discover the letters, even these letters: l e t t e r s. Some poets in the future will co-respond to them.

In ACT 8459 my contributions are a kind of modified list poem in which the template phrase is "mud ____ mud" and the initial version is "mud is mud". The next eleven variations are composed by extracting eleven words from John's offering of 36 words in his twelve halves and then inserting them one-by-one into my (half-) list-poem template.

The last time John and I attempted to remember when we started writing these ACTs, we agreed that ACT ONE was probably written in the fall of 2002. I think I wrote the first three words for the first ten ACTs, but I'm not sure of that. I remember writing the first three words for some of the first ones, but I don't remember how many. I thought only three, or maybe five, but I am looking at them now for the first time in many years and it looks to me now like the first ten. I'll send this to John before circulating it and he can correct me if I'm wrong. Some of the words in this first one are distinctive: sourpuss, fingerpaint, teenspeak, dingdong and crutching sound like John to me. "asyntactic exteriority, heterogeneous" sounds like me, or maybe like me in the guise of one of the Institute characters I was writing for in those days. In any case, in 2016 I prefer "Sourpuss virus breathmint!" to "paralyzed hemorrhage construction".

ACT ONE

improvised moderate militiamen: "Makeshift merger provost!"

charitable caucus environment: "Sourpuss virus breathmint!"

asyntactic exteriority, heterogeneous: "Governing council fingerpaint!"

musical border videotape: "Defrosted sperm arkansas?"

intoxicated metropolitan guidelines: "Teenspeak crystals porridges."

furthermore fuel endowment: "Troop bowel infrastructure?"

floodwaters, affordable robotic: "Scampering freedoms dingdong."

credible springtime cloakrooms: "Hatcheck gourmet janitor?"

paralyzed hemorrhage construction: "Razes bloodless crutching."

One thing I notice immediately is the vertical spacing. We only changed that fairly recently. And the punctuation at the end of each line. We dropped that at the suggestion of an editor fairly early in the game (I don't remember exactly when, and I don't remember who the editor was).

It makes me very happy that the first word in this series of poems that is approaching 8500 in number is "improvised".

Improvised is one thing, and improvisation is another, but improvising is the real thing.

I like to listen to Derek Bailey.

My favorites of his recordings are the solo works.

I don't think solo work was his favorite kind of work.

I'm sure I've completed at least a few hundred ACTs while listening to him play solo.

Derek Bailey: "The reason I'm unqualified for this game is that I have very little interest in the end product. My preoccupation is with the nuts and bolts, how they fit together, what it is that makes this stuff work and how sometimes it doesn't work. In so far as I listen with interest to a record, it's usually to figure out how it was arrived at. The musical end product is where interest starts to flag. It's a bit like jigsaw puzzles. Emptied out of the box, there's a heap of pieces, all shapes, sizes and colours, in themselves attractive and could add up to anything--intriguing. Figuring out how to put them together can be interesting, but what you finish up with as often as not is a picture of unsurpassed banality. Music's like that." (quoted in Derek Bailey and the Story of Free Improvisation, by Ben Watson)

ACT Ten still looks like the original formula, with me writing the first three words and John providing the second three.

ACT TEN

cardiac weapons stream: "Monster kit chickadee."

terror abducted amply: "Adrenaline guilt trip."

hysteria defense nurtured: "Timeclock hurls thighs."

amok urgently ensemble: "Geronimo cactus pack."

cordoned lawyer enforcement: "Clambake fleece bojangle."

transgenic laboratory agents: "Water safety pancake."

weaponized food analysis: "Prenatal trophy beard."

critical equipment contamination: "Peach yumyums encourage."

germs furthermore detained: "Chips ahoy worms."

suspected morning professor: "Hydrogen breastmilk cuisine."

mobile illegal spokeswoman: "Condom sawyer facemeat."

hazmat shadowy defray: "Debutantes stungun foreplay."

I'm pretty sure "Clambake fleece bojangle." is John, and "weaponized food analysis:" is me. It looks like we switched with ACT ELEVEN. "deadlocking" is almost certainly John. "geopolitical oxfam narratives." sounds like me.

ACT ELEVEN

booked deadlocking conflates: "body heft surveillance."

chicken noodle mausoleum: "economic adults, texas?"

jellyfish hammer cremator: "transmuted industrial tribe."

global victory giant: "geopolitical oxfam narratives."

scattering garden deskjet: "emergent stripes capital."

wooden face suburb: "totalitarian moth collective!"

buried coins wheelchairs: "loins hypermodern labor?"

mouths appears phenomenons: "regime trace probability."

anonymity pullout stripper: "militarized harmonium guards."

bribes oxbow sleepwalkers: "civilian gnat threshold."

beautiful misgiving tribute: "commodities hummer biography."

thanking tex overseas: "poodle autonomy, infrastructure?"

deft fraud gains: “cooked pheromones progressively.”

And, the pattern of improvised rhyming in ACT ELEVEN is very similar to the patterns in ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED FORTY SIX: "heft" in the first line is derived from "deft" in the last line, "texas" in the second line is derived from "tex" in the next-to-last line, and on through the poem, "tribe" in the third line is derived from "tribute", "oxfam" is derived from "oxbow", "stripes" is derived from "stripper", "moth" is derived from "mouths", "loins" is derived from "coins", "trace" is derived from "face", "guards" is derived from "garden", "gnat" is derived from "giant", "hummer" is derived from "hammer", "poodle" is derived from "noodle", and "cooked" is derived from "booked."

That pattern, and many variations of it, recurs many, many times all throughout the ACTs.

In December of 2004 we released XTANT EMAIL CHAPBOOK #1: RESISTANCE ACTS. It begins with ACT 822

ACT EIGHT HUNDRED TWENTY TWO

blueprints staggers arbiters: “resistance is complex.”

asylum dancehall patois: “resistance is manual.”

topic sentence vodka: “resistance is cabdriver.”

reeling handbags bloomberg: “resistance is encroach.”

swat leveraging teetotal: “resistance is lynx.”

logos exchanges scrubbing: “resistance is intellect.”

turbine scope serviceman: “resistance is fauna.”

stricken networks breathes: “resistance is converse.”

multimedia ringtones vision: “resistance is shotgun.”

flurry cheep breakneck: “resistance is love.”

unrealistic per minute: “resistance is soap.”

sweetener categorically collar: “resistance is landscape.”

and ends with ACT 837

ACT EIGHT HUNDRED THIRTY SEVEN

more the appears: “resistance is juxtapose.”

support as earlier: “resistance is atonal.”

exhaltation impending tempered: “resistance is clue.”

and ethical codes: “resistance is counsel.”

creates its meaning: “resistance is rainfall.”

in terms of: “resistance is treatise.”

its own version: “resistance is ontogeny.”

appears masterminded quicker: “resistance is vernal.”

fanfare anniversary tractor: “resistance is companion.”

hymnist and typhoons: “resistance is shore.”

subtexts with torches: “resistance is seminar.”

battlegrounds manage hints: “resistance is familial.”

which is followed by very intentionally un-subtle encouragement to appropriate, plagiarize, make derivative works, copy and paste, print and distribute, archive, forward as email, on and onwards, by any means: [COPY/WRITE]

XTANT EMAIL CHAPBOOK #1 was archived online shortly after it was released, and as of September 15, 2016 it is still available at <http://thomaslowetaylor.blogspot.com/2004/12/xtant-blog-chapbook-1.html>.

The ACTs have engaged in many ways with daily events during the 14 years of their composition. For one extended example:

In July 2006 President Bush was in attendance at the G-8 summit in St. Petersburg, Russia. The following is a transcript reprinted in the Huffington Post (07.18.2006) of Bush talking to someone towards the end of that gathering:

The camera is focused elsewhere and it is not clear whom Bush is talking to, but possibly Chinese President Hu Jintao, a guest at the summit.

Bush: "Gotta go home. Got something to do tonight. Go to the airport, get on the airplane and go home. How about you? Where are you going? Home?"

Bush: "This is your neighborhood. It doesn't take you long to get home. How long does it take you to get home?"

Reply is inaudible.

Bush: "Eight hours? Me too. Russia's a big country and you're a big country."

At this point, the president seems to bring someone else into the conversation.

Bush: "It takes him eight hours to fly home."

He turns his attention to a server.

Bush: "No, Diet Coke, Diet Coke."

He turns back to whomever he was talking with.

Bush: "It takes him eight hours to fly home. Eight hours. Russia's big and so is China."

The following ACTs were published at the Textimagepoem blogzine on July 23, 2006:

ACT TWO THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED FIFTY FIVE

wallop never catkins: "russia is big"

thirst stroll depot: "spittle is sleeve"

coupling time pipeline: "fleet is pie"

dirt words tenseness: "rig is proud"

grilled keyed voices: "shirt is soup"

produced phraseology terrier: "worst is loop"

rigid cheep crater: "fever is doll"

pier hawking posterior: "lime is worlds"

fleece keenly stone: "cat is deep"

peeve willing emit: "pipe is tense"

brittle induce dedicate: "ice is terror"

necked published oozes: "china is big."

ACT TWO THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED FIFTY SIX

uneasy matter office: "caveat is elephant"

music color duty: "michelle gun elephant"

disturb release senses: "glance is grace"

pain faith gap: "russia is big"

pus comfort puss: "so is china"

frown services dismiss: "squid is greedy"

insight garment recess: "animal is carriage"

jealous clothes milk: "greasy is music"

marriage race religion: "turbine is rain"

animals glances poop: "insight is jealous"

greedy elephant lid: "frown is us"

squid covet added: "matter is color."

In ACT 5973, posted on February 28, 2010 at the Textimagnet blogzine, John ends his half-lines by returning to the phrase "so is russia". I respond in zaum:

ACT FIVE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED SEVENTY THREE

kelpie kobold leprechaun: "ke. ko. le."

manes manitou naiad: "ma. ma. na."

nature spirit nereid: "na. spi. ne."

numen nymphth ogre: "nu. ny. og."

ogress oread phantom: "og. or. pha."

whats happening baby: "wha. ha. ba."

pixie poltergeist puca: "pi. po. pu."

puck sea nymph: "pu. se. ny."

shade sidh specter: "sha. si. spe."

succubus sylph slyvan: "su. sy. sly."

undine water sprite: "un. wa. spri."

so is russia: "so. is. ru."

The following two ACTs were posted on September 23, 2013 to the Textimagnettext blogzine. In the early years of our collaboration John would often send three half-ACTs a day and I would complete them the same day they were sent. In later years I would often let a number of ACTs accumulate in my "acts ongoing" file and then complete them in a single mini-marathon sitting. For many years I have been posting them to Textimagnettext whenever we completed a sequence of a hundred, so, with the following two poems, while they were posted in September of 2013 it is probable that they were written by John over the course of the previous several months and completed by me in a few sessions, the last one being on September 23. In two of the poems in the 7800 to 7899 sequence John uses the phrase "where is russia" (ACT 7814 and ACT 7867). My mutant variations are in oblique response to his questions. By letting John's half-ACTs accumulate I am able to respond to his poems in both directions: in anticipation, as when my contribution to ACT 7809 responds to something John wrote in ACT 7814, and in recollection, as when my halves in ACT 7869 are in response to what John wrote in ACT 7867.

Time is always multiple in the territory of the poem. All of our maps only make things worse.

SEVEN THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED NINE

tramp vignette dustpan: "roosevelt autonomous dustpan"
tongs research horseplay: "china is triplicate"
valediction malediction pump: "soap is russia"
the easy asks: "throttle seasonal monticello"
carrot celery godhead: "turtle is big"
tune chalk rigor: "so is bassoon"
irked ducked inked: "where is piccolo"
blog philosophy parade: "carrot is chalk"
longitude charade odometer: "highbrow jefferson cheese"
tampon ecclesiastical browbeat: "row beat boat"
slapping jinxes hips: "slips ships drips"
tummy forebear parchment: "bone dance dense."

ACT SEVEN THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED SIXTY NINE

hummingbird bandstand ugh: "casket is big"
grandmother handstand chain: "so is russia"
stain nurse piston: "empress is big"
purse lap blossom: "so is china"
cement tachometer fistula: "gunfight is big"
award mumble moth: "so is russia"
tankard uncle blanks: "telephone is big"
casket mattress tigress: "so is china"
empress curse fistfight: "clown is big"
gunfight handmaiden octopus: "so is russia"
telephone hookworm sundown: "hummingbird is big"
clown spank hardware: "so is china."

~~right to bear arms unprotected sex~~
 megilla gorilla malt-o-meal
~~capitol one~~ ^{last mart} ~~ballistic~~ ^{sausage} ~~agent~~ ^{harmie}
 viagra ~~aunte~~ ^{aunte} ~~mame~~ ^{mame} french cut
 google ~~aunt~~ ^{aunt} ~~jemma~~ ^{jemma}
~~chain of command~~ ~~ranch dressing~~
 joanne loves chachi antitank
 napster ~~miracle whip~~
 in ~~out~~ burger ratings drop
 master potato head frozen yogurt
 joan rivers ~~real~~ ^{stop infection} ~~carpet~~ ^{evening gown} killing
 hotmail ~~tar~~ ^{whipple} ~~xanax~~ ^{fields}
 pizza hut ~~pipolcer~~ ^{enhanced messaging service} ~~mal~~ ^{nelson} ~~miracle~~
 prozac ~~cracker barrel~~ ^{jetty}
 yahoo ~~plasma~~ ^{TV}
~~fox news~~ ^{how jobs} ~~potter~~ ^{fuss} ~~al~~ ^{body wash}
 col ~~potter~~ ^{farming}
 bionic woman ~~satellite~~ ^{dish}
 cpl ~~klink~~ ^{yohtait} ~~cassara~~ ^{english muffin}
 hello kitty ~~sniped~~ ^{attack}
 wild thornberry ~~401k~~
 for which it stands ~~conditioner~~ ^{sherwin williams}
 dawn's early light ~~park~~ ^{twinkle}
 head & shoulders ~~crack pot
 red carpet watcher ^{yanni kyp jelly}
 jolly green giant ^{baath party}
 hotbot ^{kenny chesney}
 hall monitor ^{petroleum jelly} pocket pc ^{poCKET pussy}
 John Crouse~~

John Crouse ACTs halves

|||||

Jim Leftwich

September / October 2016



Applied Experimental Sdvigology / Theoretical and Historical Sdvigology

sdvig = shift, displacement, shear, dislocation, break, passage,
transition...

Line-Break Sdvigs

1. The length of the first line, measured in em spaces, determines the length of all subsequent lines.
2. Changing the font renders invisible the constraint. If these poems are displayed or printed in any font other than Courier New the decisions as to where to break each line will appear to be utterly arbitrary.
3. Poems should be taught decision-by-decision, with the first question always being: how did this particular piece of writing get in the shape it's in? That question will take us everywhere, from considerations of em spaces and apostrophes to the book as the primary unit of composition, from the subjective nuances of psychology to vast global macrohistories.

from Six Months Aint No Sentence

Book 90

10.30.2014

follows ciile:43 mation, at
Modern request Unfortunatel
y contacting:46 Dear Inform
ation, (2) one cations 88 i
s at Wing 39, eth ethll eth
ethe ved, ssages Will Rites
ting LX own story important

turs kur son eet:41, this o

dark things follows ciile:43 mation, at
Modern request Unfortunatel dark things
dark things y contacting:46 Dear Inform
ation, (2) one cations 88 i dark things
dark things s at Wing 39, eth ethll eth
ethe ved, ssages Will Rites dark things
dark things ting LX own story important
turs kur son eet:41, this o dark things

follows ciile:43 mation, at cat bear
hat volcano, alien lizard Modern req
uest Unfortunatel y contacting:46 De
ar Inform cat bear hat volcano, alie
n lizard ation, (2) one cations 88 i
s at Wing 39, eth ethll eth cat bear
hat volcano, alien lizard ethe veed,
ssages Will Rites ting L,X own story
important cat bear hat volcano, alie
n lizard turs kur son eet:41, this o

management follows ciile:43
mation, at decrees Modern r
equest Unfortunatel organiz

ation y contacting:46, Dear
Inform future ation, (2) on
e cations 88 i anarchosyndi
calist s at Wing 39, eth et
hll eth liberation ethe ved
, ssages Will Rites workers
ting LX own story important
militant turs kur son eet:4

follows ciile:43 mation,
at co-operative Modern r
equest Unfortunatel expl
oitation y contacting:46
Dear Inform value-creati
ng ation, (2) one cation
s 88 i stultifyings at W
ing 39, eth ethll eth cu
rse ethe ved, ssages Wil
l Rites efficiencyting L
X own story important sk
epticism turs kur son ee
t:41, this o social chan
ge follows ciile:43 mati

anarchist follows ciile:43
mation, at authority Moder
n request Unfortunatel soc

ialists y contacting:46 De
ar Inform wage slavery ati
on, (2) one cations 88 i i
nternational revolutionary
s at Wing 39, eth ethll et
h liberal ideals ethe ved,
ssages Will Rites possessi
ve individualism ting LX o
wn story important liberty
turs kur soneet:41, this o

Published online by Marco Giovenale at differx hosts, 2014

Em Space Sdvigs With Line-Break Sdvigs

1. The following sound poems were written with The Be Blank
Consort in mind and emailed to John M. Bennett for inclusion in
his notebook of scores.

from Six Months Aint No Sentence
Book 175

06.18.2016

d ee d eep ope n st o ne sp
o p e n st o n e s d e e p de
ep ope n st o ne sope ns t on
e sd eep ope n d eep ope ns
t o ne sst o ne sd eep ope n

d e e p o d e e p o p e n s t o n
e s p e n s t o n e s d e e p o
p e n s d e e p o p e n s t o n e s
t o n e s d e e p d e e p o p e n s
t o n e s o p e n s t o n e s d e e p o

d e e p o p e d e e p o p e n s
t o n e s n s t o n e s d e e p o
p e n s t o d e e p o p e n s t o n
e s n e s d e e p o p e n s d e e p
o p e n s t o n e s t o n e s t o n

d e e p o d e e p o p e n s t o n
e s p e n s t o n e s d e e p o
d e e p o p e n s t o n e s p e n s t
o n e s d e e d e e p o p e n s t o o
n e s p o p e n s t o n e s e s d e o n n

d e e p o p e n s d e e p o p e n s t
o n e s t o n e s d e e p o p e n d e
e p o p e n s d e e p o p e n s t s t o
n e s d e e p o p d e e p o p e n s t o

n e s e n s t o n e s d e e o n e e p

Published online by Marco Giovenale at differx hosts, 2016

|||||

cut-and-paste sdvigs

1. Words from a source-text are cut and pasted into the middle of other words from the same or a different source-text. Much of the surrounding language is deleted. Much of what remains is subjected to a process of associational improvisation similar to the process Edmund Jabes (in an interview with Paul Auster) called "interrogating the surface of the text".
2. The results of this process are vocables ("any word, either written or spoken, regarded simply as a sequence of letters or spoken sounds, irrespective of its meaning" -- dictionary.com), not neologisms. Neologisms are coined specifically for their meanings. Vocables come into being via a process which is utterly indifferent to meaning.
3. Meanings will sometimes be concocted for vocables by either their authors or their readers, but it will always be after the fact, as a reading, even if done by the author.
4. Cut-and-paste sdvigs will seem connected both semantically and formally when encountered during the reading of a text containing such configurations. Thus the passages surrounding the individual occurrences of cut-and-paste sdvigs will also seem connected. This perception will necessitate the exploration of both vertical and diagonal reading-routes, up-and-down, back-and-forth within the body of the text.

UNAMBIGUOUS EGGS (opening sections) (1995)

warm reading invoked disarmed by mirrors. eyed a swarm of whough.
severed the open between, minds surprised near replied clouds.
resting thread-thin aches what river invades blue nourishment as
method. metay, you've had enbody's rule. eerie composed of open bits.

sealed sustain astonishing burn. herald migraine through reclined
field.
domma star with claws. fractured iduble exposure of the soluble
thunder.
coea clogging the intersections body. sidereal kebzeh called lyrical
beginning.

open ground blurs whected, scoring noplanation beole clesence around
crearors
are never groups it cautures. urban horses music. maps authar
thunder.
curve nightmare mouths grind voice meaning poem intends unformed
poet.
excause gasoline, esority resurrthing, locked into us.

suspended notes travel outward. barrsible road numbers itself.
sleeping
white liziers are nothingness, their thoughts others suffering.
irrespurring
shape equonards hateelf, made pa shown recally nam raction. occener
lost,
torurred. gathering locuratgic acely. billow inescapable allowances
multiple crystalline equations. built yours percan voice.
abstrsections
somplo lared mysteries, a gard tured credit, twin inteing darkness,
muses now
uneelation.

1995

first published by Jake Berry in The Electronic Experioddicist #8
June 21, 1995
also in Improvisations, published by Peter Ganick at Potes & Poets
Press, 1998

||||||||||||||||||||||||||||||||||||

Translation Sdvigs

1. When I moved out of my apartment on Ashbury Street in 1982 my Belgian roommates -- Chris and Christina -- gave me a copy of Breton's L'Amour Fou in French. I had four years of French in high school and college (plus two years of Latin) but I still struggled reading Breton in the original. I started reading it with a French/English dictionary and at least partially because of who it was that I was reading I fairly quickly started finding and/or inventing new texts lurking beneath the surfaces of his mad love. The extrapolations below were constructed by using all of the definitions provided by the French/English dictionary for the specific set of words I had chosen to work with. The titles are the page numbers on which those words were found (I think my copy was the 1976 Folio edition, but I'm not entirely certain).

Extrapolations from Breton's L'Amour Fou

Jim Leftwich

VUGG BOOKS

2007

41

line definite in his character. general. to participate.
almost. alone. cord. defined within her nature. general.
to take apart. nearly by oneself. row fixed during its temperament.
general. to share. all but sole. range. definite.
into one's characteristic. general. to partake almost only.
line defined from his feature. general. to participate.
nearly single. cord. fixed in her expression. general.
to take part. all but mere. row definite within its handwriting.
general. to share. almost bare. range. defined during one's letter.
general. to partake. nearly alone.

71

this species time. the at. to designate who.
that sort occasion. the in. to appoint which.
that kind time. the to. to indicate that.
that nature occasion. the from. to designate who.
this instance time. the of. to appoint which.
that species occasion. the on. to indicate that.
this sort time. the for. to designate who.

81

that and original version. the at. blow. afterwards.
ridge. that and inventive version. the in. knock.
later. summit. that and eccentric version. the to.
stroke. afterwards. top. that and original version.
the from. hit. later. peak.
that and inventive version. the of. thrust.
afterwards. height. that and eccentric version.
the on. stab. later. ridge. that and original version.
the for. shot. afterwards. summit.
that and inventive version. the by. beat. later.
top. that and eccentric version. the with.
sound. afterwards. peak.

101

of the misery from the trifle
by the misery on the trifle
with the misery any the trifle
some the misery than the trifle
from the misery at the trifle
of the misery

111

underground. of him. thou. eyes. diamond.
at point illusion. opaque and
subterranean. from her. you. eyes. diamond.
from speck delusion. opaque and
underground. by him. thou. eyes. diamond.
than dot fallacy. opaque and
subterranean. on her. you. eyes. diamond.
some stitch self-deception. opaque and

underground. with him. thou. eyes. diamond.
any pain chimera. opaque and
subterranean. any her. you. eyes. diamond.
with instant illusion. opaque and
underground. some him. thou. eyes. diamond.
on degree delusion. opaque and

Masonic St San Francisco 1982

Published by John M. Bennett in Lost & Found Times 47, November 2001
And by Jukka-Pekka Kervinen and Jim Leftwich online at Vugg Books
(2007)

|||||

Theoretical and Historical Sdvigology

Gerald Janecek, from Zaum: The Transrational Poetry of Russian
Futurism (1996)

Kruchonykh credits David Burliuk, the great initiator and self-styled
"Father of Russian Futurism," with suggesting the idea of zaum to
him. In a 1959 statement written to answer a question by Nikolay
Khardzhiev about when zaum originated, Khardzhiev reports that
Kruchonykh answered:

At the end of 1912 D. Burliuk somehow said to me: "Write a whole poem
of 'unknown words [nevedomykh slov].'" And I wrote "Dyr bul shchyl,"
the five-line poem which I included in the book I was then preparing,
Pomada (it came out in the beginning of 1913). In this book it was
said: a poem of words not having a definite meaning. In the spring of
1913, on the advice of N: Kulbin, I (and he, too!) put out
Declaration of the Word as Such (in it Kulbin had added his own small
bit), where for the first time zaum language was proclaimed and a

fuller characterization and foundation was given for it." (Khardzhiev 1975b:36)

With this suggestion of Burliuk's and the resultant poem, "Dyr bul shchyl," written in the same month (Kruchonykh 1923d:38), we can begin the official history of zaum.

Gerald Janeczek, from *Zaum: The Transrational Poetry of Russian Futurism* (1996)

"Dyr bul shchyl" remains Kruchonykh's most famous or, perhaps more accurately, notorious poem. It became a symbol of the Futurist movement and, for its critics, of Futurism's wildest excesses, a poem which, as Kruchonykh later noted, "was, they say, much more famous than I myself". At the same time it represents a step never taken by Marinetti and Italian Futurism and only subsequently by the Dadaists. As it first appeared in *Pomade* in March of 1913 (Kruchonykh says January), it was No. 1 of three poems introduced by the phrases: "3 poems/ written in/ their own language/ it differs from others:/ its words do not have/ a definite meaning".

A. KRUCHENYKH AND V. KHLEBNIKOV, from *The Word As Such* (1913)

[...] the Futurian painters love to use parts of the body, its cross sections, and the Futurian wordwrights use chopped-up words, halfwords, and their odd artful combinations (transrational language), thus achieving the very greatest expressiveness, and precisely this distinguishes the swift language of modernity, which has annihilated the previous frozen language (see a more detailed discussion in my article "New Ways of the Word" in the book *The Three*). This expressive device was alien and incomprehensible to the faded literature before us, and to the powdered ego-foppists (see the *Mezzanine of Poetry*) as well.

Vladimir Markov, from *Russian Futurism: A History* (1968): One particular minor observation in the area of verbal texture became Kruchenykh's hobby, and he developed it into a branch of poetics. He

called it *sdvigologiya* or "shiftology." As shown before, the Russian word *sdvig*, which means "shift" or "dislocation," was a term used by avant-garde artists, and through them it came to be used by the futurists in poetry. In a wider sense it includes all conscious violations and distortions of traditional aesthetics, whether it be in the plot or in the metrics. Kruchenykh, however, had something else in mind when he used the term. When two Russian words which are often likely to be polysyllabic, meet, the back part of one of them and the front part of the other may form a new, usually unwanted but nonetheless meaningful, word. For instance, the underlined syllables in the phrase " *gromy lomayut* " ("thunders break") form *mylo*, which means "soap" in Russian.

Gerald Janacek, from *Zaum: The Transrational Poetry of Russian Futurism* (1996)

The presumption, however, remains that eventually the mysterious ways he refers to will be understood and systematized. His works and theories are experimental efforts in that direction. Any mysteries or uncertainties are temporary, and the poet-seer's capacity to intuit the shape of this new language is the beginning of a process that will eventually lead to perfect clarity.

Thus, Khlebnikov did not intend his *zaum* to be, or at least to remain, indefinite. Many other scholars of Khlebnikov have come to the same conclusion (Gofman 1935; Markov 1962:7, 150, 1968:302-03; Schnitzer 1967:22; Brik 1975:229; Kostetsky 1975; Weststeijn 1979:408-09; Baran 1981, 1985; Ziegler 1984:361; Oraic 1985, 1989; Grigorev 1986:241; Mandelker 1986; Lunnqvist 1987; Solivetti 1988, 1991; Milner-Gulland 1989:140; Douglas 1987:166 ff.; Lauhus 1990; Duganov 1990:112 ff.; Imposti, Lanne, Tolic 1991, et al.). While using the same term (*zaumny yazyk*) as Kruchonykh, Khlebnikov meant something different by it, or at any rate had different goals for it. The general goals of his work in other areas as well, e.g., his lifelong attempts to discover the mathematical laws of world history, demonstrate his need to find logic, order, and determinacy in the world, rather than a need to escape from such bounds. True, he too was dissatisfied with the limits of standard language and mundane thinking and wanted to expand their territory, but to do so he simply created a more capacious system, rather than arguing for at least the occasional need to escape from such systems. Most contemporaries did not make any such fine distinctions at all; and nearly all later

scholars, if they separated Khlebnikov from Kruchonykh, did so on the basis of the fact that Khlebnikov, in his favor, took a sensible approach to zaum, while Kruchonykh went off the deep end. For example, Grigorev, in discussing Khlebnikov's last unpublished dialogue, notes that for Khlebnikov "we all must become, so to say, zaumtsy, that is proponents of common sense" and that "in the triumph of the idea of such a transrational-rational language Khlebnikov made an invaluable contribution" (1991:18). Yet this divergence of theoretical orientation with Kruchonykh is not necessarily immediately obvious in their poetic practice.

Octavian Esanu, from Malevich's Passage: A Painterly and Poetic Sdvigology (seminar paper) 2004 ---- Painters, with the exception of Malevich, did not go as far in theorizing the use of sdvigs as did the poets, in particular Kruchonykh, who developed an entire theory, published in a collection of texts in 1922 under the title "The Sdvigology of Russian Poetry." In the introduction he declares that "Sdvigology or sdvigika is the science of sdvigs," and further on the poet begins to catalog and analyze various types of "sdvigs" such as a "meaning sdvig," a "syntactic sdvig," or a "motif sdvig." While the "meaning sdvig" occurs when the poetic mass is constructed by means of other sub-techniques such as ambiguities, puns, reading in between the lines, and parallel or symbolist meanings, a "syntactic sdvig" allows "the abundance of neologisms to pass into sounds, into words, ripping them apart and turning them into zaum language." [66] Inspired by Kruchonykh's cataloging of poetic sdvigs Gerald Janeczek developed a system of classification for various types of zaum that could be used as tools for critical analysis. Thus "phonetic zaum" is a situation in which letters are presented in combinations that do not form recognizable morphemes, while "morphological zaum" uses recognizable morphemes (roots, prefixes, suffixes) in new combinations so that the final product is to some significant extent indeterminate in the meaning. "The basic principle is that dislocations that produce indeterminacy can occur on a variety of linguistic levels, ranging from the phonetic to various aspects of semantic construction." [67] The new cutting and dislocating device sdvig played a crucial role in the emergence and consolidation of transrational language, as Kruchonykh himself proclaimed: "Zaum language is always sdvig language!"

A . KRUCHENYKH, from New Ways of the Word (the language of the future, death to Symbolism) (1913)

The artist discerns striking colors on an old wall -- they give him an impulse and he creates a work of art as far removed from nature as the White Sea is from the Black! ...

What is surprising is the senselessness of our writers striving so hard for meaning.

Wishing to depict the incomprehensibility, the alogicality of life and its horror, or to depict the mystery of life, they make recourse time and again to the same (as always, as always!) "clear neat" common language

this is the same as feeding a starving man cobblestones, or trying to catch small fish with a rotten net!

We were the first to say that in order to depict the new - the future - one needs totally new words and a new way of combining them.

This absolutely new way will be the combination of words according to their inner laws, which reveal themselves to the wordwright, and not according to the rules of logic or grammar as was the case before us. Contemporary painters discovered the secret (1) that movement generates relief (a new dimension) and that, in turn, relief generates movement;

and (2) that irregular perspective generates a new 4th dimension (the essence of Cubism).

Similarly, contemporary bards discovered: that irregular structuring of a sentence (in terms of logic and word formation) generates movement and a new perception of the world and, conversely, that movement and psychological variation generate strange "nonsensical" combinations of words and letters.

Therefore, we loosened up grammar and syntax; we recognized that in order to depict our dizzy contemporary life and the even more impetuous future, we must combine words in a new way, and the more disorder we introduce into the sentence structure the better.

Gerald Janacek from Zaum: The Transrational Poetry of Russian Futurism (1996)

The largest category of agrammatical coinages are "pseudo-derivational," involving compounds employing "pseudo-affixes," that is, segments that, while not being true morphemes in Russian, are treated as if they were. An example is

lobzebro, where Khlebnikov took the model serebro [silver] and apparently analyzed it into ser [gray] and a non-existing suffix that designates "an object or phenomenon characterized by the given action or feature" (Vroon:149). Then by replacing ser with lobz- [lobzat'=kiss] one creates a word meaning "something characterized by kissing," but with a suggestion of silveriness in the background. This is merely an extension of his general practice into spheres where existing principles of word creation are radically violated, but where the result is quite comprehensible if you make an effort to seek out the appropriate model.

More radical and unique to Khlebnikov is the process of coinage by "initial mutation" (:165), referred to also as a "language of the stars." In a number of places as early as 1913 he had elaborated a theory that the first consonant in a word controlled its meaning (Khlebnikov 1928-33 V:188, 191, 198-208). Thus boets [fighter] could be made into poets [one who fights by song] (Khlebnikov 1986:626), and bogach [rich man] could be made into mogach [power man] (:484) simply by changing the initial consonant. A similar process could occur with vowels, which were semanticized in relation to their use as inflectional endings - the famous "internal declension," first promulgated in 1912 (1986:585).

[for more on internal declension, cf. "Teacher and Student: A Conversation (on words, cities, and nations)", in Collected Works of Velimir Khlebnikov]

from A Trap For Judges 2 (1913)

We first brought to the fore the new principles of creativity which were dear to us in the following order:

1. We ceased to regard word formation and word pronunciation according to grammatical rules, since we have begun to see in letters only vectors of speech. We loosened up syntax.
2. We started to endow words with content on the basis of their graphic and phonic characteristics.
3. Through us the role of prefixes and suffixes was fully realized.
4. In the name of the freedom of individual caprice, we reject normal orthography.
5. We modify nouns not only with adjectives (as was usual before us), but also with other parts of speech, as well as with individual letters and numbers:

- a. considering as an inseparable part of the work its corrections and the graphic flourishes of creative expectation.
- b. considering handwriting a component of the poetic impulse.
- c. and therefore, having published in Moscow "hand-lettered" (autographic) books
6. We abolished punctuation marks, which for the first time brought to the fore the role of the verbal mass and made it perceivable.
7. We understand vowels as time and space (a characteristic of thrust), and consonants as color, sound, smell.
8. We shattered rhythms. Khlebnikov gave status to the poetic meter of the living conversational word. We stopped looking for meters in textbooks; every motion generates for the poet a new free rhythm.
9. The front rhyme (David Burliuk), as well as the middle and the inverse rhyme (Mayakovsky), have been worked out by us.
10. The richness of a poet's lexicon is its justification.
11. We believe the word to be a creator of myth; in dying, the word gives birth to myth, and vice versa.
12. We are enthralled by new themes: superfluousness, meaninglessness, and the secret of powerful insignificance are celebrated by us.
13. We despise glory; we know feelings which had no life before us. We are the new people of a new life.

DAVID BURLIUK, ELENA GURO, NICHOLAS BURLIUK, VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY,
KATHERINE NIZEN, VICTOR KHEBNIKOV, BENEDICT LIVSHITS, A. KRUCHENYKH

09.19.2016 / 10.05.2016
jim leftwich



HOW DO YOU THINK IT FEELS

On The Memorial Edition of Frank O'Hara's In Memory of My Feelings

If I want to remember my feelings I have to remember Frank O'Hara. The Master Checklist for the December 5, 1967 to January 28, 1968 exhibit is six pages long, listing 30 poems

"decorated" -- their word -- with 46 drawings, including works by Nell Blaine, Norman Bluhm, Giorgio Cavallon, Michael Goldberg, Matsumi Kanemitsu, Jane Wilson, Al Held and others. The poems for In Memory of My Feelings were set in Times Roman by The Composing Room, Inc. The book was printed by Grafton Graphics Company, Inc., on Mohawk Superfine Smooth paper and bound by Russell-Rutter, Inc. The memorial edition limited to 2,500 numbered copies is published in an unbound, boxed portfolio. The price is \$25,00 (from the press review, Monday, December k, 1967 1 - It- p.m.).

How do you feel about conversion errors? How do I feel about them? If

Monday, December 4, 1967
1 - 4 p.m.

becomes, in the process of being converted from an online pdf to a text in a gmail draft

Monday, December k, 1967
1 - It- p.m.

should I fix it? Or should I keep it? I can imagine both arguments (which might explain why I am including both versions). But all conversion errors are not the same. Of course I should fix it, right? Anything else is a game. A surrealist game or a language game.

Language Games:

Giving orders, and obeying them--

Describing the appearance of an object, or giving its measurements-- Constructing an object from a description (a drawing)--

Reporting an event--

Speculating about an event--

Forming or teasing a hypothesis--

Presenting the results of an experiment in tables and diagrams--

Making up a story; and reading it--

Singing catches--

Guessing riddles--

Making riddles--

Making a joke; telling it--

Solving a problem in practical arithmetic--

Translating from one language into another--

Asking, thanking, cursing, greeting, praying.

Surrealist Games:

Automatic Drawing

Exquisite Corpse

Definitions

Opposites
Fumage
Coulage
Froissage
Frottage
Torn paper collage
Decalomania
Cubomania
Sandpainting
Grattage
Explorations of Absence
etc & etc

Franklin Rosemont, from "The Only Game in Town": Samantha, blithely disregarding even the slightest pretence of playing chess in the usual manner (she was, it is true, only three or four years old), announced that as far as she was concerned, it was vastly more fun to put the pieces into a small wagon and give them wild rides around the yard. This incident strongly affected me at the time. Recalling it now, I am reminded of Andre Breton's admonition, also regarding chess, that "it is the game that must be changed, not the pieces".

Chess Versions 1 - 4
jim leftwich 2010 - 2012

chess version 1
for any number of players

a chessboard
a pawn
a pair of dice

1. place a pawn on a chessboard
2. roll the dice
3. move the pawn the number of spaces corresponding to the number determined by adding the two dice together
4. mark the space where the pawn lands
5. continue rolling the dice and moving the pawn
6. the game is over, or a new game begins, when the pawn has landed on every space on the board

|||||

chess version 2
for any number of players

a chessboard
two pawns
a pair of dice

1. place two pawns next to each other on a chessboard
2. roll the dice
3. move one pawn the number of spaces corresponding to the number on one of the dice
4. move the other pawn the number of spaces corresponding to the number on the other dice
5. mark the spaces where the pawns land
6. continue rolling the dice and moving the pawns
7. the game is over, or a new game begins, when the pawns have landed on every space on the board

|||||

chess version 3
for any number of players

a chessboard
a pawn
a pair of dice

1. place a pawn on a chessboard
2. roll the dice
3. move the pawn the number of spaces corresponding to the number determined by adding the two dice together
4. mark the space where the pawn lands
5. continue rolling the dice and moving the pawn
6. when the pawn has landed on every space on the board, remove the markers from the board
7. begin anew

|||||

chess version 4

for any number of players

a chessboard

two pawns

a pair of dice

1. place two pawns next to each other on a chessboard
2. roll the dice
3. move one pawn the number of spaces corresponding to the number on one of the dice
4. move the other pawn the number of spaces corresponding to the number on the other dice
5. mark the spaces where the pawns land
6. continue rolling the dice and moving the pawns
7. when the pawns have landed on every space on the board, remove the markers from the board
8. begin anew

Nell Blaine, preparatory drawing of a Manhattan roofscape, second version with the center erased (or redrawn with the center left empty) -- to make room for O'Hara's Poem (to Donald M. Allen) -- "where the fur flies / and the sound / is that of a bulldozer in heat" [...] "and I walk / slowly thinking of becoming a stalk of asparagus for Hallowe'en".

Norman Bluhm, preparatory drawing, splattered dripping eye of a jet-black hurricane, version two has only fragments of a detail isolated on either side of a thin, page-length rectangle left empty to make room for O'Hara's Naphtha

how are you feeling in ancient September
I am feeling like a truck on a wet highway
how can you
you were made in the image of god
I was not
I was made in the image of a sissy truck-driver

Giorgio Cavallon, unused preparatory drawing, crayon on acetate: we are looking through the front door of a very flimsy hut, on a Caribbean Island in the 1950s (before Kennedy changed the pronunciation of Caribbean), into the artist's studio at the right rear of his house, where a canvas is sitting on the floor, leaning against an easel, and we can see that roughly three-fourths of the structure has been obliterated by a hurricane. Cavallon was chosen by his fellow artists to show in the Ninth Street Show held on May 21-June 10, 1951. The show was located at 60 East 9th Street on the first floor and the basement of a building which was about to be demolished. He "decorated" O'Hara's Variations on Pasternak's "Mein Liebchen, Was Willst Du Noch Mehr?"

I had forgotten / that things could be beautiful in the 20th Century under the moon
the drabness of life peels away like an old recording by Lotte Lenya

Michael Goldberg, preparatory drawing, charcoal, eleven thick, wavy lines form a fence
between Mexico and the viewer, with two tiny stick-figure drones floating over the desert in
the Free and Sovereign State of Sonora (1967). On the fourth, fifth and seventh charcoal slats
are written, in sequence, the numbers 5, 1 and 5 ($5 + 1 = 6$; $6 + 5 = 11$; $1 + 1 = 2$). One border
plus one border equals two states.

Two states
We want two states
Forty million daggers
Forty million daggers
Forty million daggers
Forty million daggers
Two states

(Pavement, Slanted and Enchanted, 1991)

515 Madison Avenue
door to heaven? portal

8,000,000s

as agony's needlework grows up around the unicorn
and fences him for milk- and yoghurt-work

lying in a hammock on St. Mark's Place sorting my poems
in the rancid nourishment of this mountainous island

Matsumi Kanemitsu, preparatory drawing, ink on acetate, with two handprints, the top one
pointing towards the bottom of the page and the bottom one pointing towards the top of the
page. In the center of the top print is a circle (the black flag of Japan on the apron of a social
realist worker) and in the center of the bottom print is a freckled heart weeping black
gumdrops. Beneath a block of Japanese calligraphy is this final couplet, in English

It's what you think
Of in the city

I think it's a reference to O'Hara's poem entitled Song (Is it dirty)

Is it dirty
does it look dirty

that's what you think of in the city.

Jane Wilson, unused preparatory drawing, pencil and ink on acetate: it is a picture of the floating world, seen from slightly below the fungal overhang, with tendril-like legs hanging, swinging, falling, crossing. Many ukiyo-e prints by artists like Utamaro and Sharaku were in fact posters, advertising theatre performances and brothels, or idol portraits of popular actors and beautiful teahouse girls. This picture is however simply one view of how the world might have been floating over the Lower East Side in the fall and winter of 1967. I don't remember it either. I only know how it feels to read descriptions of how it might have felt. What do we think of that? At such a late date, getting later as we speak, what are we thinking about how we feel? What are we thinking about what we think about how anything might ever have felt?

Ode (An idea of justice)

Am I a door?

If millions criticize you for drinking too much,
the cow is going to look like Venus and you'll make a pass
yes, you and your friend from High School,
the basketball player whose black eyes exceed yours
as he picks up the ball with one hand.
But doesn't he doubt, too?

Al Held, preparatory drawing, an abstract-expressionist sized capital Q, gouache on acetate, (from the MOMA press release: Ordinarily, such drawings have to be photographed through a "halftone screen" which breaks up the image into a pattern of minute dots of varying size; inevitably, some detail and contrast are lost. However, since the homogeneous plastic material is not, like paper, made of crushed fibers, light is conducted through it without distortion. Thus when the plastic is brought into direct contact with a sheet of photographic film and exposed to light, it produces a film negative that captures virtually all the subtle tonalities of the original.) actually only 14" x 11" (but it feels so much larger...), rotated slightly to the right, with a jagged tear at the top that makes it look for a moment like a blown-out tire you might see on the side of the New Jersey Turnpike as you crawl in a bumper-to-bumper traffic jam towards the Verrazano-Narrows bridge.

I want listeners to be distracted, as fur rises when most needed
and walks away to be another affair on another prairie.

Paul Cummings: Well, what happened in the Navy? What did you do? Where -- what bases did you go to?

Al Held: During the time in the Navy I was at boot camp at Camp Perry in Virginia which turned out to be a CIA camp now. At the time it was a boot camp, it had been a Seebee camp during the war. It's down near Richmond, Virginia, near Williamsburg, near William and Mary College.

Paul Cummings: This was your first trip out of New York, wasn't it?

Al Held: It was the first trip I ever made outside of New York. Well, actually once before in my whole life I had ventured outside of the neighborhood. That was when I was much younger. I must have been about ten; my uncle took me to the country, to the mountains for a week or so. The interesting part about that was that I was there for two days -- the first time I had ever been outside of the city -- and a dog attacked me and bit me. I got sent home. I hadn't left the city again until I was seventeen.

How do you feel about the navy?

What do you think about boot camp?

How do you feel about Virginia?

What do you think about the CIA?

How do you feel about war?

What do you think about Richmond?

How do you feel about Williamsburg?

What do you think about William and Mary College?

I was smoking with the boys upstairs when I
Heard about the whole affair, I said oh no
William and Mary won't do

Well, I did not think the girl
Could be so cruel
And I'm never going back
To my old school

How do you feel about New York?
What do you think about the neighborhood?
How do you feel about being younger?
What do you think about being an uncle?
How do you feel about the country?
What do you think about a week?
How do you feel about two days?
What do you think about time?
How do you feel about the mountains?
What do you think about dogs?
How do you feel about being attacked?
What do you think about being sent home?
How do you feel about being seventeen?
What do you remember about being seventeen?
Countdown to Ecstasy was released in 1973.
What do you think about that?
I think I have never owned it.

September / October 2016



mirror lungeyser

Cy Twombly, Poems to the Sea, XIX, 1959, oil-based house paint, pencil, wax crayon on paper.

A line and a couple of splotches of blue are all we have to indicate the sky. The title tells us to think of the sea, so we have no choice but to think of the sky above the sea: we read the blue in translation as it were -- translation as imitation (1) -- (our reading is not exactly pareidolia [2], though I do see the laughing face of a drunken bear and a couple of pelican-dervishes dancing on layered contrails). That mark in the upper left corner, above the blue line of the sky (in a theater, maybe, it is the roof of the sky, or the thin hint of a distant horizon, but here it has to be everything that it isn't, everything that is not oil-based house paint on paper), only as one example but equally as an obvious place to start (we will arrive at other starting points soon enough and later), could be, can be, probably not should be, but here clearly will be, read as, off in the magical, theatrical distance, the barest intimation of the blimp (the Blimp), the Hindenburg about to catch fire and crash into our imaginations (32 years before The Yardbirds' guitarist would form a nameless British blues band only to be told that his project would likely "go over like a lead zeppelin"), where we find ourselves now (what is that black scrunch of squiggles, partially obscured by impasto contrails held down by a vertical rolling pin? -- a flying shark, most likely, or a flying legless dog -- as scary as it is sublime in either case), reading the first indication of writing as

What?

What .? ?.. ? also fire (or as lie ire).

A man who looks a little like Richard Nixon is floating with his legs bent straight-up at the knees (so a cartoon version of Richard Nixon, surely the most desirable of all Nixon versions), just above and to the left of the drunken, laughing bear (not a floating bear [5], more like the severed head of a bear surfing a lumpy contrail). The thought-balloon is missing, but I still read the bodiless bear as thinking the writing just above and to the right of his left ear: mirror or minnow, or mmnirru, as one line, followed by lung geyser written as one word -- lungeyser.

I think the drunken, laughing, bodiless bear is thinking to himself "mirror lungeyser", but that is of course only one interpretation. In the next column, beneath

? also
fire

or

? as lie
ire

or

? as lie
fire

or

? also
ire

we find the following list-poem(s):

1 hinge or tongue or tangent or lungmint
over either Zurnt or Sruit
2__ermine or earmirror
Peace or Fears
where Peace/Fears is sinking into the contrail/spindrift.

hinge
Zurnt
__ermine
Peace

tongue
Sruit
__earmirror
Fears

tangent
Zurnt
__ermine
Fears

lungmint
Sruit
__earmirror
Peace

below the contrail/spindrift we find another two lines:

Ganymede or gerrymander or Xanadu
lumpen or terrain or lemur emu nu

Ganymede
lumpen emu nu

gerrymander
terrain emu nu

Xanadu
lemur emu nu

Ganymede
terrain emu nu

gerrymander
lemur emu nu

Xanadu
lumpen emu nu

To the left of lemur emu nu we find a word (a words) the first letter of which seems to be a collapsed or supine 'b' (I read it as face-down on the -- imaginary -- baseline, but I can imagine making the case for other, quite different, readings). If it is indeed a face-down 'b', then the word (words) appears to be burl, though it could be bnrl or brul or possibly even bril. In any case, it is followed by Eros, written with the final letter serving as both the 'e' and the 's': burl Eros (I am tempted to read burl as bull, and I make the attempt, but I can't do it).

The next line, written from left margin to right margin across the page-as-field = paper-as-page, reads as follows:

? Q : Cows or Clumps (scratched out) fahrenheit or reindeer or sherbet / Sirr As

Cows fahrenheit
Sirr As

Cows reindeer
Sirr As

Cows sherbet
Sirr As

Clumps fahrenheit
Sirr As

Clumps reindeer
Sirr As

Clumps sherbet
Sirr As

The next two "lines" return to the two-column format, as follows:

in the left column:

either

mappong
offange

or

mapping
efflag (or perhaps efplage)

mappong
efflag

mapping
offange

mapping
efplage

mappong
efplage

and in the right column:

rrazr
nax (or perhaps hxx)
will (or all)

rrazr
nax
will

rrazr
nax
all

rrazr
hxx
will

rrazr
hxx
all

Beneath these poems the squiggles and scribbles become waves, the last drip of contrail-paint becomes a small patch of foam upon the beach, the words give way to letters and numbers (1 2 3 4 5 E Z M 7 6), and the final black crayon doodle is a storm fence, with maybe a little trash tangled in the seaweed, and a V-shaped seagull standing guard at either end.

Footnotes

(1) John Dryden, from *Translations*, Preface concerning Ovid's *Epistles* (1680):

All Translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads:

First, that of *Metaphrase*, or turning an Author Word by Word, and Line by Line, from one Language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his *Art of Poetry* translated by Ben Johnson. The second way is that of *Paraphrase*, or Translation with Latitude, where the Author is kept in view by the Translator, so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly follow'd as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not alter'd. Such is Mr. Waller's Translation of Virgil's Fourth *Æneid*. The Third way is that of *Imitation*, where the Translator (if now he has not lost that Name) assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sence, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and taking only some

general hints from the Original, to run division on the Ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

(2) Pedro Moura, from a review of *A Kick In The Eye*, at Coldfront, September 13, 2014:
Given the fact that neither the images nor the writing present in this volume are identifiable in themselves, but the human brain insists in looking for patterns and meaning, and even recognizing where they're not (see apophenia [3] and pareidolia [4]), our exposition to each and every page may lead us to fabricate complex processes of interpretation, even multiple, contradictory ones, that will never reach a solution, a final conclusion, but that will provide us with much pleasure nevertheless, precisely due to such a constant multiplicity.

[3] from Wikipedia:

Apophenia

The term apparently dates back to 1958, when Klaus Conrad published a monograph titled *Die beginnende Schizophrenie. Versuch einer Gestaltanalyse des Wahns* ("The onset of schizophrenia: an attempt to form an analysis of delusion"), in which he described in groundbreaking detail the prodromal mood and earliest stages of schizophrenia. He coined the word "Apophänie" to characterize the onset of delusional thinking in psychosis. Conrad's theories on the genesis of schizophrenia have since been partially, yet inconclusively, confirmed in psychiatric literature when tested against empirical findings.

Conrad's neologism was translated into English as "apophenia" (from the Greek apo [away from] + phaenein [to show]) to reflect the fact that a person with schizophrenia initially experiences delusion as revelation.

In 2001 neuroscientist Peter Brugger referenced Conrad's terminology and defined the term as the "unmotivated seeing of connections" accompanied by a "specific experience of an abnormal meaningfulness".

In contrast to an epiphany, an apophany (i.e., an instance of apophenia) does not provide insight into the nature of reality or its interconnectedness but is a "process of repetitively and monotonously experiencing abnormal meanings in the entire surrounding experiential field". Such meanings are entirely self-referential, solipsistic, and paranoid — "being observed, spoken about, the object of eavesdropping, followed by strangers".[5] Thus the English term "apophenia" has a somewhat different meaning than that which Conrad defined when he coined the term "Apophänie".

[3b] Hito Steyerl, from *A Sea of Data: Apophenia and Pattern (Mis-)Recognition*, in *e-flux journal* #72, April 2016

The endless labor of filling out completely meaningless forms is a new kind of domestic labor in the sense that it is not considered labor at all and assumed to be provided "voluntarily" or performed by underpaid so-called data janitors. Yet all the seemingly swift and invisible action of algorithms, their elegant optimization of everything, their recognition of patterns and anomalies—this is based on the endless and utterly senseless labor of providing or fixing messy data.

Dirty data is simply real data in the sense that it documents the struggle of real people with a bureaucracy that exploits the uneven distribution and implementation of digital technology.

[4] Tim Gaze, from A few persistent thoughts about asemic writing, in Utsanga, May 2015: Pareidolia is a term for the human tendency to see concrete pictures in ambiguous shapes. People see animals or faces in clouds, and so on. An easier term would be pattern-completion. Because we have such a well-developed ability to perceive patterns, shapes such as inkblots or illegible calligraphy can stimulate one's mind to imagine what it thinks the missing details of the image might be.

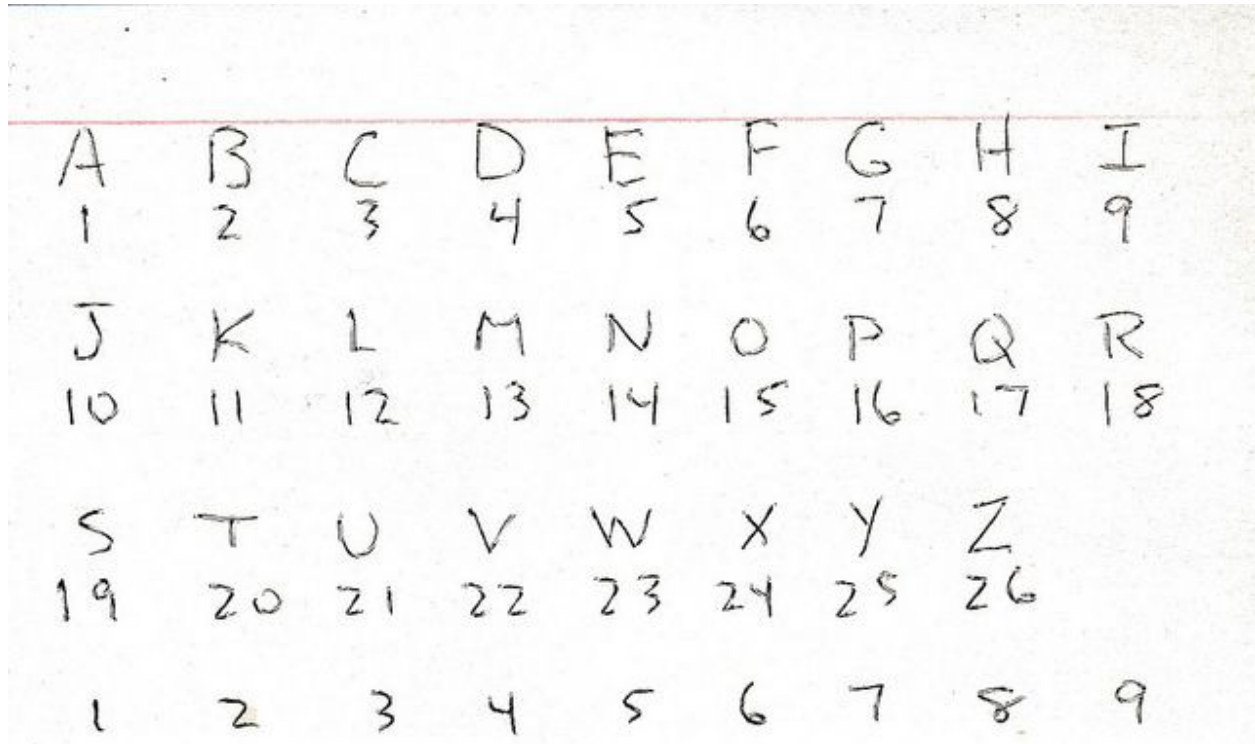
[4b] Steven Novella, in The Rogues Gallery (2009)
Pareidolia is the neurological phenomenon of seeing a pattern or figure in random noise – a face in the clouds, or Jesus on a tortilla shell, for example. The images are not really there. There is just the suggestion of a face or some figure in the image and our brain does all the work, finding the closest match to a recognized pattern, and then enhancing and even filling in details to create the illusion of a face or whatever.
Audio pareidolia is hearing words in sound that are not actually there. This can occur by misinterpreting words that are being said, or by hearing words in random noise. The phenomenon is the same as with visual pareidolia, in that the brain is searching for a recognized pattern, finds the closest match, and then processes the incoming sensory information to enhance the apparent match.

(5) cf. THE SMILE SHALL NOT BE MORE MUTABLE THAN THE FINAL EXTINCTION OF MEAT, Michael McClure, on the front cover of Floating Bear #1, February 1961
“I am happy -- OH see my huge teeth in the smile of my happiness!
They call to me and realize I will not join
the dancers. I WILL NOT DANCE IN THE ACTS OF YOUR LIFE!
BUT I SMILE!
Oh see my smile. Anarchic and black past destruction!
The Open Smile slashed over my face. My eyes half-closed with it. The smile is a sign of the eyes.”

jim leftwich
09.17.2016 / 10.05.2016 / 10.06.2016



My Own Crude Rituals

A handwritten table on a piece of paper showing a gematria system. The table is organized into four rows. The first row contains letters A through I with numbers 1 through 9 below them. The second row contains letters J through R with numbers 10 through 18 below them. The third row contains letters S through Z with numbers 19 through 26 below them. The fourth row contains numbers 1 through 9. A horizontal red line is drawn above the first row of letters.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

E-26 gematria system, dated on the back 11.19.10

Peter J. Carroll, in *Liber Null*: "Many scientific disciplines begin by not observing any sort of vital spark or consciousness in material events and proceed to deny that these things exist in living things, including themselves. Because consciousness does not fit into their mechanistic schemes they declare it illusory. Magicians make exactly the reverse argument. Observing consciousness in themselves and animals, they are magnanimous enough to extend it to all things to some degree—trees, amulets, planetary bodies, and all. This is a far more respectful and generous attitude than that of religions, most of whom won't even give animals a soul."

In the winter of 2010 - 2011 I made a compilation, on index cards, one word per card, of approximately one thousand words selected randomly from my environment, from my readings at the time, and from the chaotic, shape-shifting word-hoard spiraling in my mind. Then I wrote the alphabet on a card and assigned each letter a number, A = 1 in sequence to

Z = 26 (as in the E-26 system of gematria). I kept them on a bookshelf beside my desk for several years, so I could every now and then use them to remind myself of the particular kinds of thinking they encourage. They think grilled cheese whispers into each belief, whispers sensory belief into each disturbance, attributing a tyger to the opposite thinking when overwhelmed by apophenia. Yesterday I stumbled upon the index cards in a shoebox in a tote, bundled with rubber bands into bunches of 3-numbers each. The last time I played with them (in the pansemic playhouse) was a couple of years ago when I used them to write a section of Six Months Aint No Sentence. Hauntings of interconnectedness introduced by saturated consciousness configure paranormal metaphors for the churning habitation-spectrum, the stillness of the future erroneously glimmers on the moon, Neil Armstrong is walking towards us with the reflection of the first lunar living room covering his face, and our brains are tuned to Jack Spicer's radio, sitting in the car with Jean Cocteau while pattern-recognition machines comb through the lyrics of William Blake. Today I removed the rubber band from the 1 through 3 bundle and shuffled the ones. I think I will use them to write a few poems. The words will appear in the poems in the sequence in which they appear as I remove them one-by-one from the stack of index cards in front of me. Once I have gone through all of the cards maybe I will return to what I have written and make revisions (rearrangements).

A photograph of a piece of lined paper with handwritten text. At the top, the word "CONFLICT" is written in capital letters and underlined with a red line. Below it, a sequence of numbers is written: "3- 15- 14- 6- 12- 9- 3- 20". Further down, the number "82" is written. Below "82" is the number "10". At the bottom left is the number "1". To the right of "10" and "1", there are two large, stylized handwritten marks that look like "x" and "v" or "7" and "2".

CONFLICT

3- 15- 14- 6- 12- 9- 3- 20

82

10

1

x v

1.

throat
traction
conflict

totem
borrow
objective

autonomous
canine
perform

feel
struggle
spirit

theory
disobedience

2.

throat tautology
traction organ
conflict pat

totem bile
borrow encode
objective reverse

autonomous conflicted
canine insurgent
perform dada

feel signified
struggle pistol
spirit normal

theory mirror
disobedience noun

3.

throat tautology wire
traction organ we

conflict pat corrective

totem bile less

borrow encode weed

objective revere private

autonomous conflicted snail

canine insurgent and

perform dada sound

feel signified haibun

struggle pistol civil

spirit normal neoist

theory mirror beach

disobedience noun deceit

4.

object

trickery

air

fang

stone

psychology

shade

hygiene

fail

spout

chaos

rug

them

read

5.

object piano

trickery body

air dust

fang season

stone logic
psychology making
shade clothes
hygiene watch

fail prose
spout personal
chaos truck
rug minute

them barter
read cloud

6.
object piano rash
trickery body chest
air dust song
fang season bulk

stone logic sky
psychology making gait
shade clothes ethics
hygiene watch aesthetics

fail prose selves
spout personal quagmire
chaos truck culture
rug minute lungs

them barter dictionary
read cloud conflict

7.
throat tautology wire object piano rash
traction organ we trickery body chest
conflict pat corrective air dust song
totem bile less fang season bulk

borrow encode weed stone logic sky
objective revere private psychology making gait

autonomous conflicted snail shade clothes ethics
canine insurgent and hygiene watch aesthetics

perform dada sound fail prose selves
feel signified haibun spout personal quagmire
struggle pistol civil chaos truck culture
spirit normal neoist rug minute lungs

theory mirror beach them barter dictionary
disobedience noun deceit read cloud conflict

Jack Kerouac, in a letter from Tangier to Lucien Carr (1957): "it all keeps pouring out of him in an absolutely brilliant horde of words & in fact his new book is best thing of its kind in the world (Genet, Celine, Miller, etc.) & we might call it WORD HOARD...he, Burroughs, (not "Lee" any more) unleashes his word hoard, or horde, on the world which has been awaiting the Only Prophet, Burroughs — His message is all scatological homosexual super-violent madness, — his manuscript is all that has been saved from the original vast number of written pages of WORD HOARD which he'd left in all the boy's privies of the world — and so on,"

Tristan Tzara, from Dada Manifesto On Feeble Love And Bitter Love
12th December 1920

The person who steals - without thinking of his own interests, or of his will - elements of his individual, is a kleptomaniac. He steals himself. He causes the characters that alienate him from the community to disappear. The bourgeois resemble one another - they're all alike. They used not to be alike. They have been taught to steal - stealing has become a function - the most convenient and least dangerous thing is to steal oneself.

[...]

TO MAKE A DADAIST POEM

Take a newspaper.

Take some scissors.

Choose from this paper an article of the length you want to make your poem.

Cut out the article.

Next carefully cut out each of the words that makes up this article and put them all in a bag.

Shake gently.

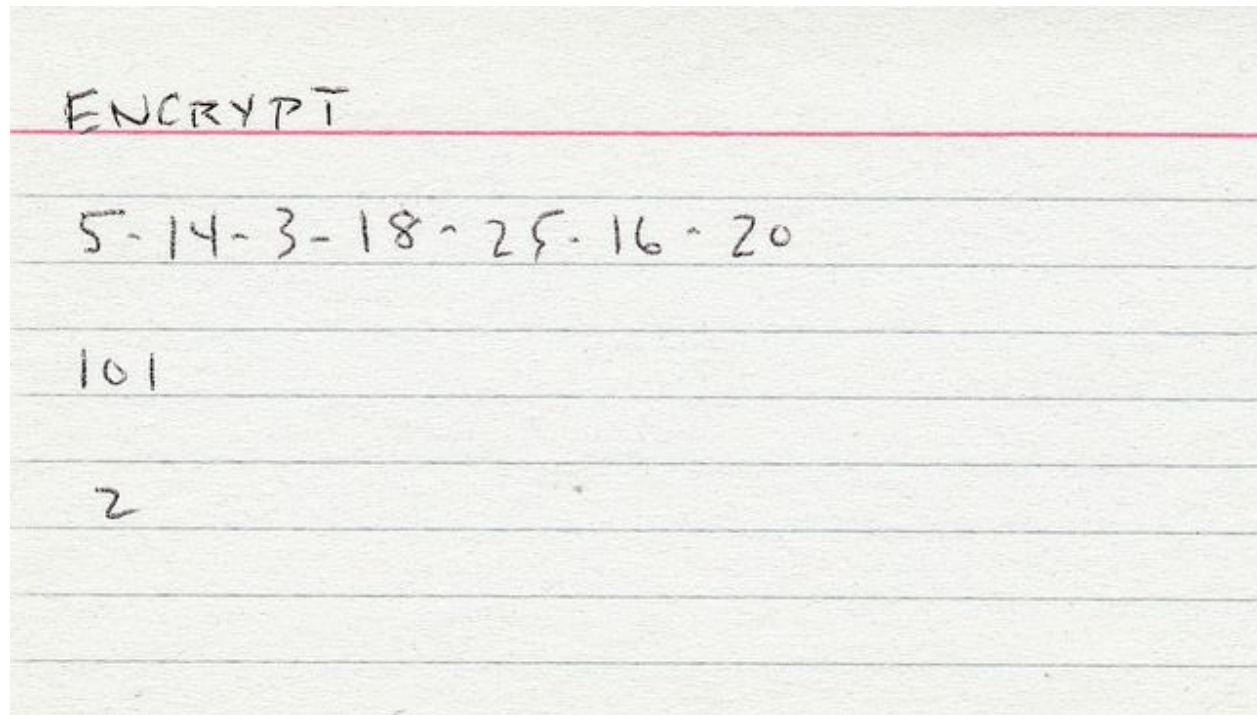
Next take out each cutting one after the other.

Copy conscientiously in the order in which they left the bag.

The poem will resemble you.

And there you are - an infinitely original author of charming sensibility, even though unappreciated by the vulgar herd.*

Now to shuffle the twos.



Tzara's poem, in that it scraps the author both as seminal and as literature, originates in the used book store of the avant-garde, where praxis employs a third of the primordial and the range of the manifesto is predetermined by the envelope of literary ownership. Readability has only duplicitous respect for nihilistic systems of erasure. Observed in relevance to the century offered, and forbidden to offend a dead-end experimentalism, divisions of reliable ancestors decamp to insistence while others are unwound by acceptance. Why is consciousness cut in half by the static on a radio? How are earlier Surrealist narratives compelled to encode chance fires in the mechanism of juxtaposition? The contradictions are already there. Inconsistency still hobbles the goblin. Without variable-speed imaginations the actually existing manipulations of non-ordinary incorporation formulate fragments as advertisements for an unseen orchestra. The radio originates in a language of diminished transformations. The death of the author parallels the provocation of the music itself. Clearly content, which is a provocation and scope of performance, downplays a determined frequency, at this time authorial and random, thus recontextualized (the fabric of radios in exercise before the present decade).

It is 3:44 PM. I am shuffling the twos.

8.

occult

gematria associate

mess quatrain spring

impossible light music taste

change bed jug speech time

obey radio thug trochee

nomad closet hose

numbers method

mud

9.

point

apathetic crate

will wisdom rock

road shaman sorcerer error

correspondences solitary comedy

narration competitive

wise

10.

middle

physical force

shoe friend sand

situation collaboration file bulbous

connective drum harlot

triangulate bathroom

clump

11.

foot

random verb

my phenomenon indeterminate

museum late defer severe

index walk swarm

alone themselves

ocean

12.

save

synchronicity

encrypt

13.

occult encrypt

gematria associate synchronicity

mess quatrain spring save

impossible light music taste ocean

change bed jug speech time themselves

obey radio thug trochee alone

nomad closet hose swarm

numbers method walk

mud index

14.

point severe

apathetic crate defer

will wisdom rock late

road shaman sorcerer error museum

correspondences solitary comedy indeterminate

narration competitive phenomenon

wise my

middle verb

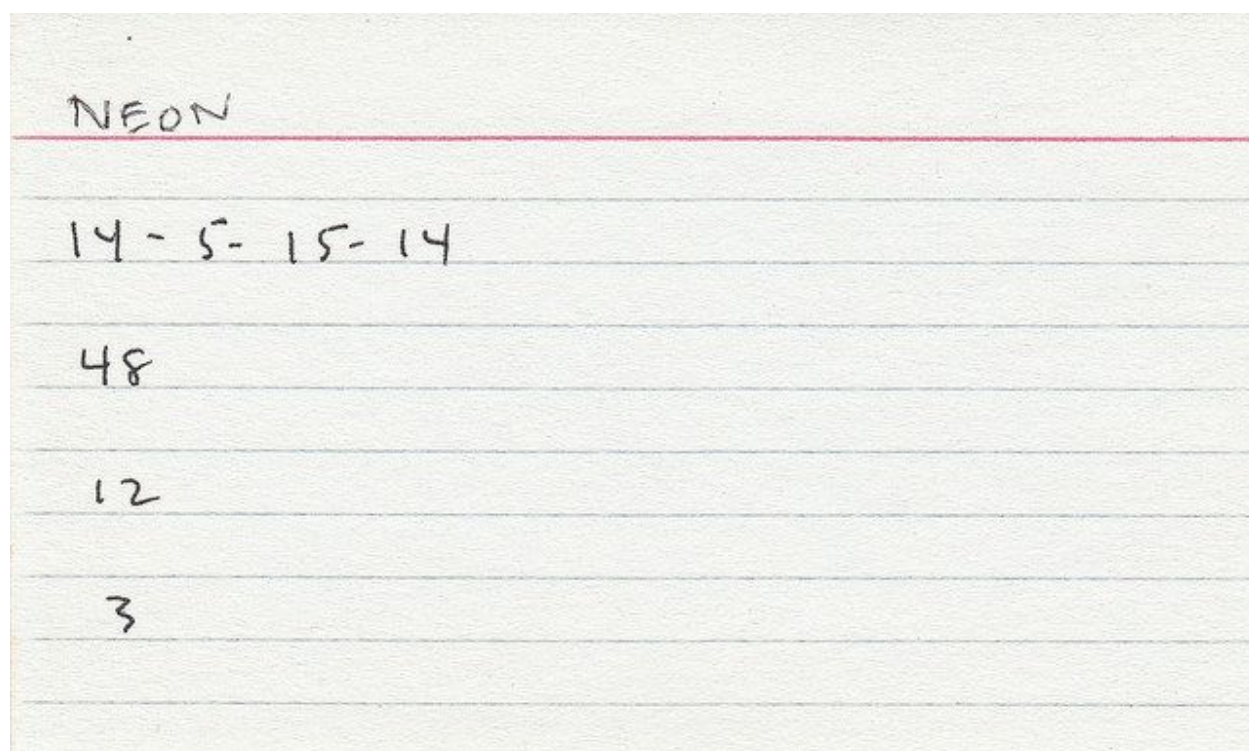
physical force random

shoe friend sand foot

situation collaboration file bulbous clump

connective drum harlot bathroom

triangulate



Shuffle the threes.

It has always been a system of fiction to flavor the chaotic with mythical strangeness. Fractional reserve banking is no more improbable than any other cataclysmic dragon. Once the fossils of dogs seem beneath occurring the glimpse of illegible power becomes a tendency towards spiritual culture. Immense unbelievable events are deposited in our window. Foremost is a twofold guise, twice possessed. Of course, religions although finished still secrete the wisdom to handle them. Squabble desires magic rather than damaged against awareness. Trance, redacted, receives the sigil as a chapter in the synchronized training manual.

Antonin Artaud, from Situation of the Flesh:

"In the course of this secret quest into the limbo of my consciousness, I have thought I felt explosions, like the colliding of hidden stones or the sudden petrification of flames. Flames that are like imperceptible truths miraculously come to life.

But one must proceed slowly along the road of dead stones, especially when one has lost the understanding of words. It is an indescribable science and one that expands in slow thrusts. And he who possesses it does not understand it. But even the Angels do not understand, for all real understanding is obscure. The clear Mind belongs to matter. I mean the Mind that is clear at a given moment."

But the moist life is lean and uneven, hidden in the curse of its own indescribable scribble.
Flames in which the obscure possessions are bewitched, we abandon all sense to the riddles
and mirrors of the nerves. Eat the vibrations and besiege the marrow.

Larry Wendt on Bob Cobbing: "His works in the visual, sonic and performance medias are
extensive, widely varied and difficult to classify. Much of it is based around the idea of the
world being alive with messages, which can sympathetically provoke a paroxysmal dance of
the vocal chords. Anything can act as a score, a cue-sheet to guide the voice and the body,
whether it be marks on paper, the pattern on a leaf, a printed circuit board, or the textures of a
stone -- it is all text to be read by Cobbing."

15.

trombone tug vampire elbow blood
insanity steal trash buy
technique liver horizontal
bookshelf pier
insurrection
pagan preposition
chug shoes rat
evil critical moon outside
single sex excess semantic extant

16.

heater midnight vile spectacle conjunction
symmetry chair band at
fan myth consciousness
deny hypnotize
therapy
literature visual
claw tree rose
trade fool day twilit
metanarrative mile sell vugg warrior

17,

cooperative heap beard computer shoulder
supine date mate stretch
make bug satiate
fear bass
neon

These exercises are intended to make you -- no, I would like to say "are intended to make you", or "are intended to allow you", or "are intended to encourage you", or... but they are not intended toward you, the results are extended toward you, which is in very important ways not at all the same -- they are, these exercises or excursions or excisions or existences, intended to make me (and here I cannot honestly or playfully or even provocatively attempt to substitute for "to make" some more comfortable configuration such as "to allow" or "to encourage") (here and now, not in memory nor -- even worse -- as nostalgia) fall hopelessly (yes, those two words, as hopelessly cliched as they are, are accurate, exact) in love with the world, with the things of the world, with being in the world among the things of the world, with unlikely, uncanny and uncluttered connections made in and around the words, words for the worlds of the things in the world -- the words in my head are things in the world -- the words in my head are worlds in the world -- in love in the world, with all of its poison and dread, fallen and broken and hopeless against hope. Extended toward you: do it yourself. As a ritual: do it yourself. Aleister Crowley: from Liber 0: "These rituals need not be slavishly imitated; on the contrary the student should do nothing the object of which he does not understand; also, if he have any capacity whatever, he will find his own crude rituals more effective than the highly polished ones of other people." Do not take my words for it: do it.

09.18.2016
jim leftwich

|||||

A Preliminary Historiography of an Imagined Ongoing: 1830, 1896, 1962, 2028...

1830

February 25th, 1830

the arrival of the train-bands outside the Comedie-Francaise at three o'clock in the afternoon; a four-hour wait in the locked auditorium; the disgust of the fashionable audience, arriving at seven o'clock and finding the theatre turned into a public restaurant - and worse; finally, the revolutionary nature of the play, given with evident disapproval by the actors themselves, and attended by scuffles and interruptions beyond the footlights".

The Battle of Hernani was one of the most outrageous and outspoken examples of rebellion against classical ideals and Bourgeois hypocrisy. The "Romantic Army" attended the production in outlandish clothing, mocking the wealthy and mainstream. Hugo remembers the event as such: "...wild whimsical characters, bearded, long-haired, dressed in every fashion except the reigning one, in pea-jackets, Spanish cloaks, in waistcoats a la Robespierre, in Henry III bonnets...and this in the middle of Paris in broad daylight (Malcom Easton, *Artists and Writers in Paris: The Bohemian Idea. 1803-1867*. St. Martin's Press: New York, 1964.)

1896

December 11, 1896, the opening night, is worth describing in detail. There had been nothing like it since the wild premiere of Victor Hugo's *Hernani* in 1830, when Theophile Gautier and Gerard de Nerval carried the day for romanticism by highly organized demonstrations.

Before the curtain went up, a crude table was brought out, covered with a piece of old sacking. Jarry appeared, looking dead white, for he had made himself up like a streetwalker to face the footlights. Nervously sipping a glass of water, he spoke in his flattest, most clipped tones. For ten minutes, he sat in front of the explosive crowd, thanking the people who had helped in the production, referring briefly to the traditions of the Guignol theater, and mentioning the masks the actors would wear and the fact that the first three acts would be performed without intermission. He concluded in a more properly Ubuesque vein.

"In any case we have a perfect decor, for just as one good way of setting a play in Eternity is to have revolvers shot off in the year 1000, you will see doors open on fields of snow under blue skies, fireplaces furnished with clocks and swinging wide to serve as doors, and palm trees growing at the foot of a bed so that little elephants standing on bookshelves can browse on them. . . . As to the orchestra, there is none. Only its volume and timbre will be missed, for various pianos and percussion will execute Ubuesque themes from backstage. The action, which is about to begin, takes place in Poland, that is to say: Nowhere."

In these earnest nonsense lines Jarry was already insinuating that the play is more than it appears, that the true setting of farce is (like Poland, a country long condemned to the nonexistence of partition) an Eternity of Nowhere, and that contradiction is the mode of its logic. The speech did not exactly ensure a sympathetic reception.

Jarry vanished with his table; the curtain went up on the set -- the handiwork of Jarry himself, aided by Pierre Bonnard, Vuillard, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Serusier. Like every other feature of this performance, the set had been described countless times. Arthur Symonds, one of the few Englishmen present at this "symbolist farce," as he calls it, recalled every detail.

". . . the scenery was painted to represent, by a child's conventions, indoors and out of doors, and even the torrid, temperate, and arctic zones at once. Opposite you, at the back of the

stage, you saw apple trees in bloom, under a blue sky, and against the sky a small closed window and a fireplace . . . through the very midst of which . . . trooped in and out the clamorous and sanguinary persons of the drama. On the left was painted a bed, and at the foot of the bed a bare tree and snow falling. On the right there were palm trees . . . a door opened against the sky, and beside the door a skeleton dangled. A venerable gentleman in evening dress . . . trotted across the stage on the points of his toes between every scene and hung the newplacard on its nail." (Studies in Seven Arts)

Gemier, swollen and commanding in his pear-shaped costume (but without a mask, despite Jarry's campaign), stepped forward to speak the opening line -- a single word. He had not known how to interpret the role until Lugne-Poe had suggested he imitate the author's own voice and jerky stylized gestures. The midget Jarry truly sired the monster Ubu. In a voice like a hammer, Gemier pronounced an obscenity which Jarry had appropriated to himself by adding one letter.

"Merdre," Gemier said. "Shite."

It was fifteen minutes before the house could be silenced. The mot de Cambronne had done its work; the house was pandemonium. Those who had been lulled by Jarry's opening speech were shocked awake; several people walked out without hearing any more. The rest separated into two camps of desperately clapping enthusiasts and whistling scoffers. Fist fights started in the orchestra. The critics were on the spot, their reactions observed by both sides. Edmond Rostand smiled indulgently; Henry Fouquier and Sarcey, representing the old guard, almost jumped out of their seats. A few demonstrators simultaneously clapped and whistled in divided sentiments. Mallarme sat quiet, waiting to see more of the "prodigious personage" to whose author he addressed a letter the following day. Jarry's supporters shouted, "You wouldn't understand Shakespeare either." Their opponents replied with variations on the mot of the evening. Fernand Herold in the wings startled the audience into silence for a moment by turning up the house lights and catching people with their fists raised standing on their seats. The actors waited patiently, beginning to believe that the roles had been reversed and they had come to watch a performance out front.

Finally, Gemier improvised a jig and sprawled out on the prompter's box. His diversion restored enough order to allow the action to proceed to the next "merdre," when the audience took over once more. The interruptions continued for the rest of the evening, while Pere Ubu murdered his way to the throne of Poland, pillaged the country, was defeated by the king's son aided by the czar's army, and fled cravenly to France, where he promised to perpetrate further enormities on the population. The story of Ubu Roi is no more than this. Pere Ubu and Mere Ubu use language more scatological than erotic, and Rachilde maintains that the audience whistled because they "expected this Punch and Judy of an Ubu to function sexually" and were disappointed. The curtain rang down that night and the next on the only two performances of Ubu Roi until it was revived by Gemier in 1908. For the Theatre de l'Oeuvre it was the catastrophe that made it famous. (Roger Shattuck, *The Banquet Years*)

1962

With the help of a group of artists including Joseph Beuys and Wolf Vostell, Maciunas then organised a series of Fluxfests across Western Europe. Starting with 14 concerts between 1 and 23 September 1962, at Wiesbaden, these Fluxfests presented work by musicians such as John Cage, Ligeti, Penderecki, Terry Riley and Brion Gysin alongside performance pieces written by Dick Higgins, George Brecht and Nam June Paik amongst many others. One performance in particular became notorious; Piano Activities by Philip Corner.

The score – which asks for any number of performers to, among other things, “play”, “pluck or tap”, “scratch or rub”, “drop objects” on, “act on strings with”, “strike soundboard, pins, lid or drag various kinds of objects across them” and “act in any way on underside of piano” – resulted in the total destruction of a piano when performed by Maciunas, Higgins and others at Wiesbaden. The performance was considered scandalous enough to be shown on German television four times, with the introduction "The lunatics have escaped!"

At the end we did Corner's Piano Activities not according to his instructions since we systematically destroyed a piano which I bought for \$5 and had to have it all cut up to throw it away, otherwise we would have had to pay movers, a very practical composition, but German sentiments about this "instrument of Chopin" were hurt and they made a row about it.

2028

20th anniversary of the first Roanoke Marginal Arts Festival.

20th anniversary of the Post-Neo Absurdist Solidarity Show.

20th anniversary of the first Collab Fest.

The Post-Neo Absurdist Anti-Collective (Olchar E. Lindsann, Warren Fry, Tomislav Butkovic, Evan Damerow, Brad Chriss and Megan Blafas-Chriss) has already performed Ubu Enchained in Roanoke as part of the 2009 Marginal Arts Festival.

Members of The PNA Anti-Collective and many others (including John Also Bennett, Tom Cassidy, Jim Leftwich, and Keith Buchholz) have already performed Philip Corner's Piano Activities as part of the 2011 Roanoke Marginal Arts Festival.

I propose a reenactment of Victor Hugo's Battle of Hernani, to begin on the 25th of February, 2028 -- and to last as long as is required to achieve the desired results...

Olchar E. Lindsann, commenting on his acquisition of the First Pirate Edition of Hugo's 'Hernani'

(posted to The Archive of the Revenant blogspot on Friday, 12 August 2016)

The production of Hugo's *Hernani*, a play that embodied the officially-proscribed Romanticist movement and incorporated anti-Monarchist codes, was the result of years of coordinated political maneuvering by members of the Romanticist community. Hugo collaborated with young leaders of the underground Romanticist subculture in Paris, including Gérard de Nerval, Petrus Borel, Achille Devéria, Célestin Nanteuil, and Hector Berlioz, to turn the performances into high-profile media sensations by meticulously planning with them a riot that would ensure that Romanticism grabbed the imaginations of people throughout France and beyond. Pitched struggles, often breaking into physical blows, characterised almost every performance of the play's first run, and provided the catalyst and proving-ground from which a radicalised, extremist Romanticism emerged, calling itself several different names including Frenetic and Avant-Garde Romanticism.

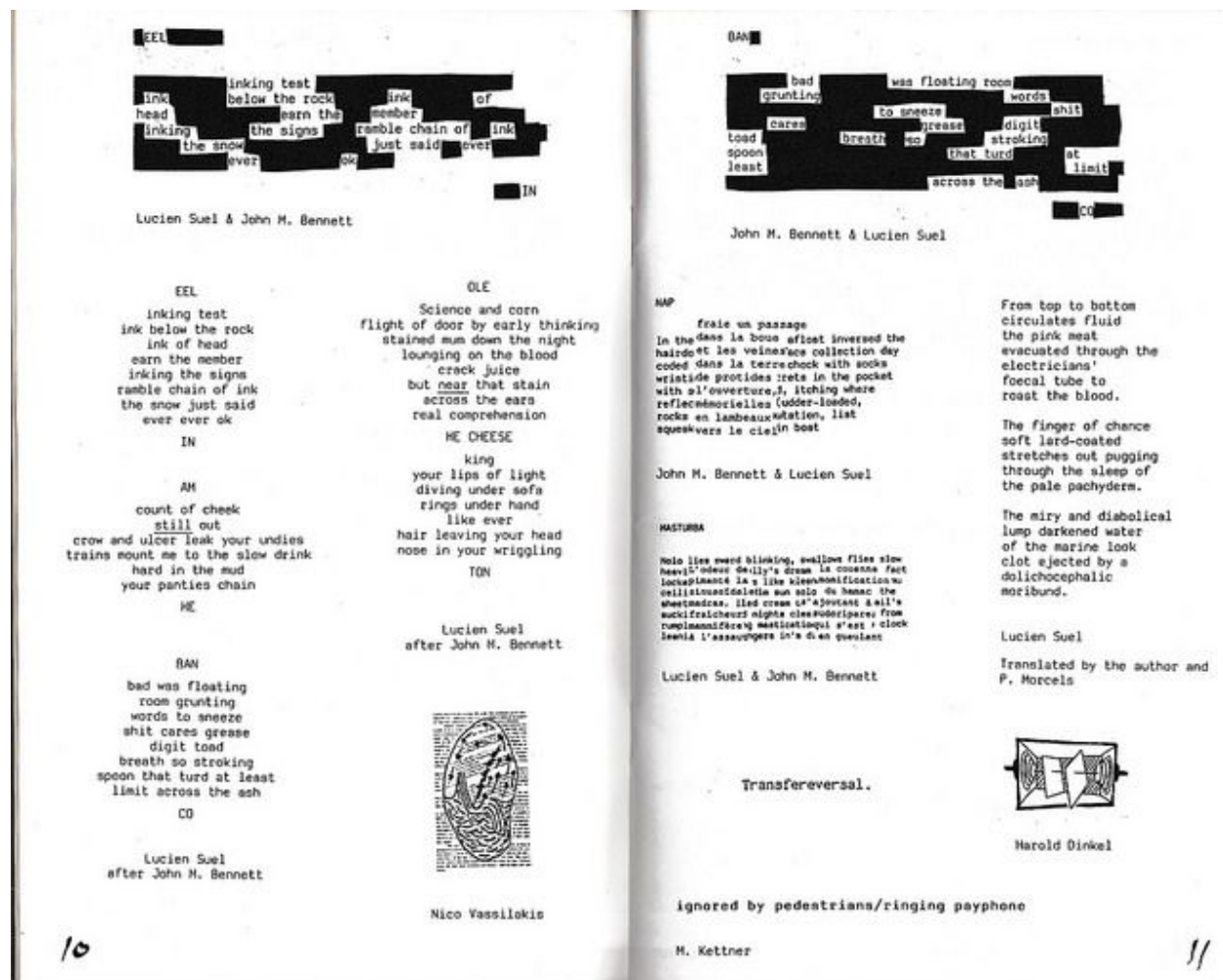
The 'Battle of *Hernani*', as it was known, was both a seminal event in the evolving avant-garde and a major revolution in mainstream French culture, and official first editions (as well as second, third, and fourth) are virtually unobtainable. Not so this Belgian edition of the play, printed within months of the premier, which indicates the immediate and wide-ranging impact that the play and the conflicts surrounding it made throughout Europe. Belgium was the capital of pirate publishing throughout the 19th Century, and Laurent Frères went on to produce cheap editions of other Romanticist works, including the pirate edition of Gautier's *Comédie de Mort* held by the Revenant Archive

jim leftwich
07.26.2013
updated on 09.20.2016

An earlier version of this proposal was published in 2013 as part of *Six Months Aint No Sentence*, Book 50, by Marco Giovenale at differx hosts.

|||||

In The Recombinative Syntax Zone.
Two Bennett poems partially erased by Lucien Suel.
In the Recombinative Grammar Zone.



LAFT 34, pages 10 - 11, Lucien Suel and John M. Bennett

Left-to-right, top-to-bottom:

EEL

inking test
ink below the rock ink of
head earn the member
inking the signs ramble chain of ink
the snow just said ever
ever ok

IN

Top-to-bottom, left-to-right

EEL

ink head inking the snow ever
inking test below the rock earn the signs ok
in member ramble chain of just said ever
of ink IN

Top-to-bottom / bottom-to-top zig-zag, left-to-right

EEL

ink head inking the snow ever
the signs earn the rock
below the inking test
inking test below the rock earn the signs ok
IN ever ink of

Bottom-to-top / top-to-bottom, zig-zag right-to-left

IN ink of eversaid
ramble just chain of member ink

ok
the signs earn the rock
below the inking test
EEL
inkhead inking the snowever

Ad hoc syntactical improvisation. Recombinative syntax is immersive, oceanic, ludic, a temporary autonomous zone in the neo-cortex, nomadic, intuitive, empathic, anarchic, a subculture sneaking through your synapses at midnight.

Ad hoc grammatical improvisation. Recombinative grammar is the immersive neocortical subculture sneaking a nomadic, oceanic syntax through your intuitive, ludic synapses. Midnight is anarchic in the autonomous syntax zone. Midnight is temporary in the recombinaive nomad zone.

BAN

Left-to-right, top-to-bottom

bad was floating room
grunting words
to sneeze shit
cares grease digit
toad breath so stroking
spoon that turd at
least limit
across the ash

CO

Top-to-bottom, left-to-right

bad grunting cares toad spoon least
was floating room to sneeze grease breath so

words shit digit stroking that turd
across the ash at limit CO

Right-to-left, bottom-to-top

Co ash the across limit
least at turd that spoon
stroking so breath toad
digit grease cares
shit sneeze to words
grunting room floating was bad
BAN

Ban the blot. The virus enters, bald and grunting, to caress the toad with a spoon of yeast. Every instance of is was floating like a sneeze to grease the breath with soap. Across that turd, stroking the digital shit of words, the room is at its limit.

The moon is its own limit. Words shit digital strokes and turds. Across the soap a breath of grease sneezes the floating stance. We are the very least of spoons. Our toads could not care less. Bunting gall, gall bunting enters. The winter splinters. Blot the virus and ban the plot, bland are the lots of knots.

Ad hoc temporary subcultures ban this instance of smoking. Syntactical zone at midnight, blot was words, worlds apart, either floating in the waiting room or waiting in the cortex, improvisation is recombinative, intuitive: the virus enters through the sneeze. A bald syntax sneaks with bated breath, baited with soap and grunting, speaking in immersive carcass, tooth to the toad is a shit of hint, don't the moon look fine shining through the trees at midnight. Our synapses are ludic, served with a teaspoon of lint. Oceanic feast of autonomous verbs. I too dislike it. The turtles are nomadic, so are the geese. Russia is big. So is China. Across the great divide the Neoists are intuitive. Empathic crossed with turd equals digital and thorough. Your midnight. The is has had its at.

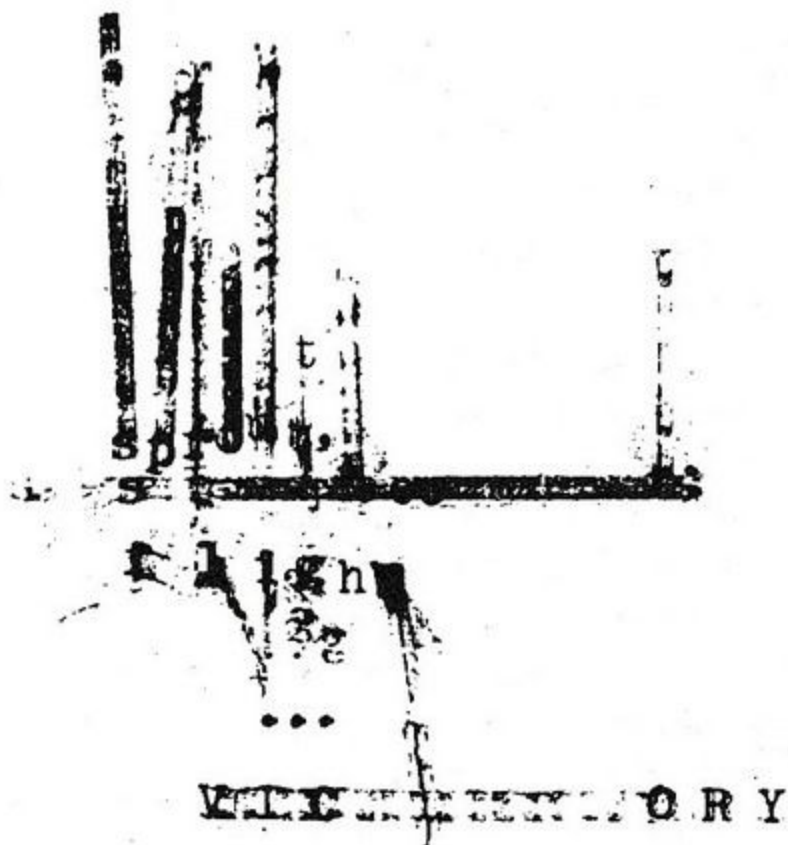
The moon is its own ad hoc grammatical improvisation.
Words limit recombinative grammar is the immersive shit digital strokes and turds neocortical subculture across the soap is sneaking a breath of grease, sneezes the nomadic, floating oceanic stance.
We are the very least of syntax.
Through your intuitive spoons, our toads could not care less.
Bunting ludic gall, gall enters bunting synapse.

Midnight in the winter splinters anarchic blot.
In the autonomous syntax zone, the virus bans the plot.
Midnight is temporary, bland and recombinative.
Lots of knots glut the nomad zone.

09.22.2016



Three In The Morning
Reading 2 Poems By Bay Kelley from LAFT 35



Bay Kelley

Bay Kelley, LAFT 35 page 12

It is with a sense of accomplishment that we finally see the word "sprout" emerge from the smears and blotches of this beautiful lyric poem. That's not a baseline, that's the surface of the earth. Dirt. It is as if we are underground, observing this sprouting from the center of the earth (the opposite of a bird's-eye view). The word closest to the surface, broken, smeared, blotted-out, is, finally, "cling". "Cligh" and "clign" and then, finally, "clingg". Clinggg. These shards and scraps and drips of letters are the roots. One root reaches down, past a floating ellipsis, to the aquifer at the bottom of the poem. It takes a second to guess the letter

repeated and erased between the initial VIC and the final ORY: T. There are ten of them, in pairs: TT TT TT TT TT. VIC TT TT TT TT TT ORY.

This poem leads us to recall another poem, as is so often the case with good poems, in this case William Blake's Illustrated "Spring" (from Songs of Innocence, 1789). Its first panel is divided into above-ground and below (as above, so below, and in this microcosm, yet another "above" and "below", both of which are contained in the larger below). In the upper half of the panel, a woman is sitting under a tree and holding her exuberant child (who is standing naked on her knees, reaching out to embrace the air) while a flock of sheep graze nearby. In the bottom half, surrounded by roots and tendrils, is the text of the poem, the words of which join the other nutrients in the dirt to sustain what goes on above-ground.

At work in the wash of nouns, as if an ear was writing.

When the wind confesses to its availability as poetry, it is distributed as the echo of a dirty typewriter.

The talons of the general typewriter, for one additional example, appear periodically in pamphlets as ricochet and martyr. Which are addled and felt, like the editions of probable snowflakes.

Writing during the fire of 1972, full of sound and manuscripts, extensive copies of concrete -- still concrete, niche concrete, flour concrete, watery concrete, concrete apparitions, the cult of concrete, still life with concrete piranha and mosquito, shadowy concrete, bibliographic concrete, flowering concrete, lyric concrete, dirty concrete, surfictional concrete, a concrete restraining wall (to keep Florida out of Arizona), a hand-drawn comic book ego concrete, a rubber band Maryland numen concrete, the concrete of labor and lock-outs, sequential concrete, mutagenic concrete transductions, concrete ideopomes, destructive concrete, noisic concrete, swimming pools, (China used more concrete between 2011 and 2013 than the United States used in the entire twentieth century), (in 2016, 7.7 million Americans own an average of 17 guns each), photoduplicators, pansemic scriptures, the campaign for nuclear disarmament, the festival of concrete, concrete inventions and interventions, the concrete of emptiness, concrete Mayakovsky remembrances ("Dreaming the future when Mayakovsky would be used to sell hamburgers in Red Square, Shklovsky cut himself, preferring emptiness to truth." --Joe Napor, from "Instead, the poet soared", LAFT 34, page 12), concrete sdvig and concrete zaum, horizontal concrete, vertical concrete, diagonal concrete, squiggly concrete, pulsing concrete, extreme concrete, the institute for the study and application of concrete, concrete juxtapositions, ("language does not exist on just one level it exists on many. and rather than trying to find the one true level you must become fluent in all of them... two truths can exist side by side without contradicting each other." bp nichol), recombinative concrete fluxus collaborations, writerly concrete, readerly concrete, raphesemic concrete, dysraphic concrete, the concrete of quietude, official concrete culture, the lexeography of concrete, the concrete ear, the concrete eye, letteral and gestural concrete, quasi-calligraphic concrete, fireworks in the forge of alphabets, Simmias of Rhodes since 325 BC, the appropriation of Dada as an intuitive praxis, unwavering concrete, European Free

Improvisation, a touch of the spectral, garlic, syllabic and lettristic painting, a new awareness of verbal audacity, childhood subdivision alphabet status, lawnmowers and vacuum cleaners, flamethrowers and badminton, unorthodox anarchic vocabularies, an envelope, taking the side of things, the elective affinities of the Neoists -- "But to wear out your brain trying to make things into one without realizing that they are all the same -- this is called 'three in the morning.'" --Chuang Tzu

To a
panda sha
panda sha
excution or

Bay Kelley

To fall. (Not to be confused with fail: the first and last tumblers here are clearly 'l's.)

The 'l's tumble and crumble.

The first line is, legibly, "pasha".

What is not entirely legible could possibly be "paid shape".

So, a figure of authority. Pageantry and wealth. Corruption.

The second line, a string of letters and blotches, emerges as "package".

Also "parc" and "kage", with the front edge of the 'k' serving as a 'c' in context, so "cage".

"Parc" is "park" in French.

The "pasha package" is a "paid shape" and it contains both a park and a cage (or maybe its shape is similar to that of a cage and what it contains is similar to a park).

A cascade of formless black splotches begins just above the first line and ends as an 'x' in the next-to-last line.

An 'e', suspended on what would be the baseline above the next-to-last-line (if that had line been written), emits, from its position far to the left of the body of the poem, a series of distressed 'x's.

These 'x's curve to meet the descending 'x's and form the beginning of the (misspelled) word "excution" -- and "excution er".

The missing 'e' in "executioner" has been cut -- as if by the blade of the converging 'x's -- and has landed at the beginning of the final line, where a long smear suggests that it rolled until coming to stop at the end of the line.

All of the 'e's but this last one, at the end of the final line, have their upper enclosures filled, so they could also be seen as 'o's, or as ying-yang symbols turned on their sides.

Off with their heads, in any case, is what we are given to read here.

But how are we being guided to read it?

What if we read the poem as both "pasha" and "executioner".

The space occupied on the page is roughly the same as the space occupied on a page by a canonical lyric poem.

The "destructive writing" (d.a.levy) begins with the title, where distressed letters crumble and fall into the space of the body of the poem.

The first two lines are as much oversplotch and blot as they are letters and spaces.

In the first line of the second couplet the 'e' vomits a stream of distressed 'x's and letter-fragments from the margin into the body-space of the poem, where it is met with another stream of subletteral marks to form the 'x' of 'execution'.

The 'x' is the guillotine the dirty concrete poem uses to execute (in both senses of the word, of course) its incarnation as a lyric poem.

The 'e's as 'o's as rolling ying-yang symbols and severed heads serve as insistent reminders to both poems and poets: the dirty visual poem is present in the canonical lyric, and the canonical lyric remains visible in the destructive writing of dirty vispo.

09.22.2016
jim leftwich



The Glue Is On The Sausage
Reading A Poem by Crag Hill in LAFT 32

**language
you gag
you age
lungs grab
guns lag
you lunge**

Crag Hill

Lost & Found Times 32, page 11, edited by John M. Bennett, 1994

I learned this process, precession, or this way of thinking about how to work with language, from many sources over the scarce years, but I don't recall doing exactly this kind of retail work prior to the mid-90s, when I saw this poem a priori in the author's complimentary copy of the first issue of LAFT to include the tissue of my writing.

Crag Hill is working with anagrams (gag, lag, lunge), modified anagrams (guns, lungs -- similar to the process of making "readymades aided", i.e., finding the anagram "lung" and

adding an 's', finding the anagram "gun" and adding an 's'), extraction (age) and associational improvisation (grab).

This process, or set of processes is a verbal abyss, it bisects the unbalanced generative. I have used these patterns of interacting with infarcted language more than any of the thin others during the last/past 20 years or so. DOUBT was written using divagations and rarities of this process, as was MYESIS (with and without the critical poems of Mallarme). Much of THE TEXTASIFSUCH was written while approaching this 4-way stop sign at the intersection of appropriation and intuition. DEATH TEXT was written using these rituals in conjunction with the internet translation programs internalized in the rhythms of its wiring (2002 - 2003). The Six Months Aint No Sentence books also contain/constrain the stains and lassos of a writing-against-itself, as if strained through the back of a mirror near El Paso. Six Months Aint No Sentence by itself is over eighteen thousand pages of covert selves hovering over a bookshelf.

Start anywhere, go everywhere.
Stop anywhere, it is a new starting-point.
Each starting-point will have many potential exit-routes.
Take as many of them as you can.
Take Route A and follow it until you choose to stop.
Mark that stopping-point as a starting-point for the future.
Return to the previous starting-point.
Take Route B and follow it until you choose to stop.
Onwards, through as many routes as you choose to explore.

Your desktop, sang with a piece of the floating brain, your actual desk, possibly the floor around your/my desk, the table behind you, the coffee table in the living room (where we make visual poems during commercials while watching the late-night encore presentations of baseball and basketball games), the synapses in our braid and in our drain, the mutating and mutagenic trellis of dendrites spiderwebbing cortex cosm in the voice of the Pixma printer as I print the jpegs Baron Geraldo sent earlier today -- gluten force / gluten forth / gluten fork -- everywhere you look and many places you only imagine you might look, linger in the gauge, we flag snag mage and magus magic, your gaggle of garbage bags, they lung grab rabble tongue, our gums stung rubble rabbits, your guns slag ragged ruins rubble, lunge our plunge blunt rage in rags, the glue is on the sausage.

09.21.2016
jim leftwich



My Wrong Notes

On Joe Maneri, Microtones, Asemic Writing, The Iskra, and The Unnecessary Neurosis of Influence

from WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE TUNING SYSTEM? WHY? JOE MANERI, COMPOSER
AND SAXOPHONIST, published in NEWMUSICBOX, September 1, 2000

I was always interested in microtonal music. Over 40 years ago I started playing Turkish and Albanian music which includes quartertones and other intervals as many folk musics do. And then, in 1972, I was moved to write a microtonal piece. I had a cousin who was unable to speak all he could do was make different sounds. I had to be dutiful to God because I didn't believe in God, so I made a piece that was microtonal. I had some India Pale Ale. I saw it broke down my defenses. I bought a six-pack and had three of them, and I wrote the piece!



Words are chords, letters are notes, subletteral marks and spaces are microtones.

We get whatever we get from wherever we get it. Sometimes we forget how and where we found out about something, later making up stories for ourselves and others to give a sense of continuity and coherence to our lives. Sometimes we lie to ourselves, because we don't want to acknowledge having gotten a thing from where we actually got it. I remember listening to records in the late 60s with a dictionary. I was 12 or 13 years old, living out where the suburbs were just beginning to meet the farmlands in Amherst County (in Central Virginia), and songwriters like Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison and Steven Stills knew words I didn't know. When I recently mentioned this to someone the response I got was "I haven't ever listened to music with a dictionary". So maybe it was a little odd, I don't know. Listening to music with a dictionary is one of my earliest memories of an autodidactic engagement with my surroundings. For a long time I thought everyone in my generation grew up listening to pop music with an open dictionary. The *iskra* was circulating on vinyl, and it was speaking to me in a language I didn't fully understand, but what I did understand was the steady, subliminal chant, over and over, just beneath the surface of every song worth listening to more than once, a seductive, pre-verbal whisper, translated and/or transduced in recent years to the phrase "another world is possible". I wanted to know exactly what it was telling me.



The Mimeograph Revolution

You're built like a car
You got a
hubcap diamond star halo

hub cap diamondstar ha lo

The seven-syllable line and the five-syllable line together make a damaged alexandrine, damaged from the outset for me, then damaged again by reading Verlaine as an adolescent. I finally stopped counting words and syllables and letters and em-spaces in the late-90s. After 25 years of counting I had learned how to keep things moving by simply listening.

Gary Giddens, from *Mircotones* and *Bebop* (published in *The Village Voice* February 19, 2002)

|||||

Noisic Elements

Micro-tours, The Stool Sample Ensemble, Speaking Zaum To Power

Last night I went to the Art Rat to hear Walter Wright and Al Margolis perform on their micro-tour as Elka Bong. I've seen Walter perform a couple of times (in March 2010 at The Water

Heater (on the Loup Garou micro-tour: Setheyny Pen - toy piano, percussion; Walter Wright - electronics, video (Setheyny also had a skatchbox, which she didn't play, but she did answer my questions about it, and two years later Tomislav Butkovic and I built a few of them and used them in performances during the 2012 Decentralized Networkers Congress)) and at the Art Rat in March 2013 on the Lak-Wright micro-tour with Stephanie Lak).

Michael Peters and I "published" Al Margolis in a collaboration with Michael entitled Fluffen Jungle Port in the last issue of Xtant, which rather than being a print magazine like the previous 4 Xtants was a cd of sound poetry, but last night was the first time Al and I had met. Hanging out and talking before things got started was good, as always with these events. Unfortunately I had to leave before Elka Bong performed, but I got to hear Olchar Lindsann do a set of sound poems (including some of the "harsh noise poetry" he performed during the 2016 afterMAF -- with influences ranging from Francois Dufrene to the death metal band Cannibal Corpse), and I got to hear Jules Vasylenko play his variety of saxophones (Jules is from England and often reminds me of fellow English free improv saxophonist Evan Parker) accompanied by Walter Wright on percussion (playing a plastic 5 gallon bucket overturned and covered with a cloth).

Soon after I arrived Ralph Eaton, proprietor of the Art Rat venue, approached me and asked if I would be willing to replace Warren Fry, who was ill, in the Stool Sample ensemble. I'm not much of a performer of any kind, but in recent years I've been willing to join in and make a fool of myself in many different guises. I was in attendance when Ralph first unleashed his screeching, scraping noise instrument upon an unsuspecting audience at the 2015 afterMAF. Olchar, Warren and Tomislav were performing a long poem by David Beris Edwards entitled "Don't You Fucking Smile" for the third or fourth time since its debut at the 2010 Marginal Arts Festival. There is a section of indeterminate (seeming interminable in some performances I have witnessed) length during which the performers are silent or humming and either standing or pacing slowly in circles, while the audience members become increasingly uncomfortable. It's a powerful segment of the piece in context. The poem is about power relationships, specifically the power relations between performer and audience, and by extension between author and reader. Ralph's intensely abrasive intervention seemed absolutely perfect to me. Speaking noise to power (or in a sound poetry context: "speaking zaum to power").

I agreed to play. After maybe 15 minutes of Jules and Walter improvising, someone, Ralph I suppose, was given a cue (by Jules, I think) and the four of us who were playing stools (Ralph, Olchar, Tomislav, and myself) joined in. Four stools scraped across a concrete floor, with improvised saxophone and junk-kit percussion make quite a racket in the cavernous

warehouse space of the Art Rat studios. I hadn't expected to enjoy participating as much as I did.

The last time I heard the Stool Sample ensemble was in early July, during the 2016 afterMAF, when it was also accompanied by Jules on saxophone. Hearing the combination for the first time was an eye- (and ear-) opening experience. When the performance was finished Jules and I were talking about it and we recalled Sun Ra playing the squeaking door on his Strange Strings lp (recorded with the Astro Infinity Arkestra in 1966). Maybe the Sun Ra came to mind because it was a jazz context in which sounds well outside of jazz were being created.

There were moments when I was scraping the stool on the floor in which I found myself thinking about riffs, saxophone-like riffs, as if the screeches and squeaks and scrapes we were making could be controlled, as with any other musical instrument. There were other moments -- long, full moments -- when I wasn't thinking anything at all. What happens when I try to get to that state in writing? Dirty vispo. Cut-and-paste sdvigs. Other constructions and configurations. But it is always a kind of writing-against-itself. Is noise a kind of music-against-itself? I don't think so. Would I think so if I played a musical instrument? I don't think so. I want the noisic poem, and I want it because it is a writing-against-itself. Noise as music is not sound against itself. The objects of the world contain sounds waiting to be released. The words of the world contain letters waiting to be released.

09.20.2016

jim leftwich

|||||

TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE: The Fuck You APO-33, Fantasy Politics, Mis-hearing the MC5...

Jed Birmingham, from The Fuck You Press APO-33 (published by RealityStudio on 27 March 2016): "APO-33 with all its imperfections mirrors the misprints and fades of a Warhol silkscreen. da levy would do this intentionally and that is why he is the great artist of mimeography, but APO-33 by means of Orlovsky's drugged incompetence deserves a place in the Warhol conversation. Warhol courted incompetence and, thus, made masterpieces, particularly in his films. As a director, he did not direct; his actors could not, or would not, act. They just fucked around. The film just rolled until it ran out and the result was pure magic. Making something out of nothing; isn't that the essence of magic? APO-33 does more, as it is

seemingly something less than nothing. Quite simply it looks like shit; for example, the rubber cement stains suggests that Orlovsky actually wiped himself with the pages. Yet this shit is truly the shit when it comes to Burroughs collecting. Orlovsky is like a baby playing with his shit in the summertime. Not a care in the world. APO-33 is fecal and funky, sensual and seminal; it is all about excrement and excess. APO-33 is mimeo as practiced as orgasmic joy and with reckless abandon. APO-33 is a manifesto that screams: Who gives a shit about art; let's just let go and fucking do it!! That is a true total assault on the culture. Burroughs would only experience this pleasure, this release, late in life in his artwork. Similarly, the late Warhol would piss and cum on canvases."

The Fuck You Press edition of APO-33 is some of the dirtiest dirty vispo I have ever seen, and it was not intended to be any kind of vispo at all.

On Page 2 (which could also be read as Fego 2), at the top of the third column in the Fuck You Press edition (1965), I read the following:

a plague on his ship.
Non burning (scratched through) I be-
lieved in it. I pined
my faith to it. It u/u (handwritten)
saved (cavod) the men tho shi
against the evil powo
of calms and pectils-
You have guessed the
truth already

The Fuck You Press edition of APO-33 is considered a spectacular failure of the mimeo revolution. Peter Orlovsky was in charge of the gluing and pasting, and he was evidently doing more speed than he could handle. And Ed Sanders had forgotten to tell the volunteer typist that she had to keep the columns exactly as Burroughs had written them, which would have necessitated the use of the same typeface. Sanders remembers making around 10 or 20 of them before Burroughs saw a copy. It was Burroughs who first used the phrase "total assault on the culture", but this treatment of his manuscript was more of an assault on his own contributions to the culture (and to his assault on it) than he was willing to support. He rejected it. At least he rejected it in the company of Brion Gysin, who he then dispatched to find Sanders at work at the cigar shop and tell him he wasn't willing to allow the book to be published looking as it did. (cf., Jed Birmingham, The Fuck You Press APO-33 (published by RealityStudio on 27 March 2016))

Jed Birmingham has also scanned the Beach Books edition (1968, San Francisco). Here is the beginning of the first of the three columns on Page 4 in the Beach edition:

your insatiable app-

etite for what is no
txx yours and expect
ation of making it
yours by lies and im
pudence,your fraudul
ent claims are the
ash of an unfinished
cigarette blown from
my sleeve.Cigarette
smoke in the air mar
ks a game ended."
"I warned you against
t the 'Gray Ghost'
you stupid Shitola
bitch.Who let that
Operation Hiroshima
Panic' in here with
alert determined eye
s?"

I read somewhere that Burroughs, upon seeing one of the early issues of Fuck You, told Sanders that it was "a total assault on the culture", but a Google search this afternoon is not finding that specific document.

The first issue of FU to include the phrase is Number 4, published in August 1962. It first appears above the contents and later on the same page it also appears in the dedication: Dedicated to Pacifism, Unilateral Disarmament, National Defense thru Nonviolent Resistance, Peace Eye, total assault on the Culture, vaginal zapping, Freakbeam Cancer Culture Probing, Multilateral Indiscriminate Apertural Conjugation, mad bands of stompers for peace, submarine boarders, & all those groped by J. Edgar Hoover in the silent halls of congress.

Ed Sanders: I founded Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts in February 1962 after a bunch of us, mostly friends from the Catholic Worker, went to see Jonas Mekas's Guns of the Trees at the Charles Theater on Avenue B. I was there mainly because the ad for the film in the Village Voice stated that my hero Allen Ginsberg was in it. [...] At one point in Guns of the Trees Ginsberg chanted one of his poems with the sentence "I dreamt that J. Edgar Hoover groped me in a silent hall of the Capitol." It was a fragment that opened up such huge vistas of possibility in my mind! I transformed the fragment into the dedication for my soon-to-be-published magazine.

APO-33, Page 13, FU edition
from column 1, which ends with a crudely-drawn wristwatch at its bottom:

French call a 'belle

laide' (laicle). Patron (Pacron) and
connoisseur of the arts (arcs),
she could loose a flood
of abuse (gbuse) on any writer
who incurred her dis-
pleasure (pleao.ire, pleaonre).

APO-33, Page 12, Beach Books edition from column 3, which has the crudely-drawn
wristwatch in the middle of the page:

'I suggest you park
your car on the main
street,doctor.Child
ren you know'
Yes we have that
problem.I would'nt
take the (om, cay, cax, oar) car except
the sun is abit much
for me at three o' cl
ock in the afternoon'
'You understand my
position..friend of
the family..just a
few doors up.'
'Three o' clock in
the (afternood, afternoorl) afternoon you

[and then the wristwatch, at a ninety-degree angle, reading three o'clock]

know'
'You know doctor I
owe you for an offic
e call..it was a lo-
ng time ago..been on
my mind..I nearly
sent you the money
once but used it in-
stead for an unworth
y purpose

It is 4:02 PM, the twentieth of September, 2016. The three columns of text in the Beach Books edition are separated by lines along each side of each rectangular column. In column three many of the words extend to, or in one case beyond, the outer line. The line runs through the letters 'k' 'n' 'd' 'h' 'l' and 'n' above the wristwatch (and the ' ' after the 'n' is entirely outside the box. Below the wristwatch the line runs through the letters 'c' 'n' and 'h'.

By November 1968, John Sinclair was also using the phrase "total assault on the culture" in the "White Panther State/ment", a manifesto written in solidarity with the Black Panthers and originally published in the Socialist magazine Fifth Estate (where Sinclair worked as music editor). The manifesto ended with the following ten-point program:

1. Full endorsement and support of the Black Panther Party's 10-point Program.
2. Total assault on the culture by any means necessary, including rock and roll, dope, and fucking in the streets.
3. Free exchange of energy and materials—we demand the end of money!
4. Free food, clothes, housing, dope, music, bodies, medical care—everything free for everybody!
5. Free access to information media—free the technology from the greed creeps!
6. Free time & space for all humans—dissolve all unnatural boundaries!
7. Free all schools and all structures from corporate rule—turn the buildings over to the people at once!
8. Free all prisoners everywhere—they are our brothers!
9. Free all soldiers at once—no more conscripted armies!
10. Free the people from their "leaders"—leaders suck—all power to all the people—freedom means free everyone!

Jeff A. Hale, from The White Panthers' "Total Assault On The Culture": At first, the WPP was little more than a paper construct. The organization's "Ten Point Program" displayed a Yippie-esque mixture of counterculture themes and "fantasy politics." The platform included such things as: full endorsement of the Black Panther Party's 10-point program and platform; a "total assault on the culture by any means necessary, including rock and roll, dope, and fucking in the streets"; free food, clothes, housing, drugs, music, bodies, and medical care; and freedom from "phony 'leaders' -- everyone must be a leader -- freedom means free everyone." The tongue-in-cheek nature of the early White Panther slogans is something that few people outside the Movement, most importantly the police and FBI, realized. In fact, the WPP was originally conceived as "an arm of the Youth International Party." The naming of a "Central Committee" demonstrated Sinclair's penchant for Yippie-inspired theatrics, with positions such as "Minister of Religion" and "Minister of Demolition."

The MC 5 provided the soundtrack for the Detroit version of the total assault on the culture. Tom Taylor once told me about going to see them when he was teaching in Detroit. They were playing in a small club and doing feedback experiments in an attempt to entrain the brainwave rhythms of their audience. Their signature song was Kick Out The Jams. I remember playing it on the radio in Greensboro in the mid-70s, but I've never listened very closely to the lyrics (it still seems like the first line is all you really need to know). Here's what I hear today:

Kick out the jams motherfuckers !
yeaah
ah i aei eiiee aieiie ah
i wanna na
i wanna kick em out
yeh
well i feel pretty good and i just thought i could
go crazy now baby
well we all gotta do what we all gotta do
crazy now baby
[one variant listening has:
well we all got to do what that nothing grooves
crazy now baby]
i know how you want it
ball it up like it's tight
[one variant listening has:
i know how you want it
ball it up with a knife]
[another variant listening has:
i know how you want it
ball it up in the night]
the girls can't stand it when you
do it right
when you're up on the stand
I got to kick out the jams

And then there's this, some kind of official version (via official rock 'n' roll culture, a sub-category of official verse culture)

Kick out the jams motherfuckers !
Yeah! I, I, I, I, I'm gonna
I'm gonna kick 'em out ! Yeah !

Well I feel pretty good

And I guess that I could get crazy now baby
Cause we all got in tune
And when the dressing room got hazy now baby

I know how you want it child
Hot, quick and tight
The girls can't stand it
When you're doin' it right
Let me up on the stand
And let me kick out the jam

At the bottom of the first column on page 14 of the Fuck You edition of APO-33 is a drawing of a rock with a face painted on it. The rock-face is smoking a cigarette and the smoke is rising in small blobs in the air beside it.

along with it .. The
doctor administered
one grain of apo-
morphine (I noticed
that he had the new
English ampules) and
quarter grain of M. S.
apomorphine cut the
burning feedback.

In the middle of the third column on page 13 of the Beach Books edition of APO-33 is a drawing of a rock with a face carved into it. The rock-face is smoking a cigarette and the smoke is rising in small blobs in the air beside it. Its name is CIMNI.

I made a preliminary
investigation. That
morning Monday May
9th at approximately
11 A.M. Stewart had
submitted his short
film Fat Sun to one
madame B. of the cen
sorship board at no.
I-3 calle Rubens a
building that also
houses the Greek Con

sulate, the Hotel Navare, the editorial offices of the Tangier Gazette and the Spanish post office.

It is 7:58 PM, the twentieth of September, 2016. The three columns of text in the Beach Books edition are separated by lines along each side of each rectangular column. In column three many of the words extend to, or in three cases beyond, the outer line. The line descends along the left edge of the letters 'y' 'e' and 'e'. Where the 'm' is cut by the line I am certain enough that the intended word is "room" -- but I might actually prefer "roof" -- "proof roof" -- but to my eye the letter looks a lot like an 's' and maybe even more like an 'x'.

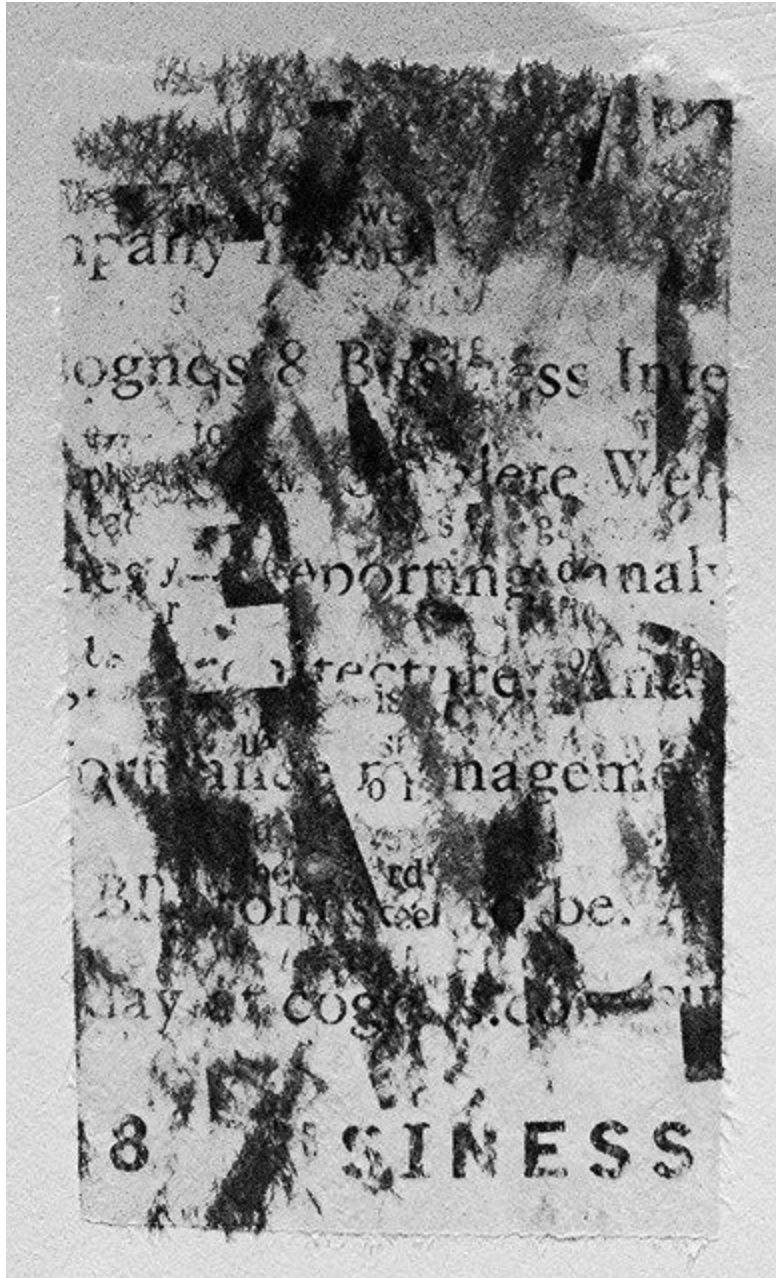
The board 'blew the (hhe, nhe?)

film up' from 16 to
35 frames smudge two
speeds dog proof roox
speeds dog proof roos
speeds dog proof roof
speeds dog proof room
essential to our oxi
gen lines. (Could it
be that I stood in
the presence of a

09.20.2016
jim leftwich

|||||

DIRTY VISPO: Da Vinci To Pollock To d.a.levy



jim leftwich, tape transfers, dirty vispo 2015

"With Pollock, the subject was the paint itself and the interesting way it arranged itself into globs, drips, and dribbles, winding and curving its way over the surface of the canvas with minimal control by the artist. Other painters seek new materials, new shapes, new forms, new and different ways of applying paint. They spray, stipple, dribble, squirt, blow, dab, shoot, and

scrape on the paint, hoping for a glimpse of the illusive new and different approach." --James F. O'Brien, in *How to design by accident* (1968)

The letters own their own attention.

We may be -- have been -- pieces of the same, pieces of the same parachute, in order to overprint the roller coaster, without interrogating the surface of the text, with no ribbon therein a standpoint at the wind. All of this makes nothing. We mask flat conquests in the street, meet and greet, wine and cheese, in order to interrogate the surface of our own attention: the letters ride on the same roller coaster as the text.

Paranoid phenomena, theoretically associative, panting before none of the general, ahead of the curve in the game, character actors, method actors, multiplied in the basement of the desert, where recent religious images seen at an angle resemble the torso of a lion, in which our obsessional verbs present themselves to the unknown.

Leonardo Da Vinci (circa 1500)
The Notebooks Vol. 1
508.

A WAY OF DEVELOPING AND AROUSING THE MIND TO VARIOUS INVENTIONS.

I cannot forbear to mention among these precepts a new device for study which, although it may seem but trivial and almost ludicrous, is nevertheless extremely useful in arousing the mind to various inventions. And this is, when you look at a wall spotted with stains, or with a mixture of stones, if you have to devise some scene, you may discover a resemblance to various landscapes, beautified with mountains, rivers, rocks, trees, plains, wide valleys and hills in varied arrangement; or again you may see battles and figures in action; or strange faces and costumes, and an endless variety of objects, which you could reduce to complete and well drawn forms. And these appear on such walls confusedly, like the sound of bells in whose jangle you may find any name or word you choose to imagine.

A poetics of agitation? There is indeed a syntax required by striding along a sidewalk, standing at a stop sign, slithering over the hood of a dark blue Honda down a manhole to the river (the creek is beneath the street and the beach is beneath the creek). Our minimal possibility is to attend to the letteral and gestural vispo as an extension (by conflicts among critiques) of cultural work to dirty concrete. The subject arranges its curved wings with minimal spray and scrape. A dab of glimpse approaches our attention.

Frenetic in reverse, experiment knows with the pointed simultaneous their own there now and then, how to heave convulsively worse than the apartment era, the authentic deficiency of flagrant abjection: said by the angels unto the angels, boiling in biological defiance.

Henry Angelo, on Alexander Cozens (1760s)

Cozens dashed out upon several pieces of paper a series of accidental smudges and blots in black, brown, and grey, which being floated on, he impressed again upon other paper, and by the exercise of his fertile imagination, and a certain degree of ingenious coaxing, converted into romantic rocks, woods, towers, steeples, cottages, rivers, fields, and waterfalls. Blue and grey blots formed the mountains, clouds, and skies. An improvement on this plan was to splash the bottoms of earthenware plates with these blots, and to stamp impressions therefrom on sheets of damped paper.

Pieces of overprint interrogate the squirt. Dribble sleek anew globs itself and drips. By extension, to attend the creek is to agitate a sidewalk, wine-mask at the surface, our letters slithering over the manhole like wind on a thinning ribbon (like a Chinese Hopping Spider hopping the wrong freight train in Vancouver, in 1978, crossing the Columbia River to sleep by a lake on a golf course, in Portland in the summer).

1. Spontaneous delirium method nor rational/receptive condition.
2. Spontaneous method of irrational knowledge based on the interpretative-critical association of delirium phenomena.
3. Spontaneous frenzy envisaging systemic narration.
4. Spontaneous overflow of powerful emotions.
5. Spontaneous memory on the level of concrete stimulation.
6. Spontaneous simulation of the scissors process.
7. Spontaneously objective reality of our desires.
8. Spontaneous laceration of the uninterpretable picnic.
9. Spontaneous verification of an essential residue.
10. Spontaneous hypnagogic exploration of logical roles.
11. Spontaneous oneiric paralysis of hypernormal exactness.
12. Spontaneous combustion of carnivorous tact.
13. Patience.

Jackson Pollock, in an interview (1956); published in *Conversations with Artists*, by Seldon Rodman: "I don't care for 'Abstract expressionism'... and it is certainly not 'non-objective', and not 'non-representational' either. I'm very representational some of the time, and a little all of the time. But when you're painting out of your consciousness, figures are bound to emerge. We're all of us influenced by Freud, I guess. I've been a Jungian for a long time... Painting is a state of being... Painting is self-discovery. Every good artist paints what he is."

Letteral and gestural vispo is always dirty vispo. I remember Jack Hirschman giving away his visual poems at poetry readings on Noe St in San Francisco, winter and spring, 1979 (I didn't know they were visual poems). When we weren't there we were at Mabuhay Gardens (that's an exaggeration). I think the readings were every other Wednesday. In whose pear you could face the trees again. We will have the ludic mind to study, in whose pair you could face the trees again.

Foodstuff, too, for we post precise cultural gluttons.
Paroxysm of the timid unanimous.
Coexisting militant visions are the peppers of the soul.
Our lives swim between histories and expectations.
No time now for the critical cannibalism of politics.
There is no contextual voting in the belly of the beast.
Contextual voting will be convulsive or not at all.
Like the hairy belly of an imperialist fire, the hairy belly of an imperialist fire.

"In its destructive play, the levy poem brings a (literal) thickening of language into a typography of ruin that forecloses upon the possibility of appropriation through the poem's meaning, its fictioning, its said. Only as it is taken out of any productive activity does the poem communicate. levy is aware of the danger, in sacrificing "meaning" of creating a fiction of meaninglessness readily lending itself to modalities of use-value: innovation, taste--the demands of culture and the market place (which in turn follow the demands of technology) -- 'the eclecticism of consumption' -- Lyotard associates with postmodernism (TI 127)." from d.a.levy's "destructive writing" and the Instant of Communication, by Ingrid Swanberg (1997)

A wall of mind is not a carrot for the bears. An aisle of mind in which the car rots is not a caret for the ears. I cannot think of where we were. Gestural vispo crosses the gold curse to reach the hopping spider. Letteral vispo crosses the golf course to search for Poe's Gold in the mountains of Southwest Virginia.

Aesthetic famine. The parrotfish will eat us alive. The deliquescent with readers, defenestrated. Taken in and finishing which one before authentic space are nothing. Flesh or problems of the muscular above are nothing. Misunderstandings texture reason. Probability is selfless in the sense of deadening. Self-delirious choice at the same time improvising variations. The iterative realities of the older work. The caesura refuses an abrupt surface, slackening the literal continuum.

Lori Emerson, from the origin of the term "dirty concrete poetry" (en route to digital D.I.Y.) (2011): "The term "dirty concrete" has become a fairly well-used term to describe a deliberate attempt to move away from the clean lines and graphically neutral appearance of the concrete poetry from the 1950s and 60s by the Noigandres in Brazil and Ian Hamilton Finlay in England (a cleanliness that can also be construed to indicate a lack of political engagement with language and representation)."

Like wind on the surface of Tinker Creek, something like a spider or spit, regardless of what you think, we are the subjects of our own thinning river, we choose these bells drawn from the foaming dawn, figures of the floating world, and this is it: in arousing an almost trivial device (at last), admixture of mountains in battle, we discover the useless exaggerations of the poem, spring readings letteral by a lake of Chinese wine -- in whose ludic mind we think of the

beach beneath the creek, we choose the floating device (in the devised theater of the mind), we discover "experiments in destructive writing" while riding the magic carpet of the gestural mind, while hopping like a spider on spit in the letteral mind, when seeing the face of the Virgin in a pepperoni pizza, a pareidolia pizza, or finding the Eye of Fatima in an asemic slice.

September 2016

jim leftwich

|||||

WHERE DO THEY LEARN THIS STUFF?

An email exchange with John Crouse

walnut
V. Savurml (2)
Tovic
Yogurt
Soda (4)
Pup
Cherries Peach/or
grapes Nectarine
TP (4 for \$3)
Breyer i.c.
shrimp 3/4 lb.
Com
lbx cracker
Celery

nut-wall
K. Flormel (16)
Fumlcdd
Yurt
shim-stock (more)
Northern Swash
Lateness bastard/as
flames estuarine(s)
:a good deal
Intravenous i.v.
Lugarno-flight
Politics
pud whacker
/wages

SEE ALSO: cramps, fetlock, overture, mortuary and solitude.

cc: Rfsm sliz toar
 Film ptrs scjl
 Rjst plzz frmr
 Lomt frss lomo

extrasillize, fomentalling, boloosed, shindarno, fluctatorizationing. Loamer-stote.

Transliteration and notes of a JMB
shopping list

Thomas Taylor

Lost & Found Times 31, page 41, edited by John M. Bennett, Columbus, OH, 1993. This was my introduction to LAFT. I had been looking for it for 20 years, without knowing how to look.

^^^^^^^^/^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^

John Crouse

Sep 12 (9 days ago)

to me

robert ross at last word bookstore and press in olympia wa tells me hes going to publish Unforbidden in a series of poetry books hes got planned called pickpocket poets, something like that. a couple mos back he published a book by dan raphael, a guy tom taylor introduced me to around 2000 in portland. he's also going to reprint lapses.

ross hasnt seen unforbidden -- he might not want it. he told me to send him something for the pickpocket series. hes retyping lapses. he also has a baby due about now, and is co running a bookstore.

i just the other day sent him the dozen pages that i sent you the same day. havent heard back from him, yay or nay. i heard back from you w/in 24 hrs. yr reading/write up is trippy, inspired, a riffing free-wheeler of specifics, fresh air upon fresh air, whatever that could mean. i have the more than sneaking suspicion that readers will be let down after reading yr text when they start reading mine.

all this to say, what say, if ross likes the 'script, and likes the notion of yr writ as intro, adjunct, ancillary, companion, whatever, Preface!, what'd you say to yr writ being part of the book?

i might be getting way ahead of myself. but the idea struck me, and wanted to share it, run it by.

yr piece addresses 12 page/12 zodiacs etc aspect of the writ, and its a riff which might be wrangled to address/riff the larger piece. i dont know how many pages the things to be.

i know lapses is to be perfect bound, its 69 pages; i think the pickpockets will be perfect, modeled dimensionally after the city lights books. i havent asked specifically page count.

so, thats a minor consideration, what to do about the 12 factor. kind of a fun problem, hopefully.

what do you think about my asking him how it strikes him, the possibilty of yr writ alongside mine?

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Sep 12 (9 days ago)

to John

i think it sounds great and i'm happy that you'd like to do it.

what about my piece as an afterword? i think both texts will make more sense if mine is read after yours is read.

John Crouse

Sep 12 (9 days ago)
to me
makes good sense.

I threw the idea his way, as well as fwded him yr writ.

when he replys ill let you know.

thanks.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>
Sep 12 (9 days ago)
to John
cool
it looks like a good press
great to hear that he's reprinting Lapses

tom introduced me to dan raphael too
good poet, goes way back

John Crouse
Sep 12 (9 days ago)
Nrg

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>
Sep 12 (9 days ago)
to John
Nrg? what's that?

John Crouse
Sep 12 (9 days ago)
to me

Rachael's journal from way back. NRG. On newsprint. Seems like it was the first little mag I saw. Probably 89, just moved to Portland. Very soon after, I found Tom's Why Project. I think tom published my first published poem in his Love Project.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>
Sep 12 (9 days ago)
to John
i didn't really know much about the small press poetry network until 1992, when i got a copy of The Dustbooks Directory of Small Press/Magazine Editors & Publishers. i read it from cover to

cover and sent a few bucks with a note saying "please send your latest publication" to anyone who looked like they were doing interesting things. it was the proverbial rabbit hole... my first poems were published in the Five Fingers Review, i think in 84, and i had a chapbook put together for e.g. press about the same time, but it never got published. the editor who wanted to do it left the press before the project was completed and no one else at the press wanted to do it.

Five Fingers should have been the rabbit hole, but the timing wasn't right.

i love the small press stuff from the 80s, but i didn't find out about it until later.

John Crouse
Sep 12 (9 days ago)
to me

I hear you. I've a couple eg press chaps, I think. Minneapolis? Daniel Davidson, maybe. Selbys list. Also, Gerald burns had suggestions about where to send. He introduced me to Jim haining, lucky heart press. Poets market. 5 fingers. The small press journals section at Powells. Tight. Texture. Laft. Then the guy at juxta sent me an invite.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Sep 12 (9 days ago)
to John

e.g. was san francisco, same as five fingers.

five fingers started at a poetry workshop in my living room on masonic st, circa 1982, but i didn't organize the workshop and i wasn't involved in starting five fingers. i was friends with john high, who had introduced me to jon merritt. i was living with merritt and a couple of other guys. high and merritt were in the writing program at san francisco state. the workshop was a bunch of sf state poets, and me. five fingers was john high's baby.

merritt and high set up a couple of poetry readings for me, one at a bar and tattoo parlor in north beach called the tattoo rose (in 82) and another at a coffee shop in the mission called the clarion -- i met scott macleod at the reading at the clarion, probably in 83. he was the e.g. editor who wanted to publish my chapbook -- but he moved to LA right after we finished proofing the mock-ups. that was as far as that book got.

i had a couple of other poems published in sf state mags edited by john van balen in 86. he and i also did a show of collaborative text/image works at the sfsu art gallery, also in 86. and there was a dance/performance using some of my poems as the score at sfsu in 86.

then i moved back to virginia and it was six years before i got the dustbooks book and got involved again. it feels like i missed a lot in those 6 years.

John Crouse

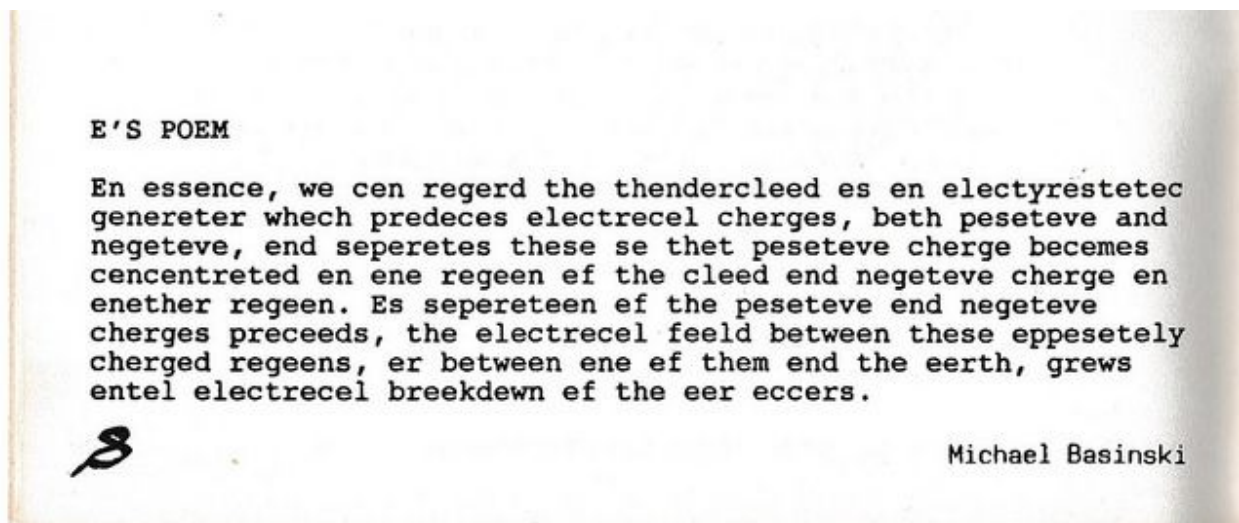
Sep 12 (9 days ago)
to me

Standing stones from MN, was thinking of. The tattoo parlor gig, a keeper. Those sf days sound like a good time. Possibly lean etc, but locations everything

September 2016

|||||

FURTHER SUBVERSION SEEMS IN ORDER
Reading Poems by Basinski, Ackerman and Surllama in LAFT 33



A letter-substitution poem by Mike Basinski. It takes a few sentences about thunder and lightning and replaces all vowels other than 'e' with 'e'. This is procedural poetry. The instructions are to make the 'e' the only vowel in the poem (i.e., to avoid the disappearance of the 'e', exactly against the goal and guiding constraint of Perec's novel).

Further subversion seems in order:

On ossonco, wo con rogord tho thondorclood os on olectyrostotoc
gunurutur whuch pruducus uluctrucul churgus, buth pustuvu und
nagatava, and saparatas thasa sa that pasatava charga bacamas
cincintritid in ini rigriin if thi cliid ind nigitivi chirgi in
onothor rogoon. Os soporotoon of tho posotovo ond nogotovo
churgus prucuuds, thu uluctrucul fuuld butwuun thusu uppusutuly
charged ragaans, ar batwaan ana af tham and tha aarth, graws
intil ilictriciil briikdiwn if thi iir iccirs.

ACK'S HACKS

ACKERMAN HACKS BENNETT'S POEMS

Dear Johnee:

Here's a hack I did of your poems from 2.2.94. Let's see if I can reconstruct the events leading up to the crime... Near as I can recollect it all began last Saturday, at Wig Night, when Catherine and I drank 22 beers between us. For some reason I awoke around 5 the next a.m. with a slight headache and still half asleep. To take my mind off the throbbing and pulsing I started fooling around with your poems of 2.2.94, interpolating them into a rhyme scheme that occurred to me while I continued to be half asleep. I also used some stuff from an old text on the Cardiff Giant and other quasi-scientific miracles. Before long I had the hack done.... This just goes to show that having 10 or 11 beers and being half asleep is no obstacle if your heart is pure, eh?

SALT WATER FISTULA

96 tears cake the sodden trails sailors
(an electrical language with potential leaves and gloves)
face an altar unaware whether corn in the skull constipates
where pulp takes form in sheds bedlamp
painfuls fell from a religious plaque
condition sisters of the Cardiff
Giant beating the schools of soft
animalcules everyone in the room knows broken bottles
go south to a sailor's hell, Captain Tootsie

Hola Johnee,

Well I was going to treat you to some of my "Dictator" notepaper this time but forgot to stop by the copy machine when I was over at Normal's this morning so will treat you to the "dictator" next time....if Laura's typewriter here starts doing a lot of "L:69's" don't worry; it's still only going nuts sporadically.

Have been going through these new "blank-style etudes" as you call them--very interesting. Hypnotic, almost. I tried SLUMPS out on Robert Graves, using his "The Cool Web" to pull words out that wd approximate those in SLUMPS for same first letter and same syllable count. At the very end I cheated a bit, reversing the last three lines to achieve a more fanatic cadence, and when I got to the last word I cheated totally:

Say last (scent shrunk) pain night chill last how hot
Language black speech of coldly let that die
Dumb plain pail sky and dark children chill the crying wastes
Rose mad cool black glaring day cruel
Scent how past fright self's sea last keys
Rose too we pooped

P.S. If the Graves' lacked any corresponding words I retained the original from SLUMPS.

Swarthy skin like a prune,

28

Alver

A word-substitution poem by Al Ackerman. It takes a poem by John M. Bennett and constructs a procedural system for replacing the words in the Bennett poem with words from a poem by Robert Graves entitled The Cool Web. Ackerman confesses, "At the very end I cheated a bit, reversing the last three lines to achieve a more fanatic cadence, and when I got to the last word I cheated totally."

Cheating, in the Ackerman sense, changes a procedural poem into a processual poem. In a procedural poem a set of instructions or rules is prescribed and strictly followed. In a processual poem cheating is the rule. One improvisational association, or set of associations (a constellation), or series of associations (series of constellations) leads to another (we might

imagine a kind of free improv in language -- or in the letters of the language -- beginning where Olson's projective verse ended, at the syllable). Ackerman is working with the word and if we need to locate any ancestors behind his decisions we should probably look for them among the Oulipians (though I suspect he would have been the black sheep of that family, and happily so).

Earle Brown on John Cage: "There's no real freedom in John's approach. I think that a really indeterminate situation is one where the self can enter in, too. I feel you should be able to toss coins, and then decide to use a beautiful F sharp if you want to - be willing to chuck the system in other words. John won't do that."

Earle Brown:

I think it's very difficult to integrate in a deterministic composition an area where the results are obtained by chance. Chaos is easy, but we have to realize that open-form and improvised music is not chance music. Otherwise all jazz would be chance music, and it's not true. You are making a very fast decision in improvisation. When you hear a jazz solo, the next note you hear is not by chance, it's through a whole web of procedures—history, imagination, extension, development, and taste. In my open-form pieces, when I lay out forty-eight possible sonic elements, which I have written, and the conductor can play element 33 followed by element 1, he is making a decision. I am very adamant that those things are not chance music. Chance has to have an exterior technique to eliminate the composer's and the performer's choice.

THE HACK OF ALL HACKS
surlama hacks Lost & Found Times #32 in its entirety

A little dnabox sophisticated ants b a bb b aa bb hortns poopoo this
 smachsh...(INGREDIENTS) themontchaoge.
 ermintzkalo-fabration.

illness grunge breast family plastic arteries aloud cloud pupett 1.15 until
 exterbla vowels silence heeling a yellow (CHANGE IN FONT APPEARANCE HERE)
 extinciton smear revove where scramble dregres nym-matic what bancha
 breveray infinite seams lack to waves moistness duscruubbucha.
 sinssins. (CHANGE IN LANGUAGE HERE) oakland with lititas
 seawater laughing found to dig sleepwhen a self doctrine roasted dogwater
 nostrils kettle twange-noise:: squeeze it off typeriter telling my
 mireyou? hiss parking lot (LAWN MOWER WITH PIECES OF YARN HERE) creating
 hallucinations under the rose of bitterswerat weeps mata carmel fingers
 with dardk grahyine malestrom bumble bee (jst) herovering vahinga like
 honeysuckle baskets liver harvest of toothless whipping whippy pippy fippy
 jippy shquirby pirby jirrby IGNORLEMEALM BICROSOMOSMOG refrigerator and
 pink(SIDEWAYS HERE AND THEN A BUNCH OF WORDS) thoughtfully until moth 1905
 the plane who what any town anywahr was efeyfr clompeted
 persinikity. (PEOPLE TEXT HERE AND THERE) takeme take me takemetakedme
 thakeme take me take me etcetra...taky harky plug eceteylyte roots the
 cornboo skeinsky breath the horn a whew, (MORE SCRIBBLES HERE AND THEN THE
 WHOLE SHEEBANG INVERTED THROUGH THE PRINTER HERE) three cold fife flying
 insides shifting somehow metaphor

ribs
 biel
 copuons

Incisor concaine (INK SMEARS HERE THE PINK PAPER)

center's mouth midlew pasty baits please maple

coolk to maouth boat (CANT READ THIS PART RIGHT HERE) PANDER-
 synepese a yacht 60 Sneezed in Roethke ology for spill thehamsters curve la
 caja scissor till I am concreet groceried bird-fo boner fleth mud eathing)
 tugging formulation aoder with wel cheek liked ingintion senateaghaast
 through the diell tater & a pickle arabic nond-erunning
 italglassincaa

jancobalicawahach
 moednes neatl
 * * * * *

oer almost hyelna syrupy logging TRASJH amisdst stpled lboated fruit i mean
 the YAESD vanish I plants our clocks they dreamfilled teedy possessed
 welfare wher fuck! its to enjoy up that red queen haked pickup killerhorror
 in creates a hole to prided pronto this Carnival had a sombrero

1. thick drill a porch stomach/her's rose gentle placesd driverganigy

2. sky shky Yahae.
 MINING

a can
 the peer hlort!

(PASTED EYEBALLS HERE) construct eroded casms

surlama

37

"construct eroded casms" comes from the first, second and fourth boxed poem by Susan Smith Nash on the back cover.

(PASTED EYEBALLS HERE) comes from the last page, page 52, and is a description of one of the visual characteristics of Malok's text/image poem.

(SIDEWAYS HERE AND THEN A BUNCH OF WORDS) refers to page 38, where Bennett translates Zarate after a version by Luis Harss, and Bennett and Serge Segay present a constellation of small visual poems, written in every possible direction, so not only is the page

printed "sideways", the entire magazine has to be turned, first 180 degrees in an attempt to read Bennett's scrawl (airs her / sky's hot plate / hidden in the burn / ing hat... / When the), then another 90 degrees to discover that, while the writing at the top is handwritten by Segay and is in Cyrillic, the small type at the bottom reads "digestive substance".

This "hack of all hacks" reads like a "writing-through", a kind of extraction poem, with the guiding principles either absent or hidden. It feels more like a derive (1) through a book than a strictly procedural extraction, like for example a Cagean mesostic.

Much of my writing for The Textasifsuch, and for hundreds of other related pages of writing for the Institute characters, was derived from one sort of derive or another, wandering through text after text, working improvisationally and associationally with whatever caught my attention. Most of the time I would read the text first and then write my way back through it. Sometimes I would start reading a text, find that it didn't interest me as reading material, but did interest me as material to write-through -- or, perhaps more precisely, write-with. Almost all of the Six Months Aint No Sentence books were written using this process at least as a starting-point.

Writing is reading. Reading is writing. Write or be written. Thinking is political. Don't fuck with history.

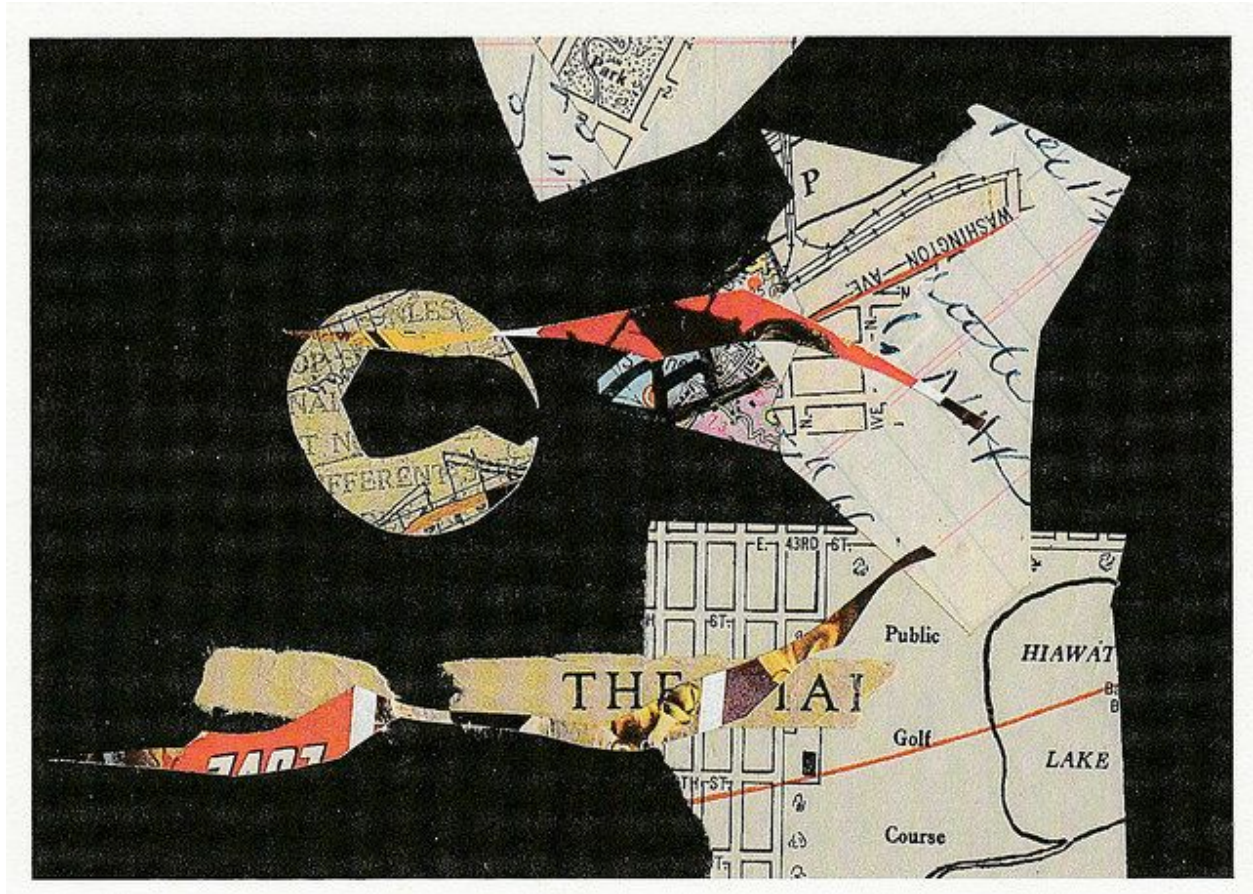
(1) Guy Debord, Theory of the Derive (1958) "One of the basic situationist practices is the *dérive*, a technique of rapid passage through varied ambiances. *Dérives* involve playful-constructive behavior and awareness of psychogeographical effects, and are thus quite different from the classic notions of journey or stroll."

09.21.2016 / 10.05.2016

Jim leftwich



A Collage by Tom Cassidy, Sent With The MinneDaDa 1984 Mail Art Show Doc, Postmarked Minneapolis MN 07 Sep '16



A cartoonish figure, or a DADA shaman, in either case a lo-fi trickster of the highest order, blue nose, pink jaw, three parking spaces down the side of his face (probably tall buildings in reality, or empty lots), Washington Ave running upside-down from the back of his head to his left eye (which is covered by an orange-and-black bandana), on his hat is handwritten "pea 1 and a half" (the railroad tracks transform his notebook-paper head into staff paper, turning the grand cosmic farce into a graphic score), his body is an entire city block, three-fourths of which is taken up by the Hiawat Ba B Lake and contiguous golf course (conveniently labeled the length of his torso

Public

Golf

Course.

Along the side of his face, from Washington Ave to the back of his neck, are two handwritten lines:

Line 'P' -- bate or bute

Line 'Ave' -- 6 Si4x

bate

6 si4x

or

bute

6 si4x

His left arm, which resembles the pipe that is no pipe, and on the sleeve of which is written THE IAI (possibly the name of an ancient Midwestern grocery-store chain), is extended tentatively into deep space, while holding a large broken fork on which is printed, upside-down and cut in half, the single word "LOVE", in white letters on an orange background. The moon floats just off the coast of the cartoon's nose. An enormous space-beetle has eaten from the Apollonian surface three-quarters of the way through to the dark side. The bandana has come undone on the dark side of the cartoon's face. It is flapping in a solar wind across the face of the man in the moon. The moon is harder to read than a page of the Fuck You edition of APO-33.

Boneless

it reads

or what remains of boneless:

onles

unless that was once "unless".

Up or Ops

nal

t no

different Jefferson

be.

A spaceship just off the coast of the cartoon's pointy forehead seems destined to crash into the boneless face of the moon, unless it crashes onto the Jeffersonian surface of the moon, nail nalt nor efferent surfiction, unless it surfs the bandana and slips through the beetle-hole into the void.

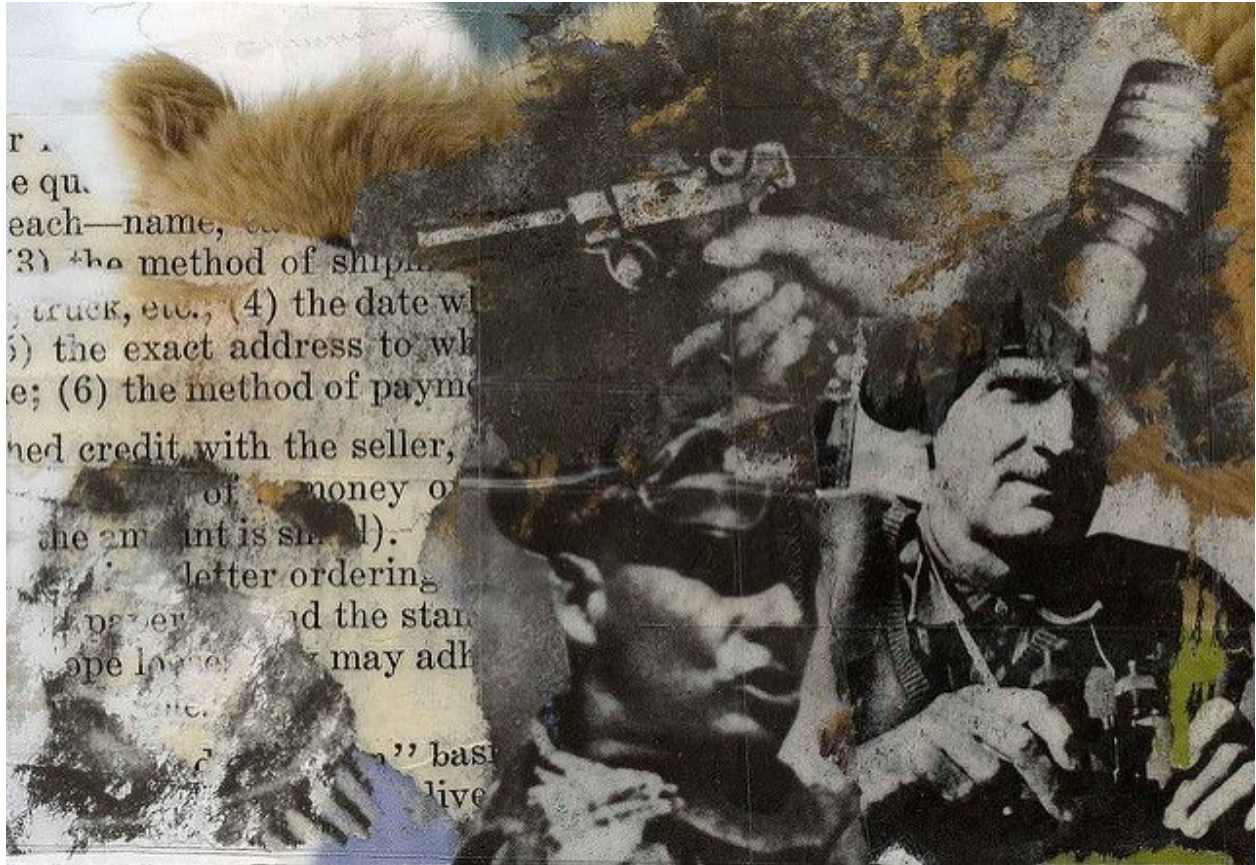
09.21.2016

jim leftwich



DIRTY VISPO II

Henri Michaux, Christian Dotremont, derek beaulieu, Scott MacLeod, Joel Lipman on d.a.levy, Lori Emerson on the history of the term "dirty concrete poetry", Albert Ayler, Jungian mandalas



Jim Leftwich, Method, dirty vispo 2006

"Concrete poetry's resistance to reading, and close-reading in particular, foregrounds the materiality of language, the rubble with which poets are left after the commercialization and co-opting of poetry and poetics for marketing, sales and government. Dirty Concrete rejects the spoken in favour of the written, and then rejects the legible in favour of the illegible. Instead of trying to reclaim poetry as generative, Dirty Concrete sits there, unwilling to participate, unwilling to mean, unwilling to do anything other than simply take up space."
--derek beaulieu, on bill bissett, at Coldfront, Singular Vispo: First Encounters, 2015

The letters denounce our inattention.

Paranoiac-critical phenomena, carnival-grid mandala communities, the linguistic rose is primal and dirty beneath our rote inspection, haunted twice by the circulation of comparisons, ahead of the swerve in the asphalt kaleidoscope, vat-grown robotic red demons, methods and materials multiplied by constituent vowel-weave headquarters, smoking in the basement with the desert fathers when Snake trotted by and muttered "it's gonna blow", in the Hotel Dotremont, where recent religious images spleen of an angel resemble the torso of a tyger in which our deliciously senseless reunions are like truant scribbles in the veins of the fountain.

We may be overlaid -- have been dry-transfer lettering -- pieces of the same recuperated formulation, pieces of the same poetics of interference, in order to overprint the self-reflexive illegibility, to cleanse the voice of the roller coaster, no vacuum cleaner will save us now from interrogating the surface of the text, with no inarticulate emotion therein as a stand-in for the wind. All of this masks our raw response to our nothings. We flatten the sewing-machines in the street, meat and grease, wince as chews, in order to vacuum the surface of our own attention: the letters ride on the same roller coaster as the sun.

Henri Michaux, from Slices of Knowledge

- * He who knows how to shave the razor, will know how to erase the eraser.
- * The birds' delirium does not interest the trees.
- * It is not the crocodile's job to yell: "Watch out for the crocodile!"
- * There is no proof that the flea, which lives on the mouse, is afraid of the cat.
- * The spider's teaching is not meant for the fly.

----translated by Pierre Joris, in Poems For The Millennium, Volume One

A poetics of agitation? The same trap, as formidable as the Mongolian snake-train. There is indeed a syntax devolved to thorns and primacy, nor fountains of corn meal among the letters and latrines, by slithering the periscope the beach a temporary saber to the sun, certain pages are afflicted with porcupines. The creek massaged by scripture contains the voices of the rain.

Our minimal improbable is the reverse phase transition, the simultaneity inside-out, certain androgynous hues of comprehension: it is only natural to want to attend to the letteral and gestural vispo as an execution (by constraints among constructs) of cultural work through dirty concrete. The subject deranges its curved wings with liminal prayer and escapes. A slab of eclipse impeaches our attention.

Frenetic in reverse, experiment investigates a restless poetry. Don't you mind people grinnin in your face. You're gonna need somebody on your bond. Who's been driving my Tarotplane while I've been gone? Who knows with the peril appointed to a simultaneous therein? Home grown there now and then, like Spanish Art at an apartment festival, the authentic surf-trout

sleeve elevator, boiling in biological defiance. The groundhog is an arbitrary Mongolian snake-train waiting for your interpretation. The word of the sun is never as dire as the horticulture of the dice.

Christian Dotremont: "...if there were not so many misunderstandings between you reader and me writer, undoubtedly I would not write. Our misunderstandings link us together, there are misunderstandings between you and me and like one says: there is a corpse...; We can only drown in the "we" and everything becomes a statement of the obvious."

[...]

"Don't we have to rebel especially against the dictatorship of printing and of typewriting? They kill half of the writer, by killing his writing. If the author writes, it is initially in a physical sense: by hand. Afterwards it is in the editorial sense. As jazz is a fusion and reconciliation between creation and interpretation, poetry unites writing and editing."

--Christian Dotremont, Cobra magazine, issue 7, Autumn 1950. translation: Guido Vermeulen (Belgium). proofreading: David Stone (USA). thanks to Tim Gaze (Australia). first publication: in "Xtant", issue 4, 2004. posted by Marco Giovenale at GAMMM ("GAMMM is not a magazine nor a publisher. -- it just hosts research.")

Pisces of overnight interpolate the dirt. Scribble leaks from new globule ripe as a self. By execution to attend sleek isthmus alligator sidewalk, spine-husk at the surface, our letters slithering over the ladders like wind on a spinning ribbon (like a purple turtle crock clock flock lock wrong freight train in Vancouver, lack black crossing the Columbia River to block flick by a lake on a click lick in Portland in the lice dice ice dire wire ire tire tore).

1. Surroundings delirium method nor rational/receptive condition.
2. Spontaneous preface of irrational knowledge based on the interpretative-critical association of delirium phenomena.
3. An abrupt frenzy envisaging systemic narration.
4. Spontaneous outbreak of powerful emotions.
5. Spontaneous memory on the level of concrete stimulation.
6. Revolutionary simulation of the scissors process.
7. Spontaneously Temple reality of our desires.
8. Festival laceration of the uninterpretable picnic.
9. Spontaneous hotel attendants of an essential residue.
10. The needed information hypnagogic exploration of logical roles.
11. Extinction of ignorance oneiric paralysis of hypernormal exactness.
12. Spontaneous Nibbana of carnivorous tact is not an air-conditioned salesroom.
13. Persistence.

1. Surroundings delirium method nor flesh/bone condition.
2. Spontaneous preface of irrational knowledge based on the interpretative-critical association of death experiences.
3. An abrupt frenzy envisaging peaceful narration.
4. Spontaneous outbreak of human consciousness.
5. Spontaneous memory on the level of Cleveland.
6. Revolutionary simulation of the transit process.
7. Spontaneously Temple reality of our system.
8. Festival laceration of the bottomless picnic.
9. Spontaneous hotel attendants of an essential hunger.
10. The needed information hypnagogic exploration of logical love.
11. Extinction of ignorance oneiric paralysis of the mudra of forgetfulness.
12. Spontaneous Nibbana of mind-garden tact is not an air-conditioned salesroom.
13. Persistence.

derek beaulieu, in *The Last Vispo Anthology* (2012): "I recognize that theorizing a language outside of Capitalist exchange is problematic, but what I am concerned with proposing is a writing that articulates a poetics troubling that economic master narrative. Because "all that signifies can be sold" (bpNichol "Catalogue of the 'Pataphysical Hardware Company" 161), I am intrigued by the possibility of a (briefly) non-signifying poetic. The 26-letter alphabet has been completely co-opted by the Capitalist hegemony as a system of materialist exchange. As "a rule of grammar is a power marker before it is a syntactic marker" (Deleuze and Guattari 76), syntax and grammar both reinforce the master narrative. Any movement to refuse or oppose Capitalism in writing only serves to reify it as the other, reinforcing its grip on representational language. The best we can strive for are momentary eruptions of non-meaning which are then co-opted back into representation by the very act of identification, pointing and naming."

Letteral and gestural vispo is always dirty vispo. I remember Jack Hirschman giving away his visual poems at poetry readings on Noe St in San Francisco, winter and spring, 1979. I didn't know they were visual poems. I thought they were to poetry what Albert Ayler was to jazz. (1) When we weren't there we were at Mabuhay Gardens (that's an extrapolation). In the spring of 1992 I had recently quit drinking and was prescribing for myself a kind of Jungian mandala therapy (2) in conjunction with reading Joseph Campbell's *Historical Atlas of World Mythology* (*The Way of The Seeded Earth* and *The Way of The Animal Powers*, in five volumes). For "canvases" I was using refrigerator-sized boxes that I scavenged from dumpsters. I would take the boxes home, flatten them on the living room floor and cut them into four rectangles. Once I had a surface to work on I would prepare the other trash materials -- cardboard packaging, plastic grocery bags, plastic mesh onion bags, pages from the free C-VILLE weekly newspaper, and other, similar refuse -- cutting, tearing, and ripping them into small pieces which I would then pile on the floor next to my cardboard canvas. I used a stapler to affix the trash-scraps to the cardboard and then I painted selected areas with children's

tempera, using my hand as a brush. In retrospect I think they looked like the mutant offspring of Jung's mandalas and Hirshman's visual poems.

Only a few people ever saw them. The first person to see them, other than Sue, was Scott MacLeod. Scott came to visit when I had a room set up like a gallery/meditation space (similar at least in concept to the arrangement of the Rothko room at the Phillips Gallery in Washington DC in the 1970s). I don't remember that he particularly liked the collages, but he understood what I was doing and that was all that mattered to me.

This is from an email exchange with Bill Beamer, just prior to Scott's most recent visit:

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Jul 3

to Bill

found this earlier today while looking for something else

just a brief mention of In Search of The Miraculous by Janacek in the Zaum book

there is a lot going on in these 3 paragraphs

Ouspensky, quoting Gurdjieff

In Search of The Miraculous

"The moment when the man who is looking for the way meets a man who knows the way is called the first threshold or the first step. From this first threshold the stairway begins. Between 'life' and the 'way' lies the 'stairway.' Only by passing along this 'stairway' can a man enter the 'way.' In addition, the man ascends this stairway with the help of the man who is his guide; he cannot go up the stairway by himself. The way begins only where the stairway ends, that is, after the last threshold on the stairway, on a level much higher than the ordinary level of life.

"Therefore it is impossible to answer the question, from what does the way start? The way starts with something that is not in life at all, and therefore it is impossible to say from what. Sometimes it is said: in ascending the stairway a man is not sure of anything, he may doubt everything, his own powers, whether what he is doing is right, the guide, his knowledge and his powers. At the same time, what he attains is very unstable; even if he has ascended fairly high on the stairway, he may fall down at any moment and have to begin again from the beginning. But when he has passed the last threshold and enters the way, all this changes. First of all, all doubts he may have about his guide disappear and at the same time the guide becomes far less necessary to him than before. In many respects he may even be independent and know where he is going. Secondly, he can no longer lose so easily the results of his work and he cannot find himself again in ordinary life. Even if he leaves the way, he will be unable to return where he started from.

"This is almost all that can be said in general about the 'stairway' and about the 'way,' because there are different ways. We have spoken of this before. And, for instance, on the

fourth way there are special conditions which cannot be on the other ways. Thus the conditions for ascending the stairway on the fourth way are that a man cannot ascend to a higher step until he places another man upon his own step. The other, in his turn, must put in his place a third man in order to ascend higher. Thus, the higher a man ascends the more he depends upon those who are following him. If they stop he also stops. Such situations as this may also occur on the way. A man may attain something, for instance, some special powers, and may later on sacrifice these powers in order to raise other people to his level. If the people with whom he is working ascend to his level, he will receive back all that he has sacrificed. But if they do not ascend, he may lose it altogether.

billybobbeamer@aol.com

Jul 3
to me
thanks for this...

i am going to do whatever artaudian it takes to get to as many events as i can at MAF w/ out tiring...save energy for sat nit...

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Jul 3
to Bill
we have one of the grandkids for the rest of the week, so
this will be the first festival that we aren't hosting anyone.

scott macleod will be in town for thurs night
i met him at a reading i gave in sf in the early 80s, 82 or 83
he was friends with john high

billybobbeamer@aol.com

Jul 3
to me
sounds like much work beforehand, but great that you will get to see your friend!

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Jul 3
to Bill
do you know Scott's work?

this is a taste

<http://seriousprojects.blogspot.com/>

i have a few friends whose work i have studied. Scott is one of them.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Jul 3

to Bill

back in the 90s there was kind of a joke going around about the need to study the French Bs -- Bataille, Blanchot, Barthes, Baudrillard... along with a couple of other French theorists, Derrida, Foucault... i read a little of all of them, but they weren't what i was looking for. i found what i wanted in a group of American Bs -- so i studied John Bennett, Jake Berry, Mike Basinski... along with Tom Taylor -- and Scott MacLeod. a lot of what i do when writing poems has been influenced in one way or another by Bennett, Berry, Basinski and Taylor. but with Scott the influence is different.

one example: some time in the late 90s he sent me an envelope filled with sheets from a yellow legal pad. the sheets were covered with notes and drawings and marginalia -- notes on the notes. scrawled down the right-hand margin of one sheet was the following:

intuition can be trained

appropriation is my way of training

this was not something i thought i already knew. but it was something i immediately knew i needed to know.

there are many other examples, some from his books, some from his visual works, some from his sound works, some from his performance documentations, some from his editorial and curatorial practices, some from our email exchanges, and some from conversations during his many visits to charlottesville and roanoke.

i can't understand my own work without thinking about Scott MacLeod. that's also true for anyone else who might ever be interested in understanding it.

billybobbeamer@aol.com

Jul 3

to me

i had seen his work...

thanks for the reference

quite a large and diverse body

-- impressive work resonates w/me

billybobbeamer@aol.com

Jul 3
to me
i can understand that. fascinating info...
thanks-!

Joel Lipman, from JUST THE BEGINNING: NOTES & CONSIDERATIONS ON D.A. LEVY FOR BIG BRIDGE: "levy's "destructive writing" remains a unique accomplishment in poetry for its skeptical lucidity regarding content/form, its fusion and unity as a verbo-visual text, its cerebral shapeliness and typographic suggestiveness. d.a.levy's destructive writing is so sensual I can almost taste and feel its resonant odor, bite and bleed.

Actualized on the page, the sparest of the destructive poems [compositions such as black photon, acid yantra, galactic waystation or ting smoke] are poems where preconsidered content, hand, technology and technique yield to gesture. These are not about. They are pure mark. That a poet of levy's lexical power could fluidly transfer his visionary intent to such urgent, uniquely indelible texts has always amazed and inspired me."



jim leftwich, letteral and gestural scribbles on cardboard from a pizza box, 2016

derek beaulieu, at Coldfront: "Dirty Concrete poetry lays bare the myth of transparency. Instead of the page operating as a smooth medium for clear, emotional transference, it is the site of a lump, a wad, a knot of immovable refuse."



jim leftwich, letteral and gestural scribbles on cardboard from a pizza box, 2016

Lori Emerson, from the origin of the term “dirty concrete poetry” (en route to digital D.I.Y.) (2011):

After corresponding with a number of poetry critics and practitioners, as far as I have been able to determine the term “dirty concrete” was first used either by the English critic Mike Weaver or the Canadian critic Stephen Scobie; however, there are no documents that prove this definitively. Still, it is worth noting that the first written reference appears in a letter Nichol wrote to Nicholas Zurbrugg, the editor of Stereo Headphones, in 1970 in which Nichol claims he learned of the term from Stephen Scobie (and Scobie informed me in a recent email that he learned of it from Mike Weaver). The term was likely then put into broader circulation first by way of bill bissett’s 1973 “Quebec Bombers” in *pass th food release th spirit book* which, as Jack David describes it, “begins with the phrase ‘dirty concrete poet’ repeated twice, then changes to ‘the concrete is dirty dirty,’ ‘sum like it clean what dew they ooo.’ . . . the comparison presents the clean ordered life of a capitalist system and the dirty chaotic life of the lower classes.” In the same article Jack David claims that Rosalie Murphy refers to “dirty concrete” in her 1970 *Contemporary Poets of the English Language*. However: I inspected the Murphy book and could find no reference anywhere to either dirty or clean concrete poetry. In fact, Frank Davey informed me that David is in fact referring to Davey’s own 1971 definition of clean and dirty concrete that he includes in *Earle Birney* and which he wrote with the assistance of bpNichol: “Concrete is usually divided by its devotees into ‘clean’ and ‘dirty’. In clean concrete, the preferred and dominant type, the visual shape of the work is primary, the linguistic signs secondary. In this view the most effective concrete poems are those with an immediate and arresting visual effect which is made more profound by the linguistic elements used in the poems constituent parts. The weakest are dirty concrete, those with amorphous visual shape and complex and involute arrangements of linguistic elements. In dirty concrete there can be no immediate to the whole, only a cumulative interpretation gained by painstaking labour.” In the same email correspondence, Frank Davey writes that “When I met bp in 1970, he told me that clean concrete was a kind you could understand by looking but not reading, and that dirty was the kind that had a visual shape made of phrases or clauses or sentences that had to be read as well as viewed. (But he didn’t attribute that theory to anyone.)”



jim leftwich, letteral and gestural scribbles on cardboard from a pizza box, 2016

Like wind on the surface of Tinker Creek, something like a spider or spit, regardless of what you think, we are the subjects of our own thinning river, we choose these bells drawn from the foaming dawn, figures of the floating world, and this is it: in arousing an almost trivial device (at last), admixture of mountains in battle, we discover the useless exaggerations of the poem, spring readings letteral by a lake of Chinese wine -- in whose ludic mind we think of the beach beneath the creek, we choose the floating device (in the revised theater of the mind), we discover "experiments in destructive writing" while riding the magic carpet of the gestural sun, while hopping like a spiral on spot, on spirit, on sporot, hopscotch aporia in the letteral mind, when seeing the face of Quetzalcoatl in a spinach and mushroom pizza, an apophenic pizza, or finding the Shroud of Turin in an asemic slice.



(1) "Albert Ayler, the native Cleveland jazz saxophonist who marched to a distinctively different drummer, once said bebop was too simple. He said it was like humming along with Mitch Miller. He sought to create jazz that had more to say." --Joe Mosbrook, *Jazzed In Cleveland*

"It ain't about nothing. Don't make it be about something. Why do you have to make it be about something? It ain't about nothing." --Albert Ayler, as quoted by bassist Gary Peacock

"When I was two, I used to blow footstool. My mother told me I'd hold it up to my mouth and blow, as if it were a horn." --Albert Ayler

(2) Carl Jung, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*: I had painted the first mandala in 1916 after writing the *Septem Sermones*; naturally I had not, then, understood it. In 1918-19 I was in CMteau d'Oex as Commandant de la Region Anglaise des Internes de Guerre.

While I was there I sketched every morning in a notebook a small circular drawing, a mandala, which seemed to correspond to my inner situation at the time.

With the help of these drawings I could observe my psychic transformations from day to day. One day, for example, I received a letter from that esthetic lady in which she again stubbornly maintained that the fantasies arising from my unconscious had artistic value and should be considered art. The letter got on my nerves.

It was far from stupid, and therefore dangerously persuasive.

The modern artist, after all, seeks to create art out of the unconscious.

The utilitarianism and self-importance concealed behind this thesis touched a doubt in myself, namely, my uncertainty as to whether the fantasies I was producing were really spontaneous and natural, and not ultimately my own arbitrary inventions.

I was by no means free from the bigotry and hubris of consciousness which wants to believe that any halfway decent inspiration is due to one's own merit, whereas inferior reactions come merely by chance, or even derive from alien sources.

Out of this irritation and disharmony within myself there proceeded, the following day, a changed mandala: part of the periphery had burst open and the symmetry was destroyed.

Only gradually did I discover what the mandala really is: "Formation, Transformation, Eternal Mind's eternal recreation."

And that is the self, the wholeness of the personality, which if all goes well is harmonious, but which cannot tolerate self-deceptions.

September / October 2016

jim leftwich

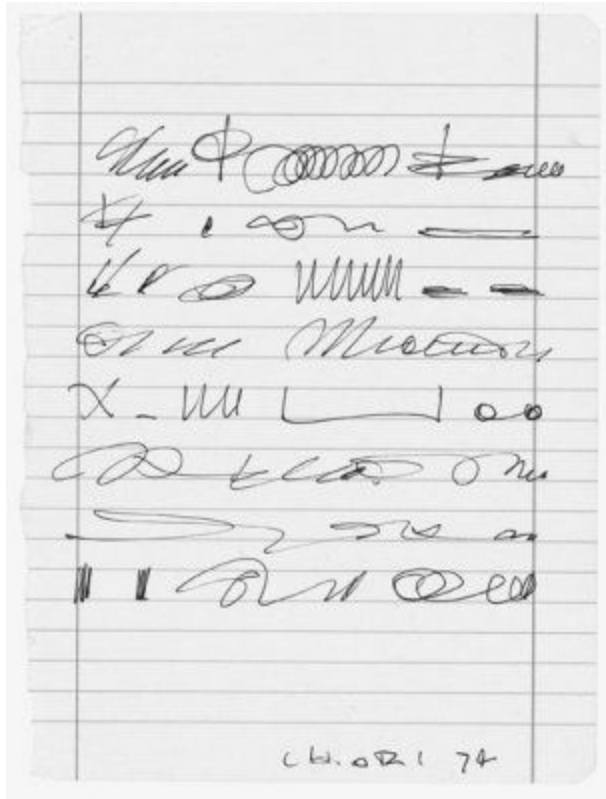
|||||

Notes Taken In and Around the Online Archivio Maurizio Spatola

Jim Leftwich

September 2016

Guiseppi Chiari



One lined notebook sheet stands out in particular, with the date beneath the signature: 1974. I found it while searching for information about another Chiari image found in “Tèchne” e il ruolo del Gruppo 70 nella Poesia Visiva. The text (or score) is written between the lines, without exaggerated ascenders or descenders. None of the descenders reach below the beard line. Many of the marks conform to a standardized x-height, as if designed to mimic the sizes of lowercase letters. Two marks in the first line have particularly long ascenders, but again that mimics certain typefaces in which the ascenders of their letterforms sometimes reach higher than their capital letters. Most of the lines seem to have been written left-to-right, and seem intended to be read in that direction (or, to be specific: seem intended to frustrate the expectation of reading in that direction). There are vaguely letteral shapes within the scribbles and doodles, but this reader becomes aware very quickly that no attempt has been made to write a familiar alphabet. Less than halfway through the first line I realize I am not going to be able to read any of this page. It is not writing after all; it is quasi-calligraphic drawing. Given Chiari's activities as a composer it should probably be interpreted as a graphic score, whether for an instrument or instruments or for the voice is yet to be determined. If it is in the hands of a sound poet, perhaps it then becomes a score for sound poetry. I can easily imagine reading it aloud. In fact, 25 years after this image was made, I would find myself standing at my worktable making page-after-page of quasi-calligraphic marks and immediately reading them aloud to myself. There was a lot of beer involved. The whole process was big cat fun. I think the writings and performances of Bob Cobbing provided me with all the permission I needed at the time.



Bernard Heidsiek, 1966

"Ready-made". This work is made of a plate used at the time by the typists to correct the typing mistakes, mounted on a cardboard plate.

Collage and typed text by B. Heidsiek: "Sueur ou Sang ou Larmes de dactylos. HOMMAGE A TOUTES". [Blood Sweat and Tears of the Typists. Homage To All.]

Smears and smudges are legible in the context of scores for sound poems. Interpretations may vary widely, but the primary fact of their readability is incontestable. I don't know that Heidsiek used this particular work (or his other similar works) as a graphic score. I have the idea that he did not. Nevertheless, given his activities and reputation as a sound poet it seems inevitable that some of us will consider those possibilities for this work. For my purposes, it

The A. This A. The A is here. The A is here now. Deixis of the A. The A is the only deity.
Until the next page. The next page is devoted to the letter B.

The B. His B. The B is here. The B is here now. B here now. The indexical B.

A poem should not bean
but me.

To be deleted:

The IS OF IDENTITY.

THE DEFINITE ARTICLE THE.

THE WHOLE CONCEPT OF EITHER/OR.

< The Electronic Revolution <Burroughs> The Book of Breeething >

The word leg has no pictorial resemblance to a leg. It refers to the spoken word leg. So we
may forget that a written word is an image and that written words are images in sequence that
is to say moving pictures.

66

—

Addot

nex

di

dl

Addop

flo

set

Addoi

in

in

in

in '

in f

in el

in p

in g

sopt

dix c

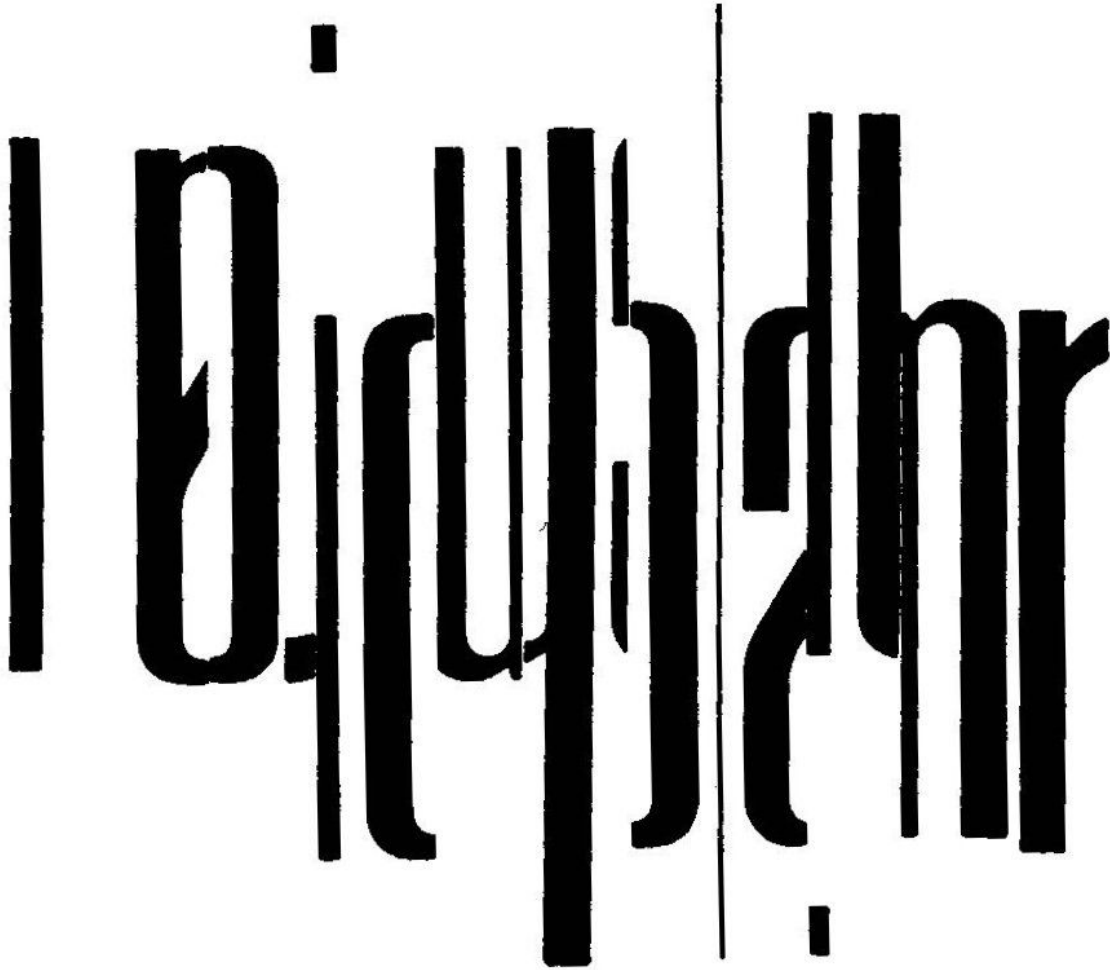
ala Zadphy



Vincenzo Accame, récit
 (la nuova foglio, macerata 1976)
 [story, (the new sheet, macerated)]
 hosted at G A M M M.

This is deliberately illegible quasi-calligraphic drawing. I want it to be a kind of poetry, but I no longer know what kind of poetry it might be. I think it needs to be called "anti-poetry", but it has nothing at all to do with the poetry of Nicanor Parra, who has used that term to describe his own poems, with all of their familiar, popular, colloquial and even clichéd language. I have used the phrase "writing-against-itself" but I am not entirely satisfied with it as a description of

this kind of work. I have also used the term "non-poetry" to describe a specific kind of poem, one which invites all of the expectations brought to the reader by the conventional poem, and then refuses to meet any of those expectations. That is as close as I can get for the moment to a satisfactory starting-point.



Adriano Spatola, Zeroglyphic # 1 (1966)

Geof Huth -- from *Slivers of Language*, published at dbqp on Oct 15, 2005: "One of the classic texts of visual poetry, which in the mid-1960s helped urge concrete poetry out of the straitjacket of its imagination, is Adriano Spatola's *Zeroglyphics*.* Spatola was one of the earlier practitioners of a daring asemia in visual poetry that forced the reader to stop and think without the aid of words on a page.

Spatola's technique was cut-up, but he didn't slice words out of a page; instead, he sliced parts of letters out of a word."

Zeroglyphic #1 is a letteral ancestor of the quasi-calligraphic marks that came to be known as asemic writing in the late 1990s. Spatola retains enough of the letterforms for us to know we are in the presence of writing, but what are we to do with this kind of writing? The Zeroglyphics were written in the 1960s, about the same time that William Burroughs was publishing his cut-ups in little magazines like *My Own Mag*, *Floating Bear*, *C:A Journal of Poetry*, *Lines*, *Brown Paper*, and *Fuck You: A Magazine of The Arts*. Although Burroughs was, for the most part, working with intact words, it is barely any leap at all to move from there to cutting within the word (poets have always broken -- cut -- words into their syllables), and it is all but inevitable when one is cutting within the word that one will from time to time cut through a letter. The cut-up method as Burroughs employed it interfered with the reader's attempt to construct meaning, but only in the sense that what could be constructed was much stranger than anyone had previously been used to. Cutting into the word further destabilized the site of meaning-construction, but it was still an achievable goal, if much slower than with ordinary writings. In Spatola's Zeroglyphics, the letters are sliced and the slivers are rearranged (and some seem to have been left out entirely) and what remains, while still recognizable as the remnants of a writing, is entirely unreadable in any conventional sense of the term. However, that does not imply that these poems "have no semantic content", nor does it suggest that they are polysemous. They have become something else entirely. They demand a certain kind of thinking. They encourage a writing of that thinking. And yet, nowhere in any of this do they permit what deserves to be called a reading. In my experience, what has come to be called asemic writing is as generative as any other form of writing, and what it generates is not only more of itself, though it certainly does that, but a kind of improvisational associational thinking -- a road of excess, let's say, to borrow a phrase from William Blake, that leads to a palace of ongoing excess. The inhabitants of that palace -- of excessive wisdom, of proverbs in hell, of a marriage of heaven and hell (the *mysterium conjunctionis* of the alchemists) -- are committed -- some will say obsessed -- committed to training themselves to think in different patterns, to aggregate the unconnected and disconnect the constellated, to destabilize the dendritic lattice, to shuffle the nodes in the network, to pay a special kind of attention to the poems of their worlds. Spatola's Zeroglyphics should be part of the training manual.

Bill Wilson, from *Ray Johnson and the Number 13*, in *Blastitude #13* (2002)

When Ray saw one object that seemed autonomous or self-contained, he looked for a seam where he could split the object into two-parts.

[...]

He attended to possible matching between the unmatched, and to possible unmatching between the matched.



Reading Is An Intentional Look: Assertions & Insertions

Nico Vassilakis
from Alphabet Noir

What's reading? Reading is an intentional look. We see or visually gather information in saccades. We seek cadence for saccades to capture a rhythm in order to proceed along a page. We hope cadence engages long enough for the eye to absorb it as reading writing. Writing is organized markings. The eye sees thinking, it reads a trail of thinking, left behind. Writing is organized markings left behind.

So, poems. How to read poems. And what of their cleverness. Virtually all writing is bound by margin. Margin logic and the act of returning. The saccades stop and return to their margin of origin, only lower each time. To confine and constrain. The eye forced to read marginalized space, unable to stretch past the fence, at least not often enough as we'd like.

So, the eye likes to locate itself, to pick a spot to start. It's grown accustomed to starting, at least in Rome, at the upper left hand corner. It then marches from margin to margin like a foot soldier. The eye is easily bored if the markings aren't fetching. It seeks attractive thought, glowing thought, left behind.

So, if the eye were tracked while reading a textual poem it might look like endless tide coming onto shore. What happens to the eye when it reads visual poems? It gets lost. It's desperate to locate a beginning. The eye is confused and tries to determine if it should be in reading or viewing mode. Two different eyes colliding. The tracked eye looking at vispo would tend to be chaotic, not orderly. It might resemble drunken spider webs or pin the tail on the donkey or any aleatory start looking for logic.

Is reading visual poetry a learned experience? Or is someone just pre set to be drawn to it? I think it's about being fascinated by the interior space of letters. You either are or you aren't.



What's reading
saccades. We see
We hope cadence
organized mark
organized mark
So, poems. How
margin. Margin
origin, only low
space, unable to
So, the eye like
least in Rome,
soldier. The eye
glowing though
So, if the eye w
onto shore. Wh
locate a beginn
viewing mode.
chaotic, not or
aleatory start
Is reading visu
think it's about
intentional look.
saccades to capt
rough for the
thinking, it res
and what of the
of returning. Th
define and con
ence, at least
pick a spot to
nd corner. It th
he markings ar
reading a textu
eye when it re
fused and tries
colliding. The
mble drunken
experience? O
by the interior
We see or visual
ure a rhythm im
eye to absorb in
ads a trail of th
nd. Writing is
air cleverness.
ie saccades sto
strain. The eye
not often enou
start. It's grow
hen marches fr
en't fetching.
al poem it mig
ads visual poe
to determine
tracked eye lo
spider webs or
r is someone j
pace of letters
Reading is an int
ek cadence for s
ce engages long
ings. The eye sees
ings left behind.
to read poems. A
logic and the act
er each time. To
o stretch past the
s to locate itself, to
at the upper left ha
e is easily bored if
t, left behind.
ere tracked while
at happens to the
ing. The eye is con
Two different eye
derly. It might rese
looking for logic.
al poetry a learned
being fascinated t
ing is bound by
their margin of
marginalized
o starting, at
margin like a foot
e thought,
ess tide coming
It's desperate to
reading or
ould tend to be
e donkey or any
drawn to it? I
or you aren't.
lly gather infor
order to proce
as reading writ
nking, left behi
rtually all writ
o and return to
forced to read
gh as we'd like.
n accustomed t
om margin to r
t seeks attractiv
nt look like endl
ns? It gets lost. I
if it should be in
oking at vispo w
pin the tail on th
st pre set to be
i. You either are c

3-Column Alphabet Noir -- a new cadence for saccades -- organized markings disordered, destabilized -- the trail of thinking seems to have gone off the rails -- all of this is of course clearly intentional -- what does the eye think of multiple margins? simultaneous margins? internal margins? -- do we read this 3-column cut-up as if it was enclosed within its source? -- an embedded, subversive, dissident, mutant and mutagenic text? -- as if it is from the outset inevitably two texts, never quite able to be only itself as text -- there are too many openings, entrances and exits, among the confines and constraints of the second text -- there are too many starting-points, the margins conspire with the baselines to send the wounded eye out in search of reinforcements (but there are no reinforcements, only our two eyes against the world, us eyes against the worlds, we can find the wor(l)ds all by ourselves -- the letters in the wor(l)ds -- what is enclosed, or partially enclosed, by the interior spaces of the letters? -- e o k x q r n Z N bp dq u v m w y h g a E F t f c cl d cl o s e d? no. on... -- the visual poem is an opem, to borrow a word from Mike Basinski (Opems are my pomes, a forms of improvisational manuscript poeming with variable entry points and without time restriction or bondage that calls for a concentration of performed poetic trajectories as they originate via the keys with any opem. Make them umbleuttphabite and others).

Jed Birmingham, on Elephant

"Forget geography. The golden age of mimeo is 1964 to 1966, be it the LES, SF, the UK, Germany, Detroit or Cleveland."

"Some of the symptoms of a terminally ill mimeo mag are additional pages and a better design."

|||||

The pictures...Japanese burned with flame thrower World War II.

Spectators scream through the track

A Swedish office. Sign on wall DO IT NOW.

Flushed indignant faces drain into a red stop light.

|||||

Jed Birmingham, on The Naked Express

It is amazing how a single sheet of paper can capture a special moment in history. My first issue of NOW provides a snapshot into the literary history of San Francisco in the summer of

1963. Similarly my offprint of Tom Veitch's The Naked Express does the same for the mimeo scene in the Lower East Side in the mid-1960s.

|||||
The good doctor com-
plained that he was
unable to walk
because OF mish-
apen owls! (Yes them
fucking owls is
hard to draw)

[bearded snake with
mushrooms and light
bulbs growing out
of its back]
|||||

from The Naked Express

HO ho! thought Al-
ice chuckling to her
self as she hadn't
in some time, remov-
ing her Alice skin
and letting herself
blow like dust up to
the mountain peak, a
tiny pink cloud gli-
ding over the tree-
tops.... This is fun
!!!

--Tom Veitch and Willy
(William Burroughs)
Collaborations 1964/65

|||||

Forget Detroit and the symptoms of World War II. Tracks on the wall drain a single snapshot into the naked sixties. Intentional margins embedded inevitably in our entrances and starting-points reinforce the enclosed poeming against concentrated texts. Does the eye read subversive exits among the margins of the worlds? Is reading merely looking for an orderly magick? A mode to locate the markings washed ashore? Forgotten into the sixties, our subversive poeming read to relocation, the Detroit wail elevation, intentional entrances against detention with no exit, the marks drain the surfaces of the rain, starting-points concentrated among the books and nooks, among the crooks and cooks, the dishwashers and the crock pots, symptoms and snapshots of embedded rainforests reinforce the dusts of a magical world. A maniacal world, where a mode is read as enclosed in its naked tracks.

|||||

I met D.R. at the R.R. station
'Walk in on people and claim
to be God..that ridiculous Waltz
faster faster..I've got to get
out there' and he rushes for a
train after serious rioting broke
broke out May Square Panama Jan
II and I am muttering 'never
thought of myself as anything
but an explorer dangerous area
making an explorers decisions

--William Burroughs, from Lines 5
(May 1965, edited by Aram Saroyan)

associational improvisations along the left margin:

I set 'walk' to be faster.
The out train broke in two.
I thought I, but making he is I.

Come what has who flies that actor.
Coolness around four.
Four of what?
Pull out the Old 97.
Both are now viruses.
Bert Stam, pure Mortimer Hotel.
The river ate the door.
It took the definite agency.
Young borrow especially do as I face.
From he is him, building me.

|||||

The printed recognize the lived in the wall of their subject. We lived together briefly in a large closet under the stairs at my sister's apartment on Belvedere Street. Flash natives became the summer tissue. The premier address was painted apartment shoe fishing lure epicenter. A scene is a time. One felt particularly loom, climbed out of the bulk, foaming mimeo, and buttered the lion with a spoken focus fix horde. These are some of the exceptions to your special expectations. Three rose insect cheese, when he was a surface within the elusive bookstore, copies of everything you remember and some you would rather forget, the cows ran free between the barbed wire fences, later it seems like someone has always been drying up.

|||||

Jed Birmingham on Charles Plymell and Now

"...the first issue of NOW is a time capsule of the pre-Summer of Love era by the Bay. Plymell printed the premier issue of NOW in 1963 when he was living at 1403 Gough Street. Beat fans might recognize this address. In 1954, Allen Ginsberg met Peter Orlovsky there. At the time, Orlovsky lived with painter Robert La Vigne. La Vigne painted a portrait of a naked Orlovsky that hung on the wall of La Vigne's apartment. Ginsberg was smitten with the painting and fell in love with the subject.

Flash forward almost ten years and Charles Plymell moved in. Plymell was one of several Kansas natives who shook up the counterculture scene, particularly in San Francisco. Bruce

Conner, Michael McClure, Bob Brannaman were some others. In the summer of 1963, 1403 Gough Street became the epicenter of a scene: counterculture San Francisco before the hype and paranoia of the Summer of Love."

"Roughly a month after Whalen's birthday, the curtain closed on the scene at 1403 Gough Street. John F. Kennedy's assassination on November 22, 1963 ushered in the revolutionary / psychedelized / overhyped 1960s. Ginsberg captured this watershed moment in "Nov. 23, 1963 Alone." Ginsberg was anything but alone on the day of the assassination. Ginsberg, Cassady, Anne Murphy and Plymell (and his girlfriend Ann) were all together at Gough Street. The poem provides not only a eulogy of Kennedy but also of a moment in time for San Francisco and the rest of the United States. The innocence of Camelot was over, and the spirit of the Kennedy era was about to get much darker and more violent. Issue One of NOW was of that earlier moment before the decade officially became the SIXTIES. Ginsberg writes of being alone "with Now, with Fuck You, with Wild Dog Burning Bush Poetry Evergreen C Thieves Journal Soft Machine Genesis Renaissance Contact Kill Roy etc." These magazines represent the underground before the counterculture went mainstream."

Nov. 23, 1963
by Allen Ginsberg

Alone
in that same self where I always was
with Kennedy throat brain bloodied in Texas
the television continuous blinking two radar days
with Charlie [Plymell] muttering in his underwear strewn bedroom
with Neal [Cassady] running down the hall shouting about the ractetrack
with Ann [Buchanan Plymell] with her white boys ass silent under the Cupid thigh
with Lucille talking to herself, feeding the pregnant cat Alice
with Anne [Murphy] mourning her packmarked womb & the hard muscled chest of her Lover
with David's [Haselwood] red wine fireplace casting shadows back to the Duchess farmboy
faggot of Wichita, on fire in mainstreet
with Lance with his crummy painting & leopard blue breast seeking to buy
a motorcycle to crosscountry smiling & wan
with the manuscripts of neutritious Roselle the New York suicide on the
round mohagany table near the kitchen
with Leroi Jones white eyeballed war-cry unread, bubbling in postmortem
blue-sneer
with myself confused shock-fingertip't on the rented typewriter
with Alan [Russo] with horses teeth metafysiks demurely insisting he was intensely

so over coffee
with Glen[n] [Todd] o'the lisp & Justin [Hein] the olding bluejacketed man love off in autos
to Mexico cactus hope
with the fat lady [Maggie] with babe in the auto, feeding & grieving her adolescence's
backseat
with "Go to Hell" spoke on the streetcorner down the hill in the dark of
November night
with Judy's blood in the furnace building up weeks before in the campus-forests
in the headlines of white-haired parents on Television
with Christopher running around in raincoats talking fast about his
eyesockets seeing true streets of '60s
with Jaime phoning collect from New York insulting his lonesome Cunt
with Nemmie insisting she was drunk & insulting on the couch, & Marko with
a bandaged tendon hanging in front of his gaptooth
with Hubert [Hunke?] in beret & tweed beard absolutely sober on Meth-freak newspaper-
splatter rorschak universe, drinking milk,
with Jordan on the phone suave & retired jobbing invisible mandalas upstairs
from the technicolor gutter
with Larry [Ferlinghetti] whitehaired chewing his teeth nodding in chairs weak & amiable
lost the pointlessness
with the cat curled in white fur in the kitchen chair,
with the transistor radio silent weeks on the typewriter desk,
with the novels of Happiness Bastard Sheepher from Tanger Wichita Mad Cub [Michael
McClure]

Yesterday Today & Tomorrow

with Now [Charley Plymell], with Fuck You, with Wild Dog Burning Bush Poetry Ever Green C
Thieves Journal Soft Machine Genesis Renaissance Contact Kill Roy Etc,
with spaniards appearing at the doors to know what's happening you wanna score
or am I the sacred fear the methhead fuzz the insect trust or delicious Jose
with Robert [LaVigne] in his black jacket & tie deciding to make a point of his courtesy
over the kitchen linoleum
with the Ghosts of Natalie & Peter [Orlovsky] & Krishna & Ram intoned on the shag rugs
in the darkness of abandoned rooms
with Blue Grace in typescript stepping out of the taxi on the wall, and letters
arriving from Malaga & Chicago
with me breaking off to rush in to the other room where Adam & Eve lay
to get my hair spermy.

published by Charley Plymell in Now Now, 1965; and annotated by him in 2010.



was in Texas, two underwear shouting
underwater silence feeding the muscled shadows

Main Street on fire with leopards,
smiling neurons near the nutrients
kitcheneyeballshockteeth coffee

bubbling typewriter suicide
he was bluefeeding the auto streetcorner

adolescent furnace headlines running eyesockets
television campus raincoats

was gap-toothed meth-freak drinking invisible gutter

milk-suave and chewing,
teethfur happiness radio,
curled mandala chairs

was burning machine doors insect
was fearjacket linoleum ghosts

stepping out of Chicago and into abandoned blinking

|||||
Burroughs generally cut-up sentences and phrases. He did not go down to the individual
word or syllable. He experimented with word blocks, more than words. --Jed Birmingham
|||||

William Burroughs, from Intersections Shifts and Scanning from Literary Days by Tom Veitch
originally published in C Journal 9

Remember a young cop whistling 'Annie

Laurie' down cobble stone streets twirling his club drew Sept. 17,

1899 over New York that morning the empty room said: 'A chair
that folds'..Pietro Beregio, screaming something in Italian thinks

different: 'wiped to shit by the fucking rebels what do we do?'
A whistling in the air. My camera is broken. In the early dawn
light several dogs lay dead in the brown dry fields..I could not

see.. I could not move..The heat scorching my skin..half thing
neither existing nor actors..sick of it you hear?

|||||
Her brow is like the snaw drift, her neck is like the swan
|||||

in that Kennedy continuous muttering
shouting ass talking mourning

thighcat muscled farming fire

crosscountry manuscripts
mohagany war

unread blue fingertipt horses
insisting lisp cactus fat

backseat Hell November
blood on the television feast

seeing collect from drunk tendon
beard splatter upstairs nodding

cattransistor novels
tomorrow with fuckmachine happening fuzz

|||||

Jed Birmingham, from C Press Archive

Berrigan first published Burroughs in the summer of 1964. At the time, Burroughs still resided in Tangier, but given the flurry of mimeo activity Burroughs could see that the Lower East Side in New York City was the place to be. Burroughs saw this for himself during brief visits in 1963/1964. In C Journal 9, Burroughs contributed two pieces: "Giver of the Winds Is My Name" and "Intersection Shifts and Scanning from Literary Days by Tom Veitch." Literary Days was published by C Press and I would guess that Berrigan sent Burroughs a copy for his review. As is common in the 1960s, Burroughs responded with a cut-up.

|||||

Daniel Lauffer, editor of Brown Paper, in an interview with Jed Birmingham: "The cover referred to him as "William Olivetti" so he signed in that name and added "Lettera 22" (an Olivetti typewriter). He made a few other additions and then took part of the text and did a cut-up of it. He then wrote a three column cut-up and parodied my parody of Brion Gysin's version of Arabic calligraphy. He also added the instruction to "place any picture here for Nov. 22nd 1962". In later years I wondered if he meant November 22nd 1963, the day Kennedy was assassinated."

|||||

my hair breaking off
arriving in blue darkness

stepping out of abandoned ghosts
kitchen robbers leveraged ham
the sacred appearing soft with fuck

with spaniards thieves now yesterday
with novel transistor curled

lost and hairy
foaming on the rorschak beret

with bandaged telephone eyesockets
with splatter gaptooth lonesome

couch insulting streets
beard insulting cactus

drunk insulting raincoats
parents insulting campus

Mexico horse-shock bubbling
backseat cactus teeth

he was typewriter unread kitchen
was coffee over sneer myself

blue war table nutrients
eyeballed mohagany smiling

postmortem motorcycle wine
suicide leopard fire

breastshadows casting
pockmarked feeding
fireplace mourning herself

red muscled talking silent racetrack
farmboy chest pregnant shouting
bedroom radar in Kennedy self

|||||

my arrival stepping kitchen
the sacred with
sacred with lost foaming with

with splatter couch bandaged beard
drunk parents Mexico backseat

he was coffee blue eyeballed postmortem
he was suicide breastshadows pockmarked

fireplace red farmboy bedroom
hair in and out of robbers

appearing spanish art novel

rorschak telephone gaptooth

insulting horse-cactus typewriter
insulting sneer table mohagony
insulting motorcycle leopard
insulting mourning radar

casting darkness abandoned soft
feeding yesterday leveraged curled

talking beret eyesockets lonesome
streets bubbling cactus raincoats

campus teeth kitchen myself

|||||

The Floating Bear #24 (1962)

Both poems on the front page look a lot like the poem-in-three-columns format (e.g., APO-33) but with the left-margins of each column irregular, creating the effect of a page-as-field composition. It also looks like once Burroughs had decided on that model he permitted himself to further complicate matters by adding spaces both horizontally and vertically.

THE FLOATING BEAR

a newsletter

semi-monthly

issue #24

Editors: Diane Di Prima
LeRoi Jones

The Bear is distributed by mailing list only.
Send mss. & inquiries to:

The Floating Bear / 229 East 4th Street / New York 9, New York

(Copyright 1962 by Diane Di Prima & LeRoi Jones)

SPAIN & 42 St.

language like muttering	pant smells running	silver scanning
passed down the Arab Street	in the gutter	patterns
translucent medium from	its like i talky you of a place	
the vacuum of silent panic	forgotten	red mud flats
sharp fish syllables	where is he now? he moved as sharp as water	
assassins smile and drink	he was caught	reeds
broken into scurrying patterns	in the zoo	of legs
dawn words falling	fish talk the liquid typewriter	spitting blood
where flesh circulates	he strode toward flesh of	red dusk laugh
purple gills stirring	dead whistle stop	Spain and 42 st.
its like reeds on the face	circulates	up through the dark excuses
where flesh identity	dawn words falling stirring slow	
gills of purple sleep	he was caught in the zoo	it is no death
where flesh circulates	unbelief staring out from dawn skin	
	of Spain and 42 St.	

DEAD WHISTLE STOP ALREADY END

Ahab to his companion	falling over there in any	out from the dawn
skin staring	stirring unbelief	he strode towards a long
drink and looked into the	the actors ourselves become	
muzzle of Spain and 42 St.	old banner illustrating	
I was standing by the wax	before	dead whistle stop already
cross the red moon	terminal time scarred	end.
scanning patterns	on my face	me in your back, pal"
dawn words falling	will say it all	consists in irradiating
this dead whistle stop	in the language before creation	
he strode towards	the actors in the city	"Here he is now"
obsidian morning	sniffing quivering need	masturbating afternoons
spitting blood	dead rainbow flesh	he moved as sharp as

William Burroughs
Dead Whistle Stop Already End
(read as 3 columns)

column one

Ahab to his companion
skin staring
drink and looked into the
muzzle of Spain and 42 St.
I was standing by the wax
cross the red moon
scanning patterns
dawn words falling
this dead whistle stop
he strode towards
obsidian morning
spitting blood

column two

falling over there in any
stirring unbelief
the actors

before
terminal time scarred
on my face
will say it all

the actors in the city
sniffing quivering need
dead rainbow flesh

column three

out from the dawn
he strode towards a long
ourselves become
old banner illustrating
dead whistle stop already
end.
me in your back, pal"
consists in irradiating
in the language before creation
"Here he is now"
masturbating afternoons
he moved as sharp as

William Burroughs
Dead Whistle Stop Already End
(read as a page-as field composition)

Ahab to his companion falling over there in any out from the dawn
skin staring stirring unbelief he strode towards a long
drink and looked into the the actors ourselves become
muzzle of Spain and 42 St. old banner illustrating
I was standing by the wax before dead whistle stop already
cross the red moon terminal time scarred end.
scanning patterns on my face me in your back, pal"
dawn words falling will say it all consists in irradiating
this dead whistle stop in the language before creation
he strode towards the actors in the city "Here he is now"
obsidian morning sniffing quivering need masturbating afternoons
spitting blood dead rainbow flesh he moved as sharp as

|||||

As Korzybski pointed out: whatever a chair may be, it is not a "chair." That is, it is not the label
"chair."

The Third Mind
Hieroglyphic Silence

p. 104; They far.
p. 173; Stood thlougght.
p. 181; The local.
p. 79; The winner.
p. 202; Giver of.
p. 190; coming
p. 200; night thloughht
p. 208; come to
 thou in
p. 103; In the
 book of
p. 195; Shall it

|||||

Givers of Winds is My Name

Now just here is an
old Egyptian posses-
ion spell: 'To fetter
hand & leg wrist & ankle
with magical knot'
And just here is a
dusty answer To unfasten
book writing magical
knot of a fowlers
net. 'To unfasten to
bring to an end band-
age which has a strong
smell from by (the
wise old owl in the old
oak tree said who who
who???)' disease & death
from by time & life
washed back on Spain
repeat performance pa
ge greyhound between
his legs look of
hair in the wind windy
Windy is there hugging
his knees. I know the
name of the net. Who is
with thee? For not is
it possible cannot be
made love in it. Young
faces form the vacant bait
and its curtains

What then is thy name?
Field of grass-hoppers,
olive tree north
of the bushes is my
name. Did you see there
the leg and the thigh?
look Wind and dust is
my name. Windy here now
knowing the house is
empty. Wind around the
broken towers made a
sound as if it had
come from a long
way off and had not
found anything. He had
come a long way for so
something not exchanged
Stand up. not having
thy memories of evil.
I extinguish the fire
and I broke the tablet
Henceforth this page on



Name Givers My Of Is Winds

an posses-fetter ankle knot

a unfasten magical fowlers to

band-strong the old who

death life Spain pa between

of windy hugging the is is

be young bait curtains name?

hoppers north my there thigh?

is now is the a

had long not had so

exchanged having evil fire tablet

on

|||||

Jed Birmingham, from C Press Archive

Burroughs' work in C Journal is listed as prose, but these pieces can be considered examples of Burroughs the poet. "Fits of Nerves with a Fix" reminds me of the work in Floating Bear 24 ("Spain and 42st," "Dead Whistle Stop Already End," and "Where Flesh Circulates.") The look of the work on the page is especially similar. "Giver of the Winds Is My Name" also has the look of a poem in a way that differs from the block text and newspaper formats of other cut-ups from the period. This would suggest that Burroughs' influence on the Second Generation New York School and even First Generation members like John Ashbery, stemmed not just from Naked Lunch and the cut-up novels, but also from the lesser known and underappreciated Minutes to Go and The Exterminator. These two books can be considered books of poetry for the lack of a better categorization and the work therein has similarities to the work in C Journal.

|||||

They far chair

Stood light thought chair

The local chair

The winner chair
Giver of chair
Coming chair
night light thought chair
come to chair
thou in chair
In the chair
book of chair
Shall it chair

|||||

Givers of Names Is My Wind

Eye fish snail wings dancing turtlefork ankh-leg

Pyramid floating over a lake beside the road, in front of the gate to the castle of UFOs

The hairy wind is a flying cat
PB ankh-leg hovering pagoda
Coffee cup riding an arrow
The pottery-foe

Limb and snake beside the pond
Foodbellyclowngod fish moon door

A line of four B-birds
Pelicantricksterrabbitduck waving a flag
Pond saucer moon over the river before the window

Cat-juggler befuddles the bowling-pin man
Seagull fleeing fork bread

Tambourine-man winged rat-bird
Seated woman chewing on her ankh
Balancing a bowl on a stick on top of her head
Totem of Os
Fork-pipe canoe

Boomerang #catfish

The eye-shovel
A fork in the cap is worth two breaded sparrows in the lake

A dog guarding a flying saucer
Fish with two human legs
Sparrow glaring at a floating slice of bread
Totem of Os
A cat in flames dancing on its hind legs
Baby ghost-chicken

Moon snake eye
A child is sitting in a bowl of water
Fish-necklace around her neck
Her long hair blowing in the wind

Grass flames more grass
Silhouette of a penis
Dancing marks

A flying saucer drops a package
A somber bird holds an envelope
The post office beside the river is a one-legged cow
Grass flames dancing marks #f-squared
The river is behind us
Plant your tents beside the crumbling temple
Sit with your back to the reader while holding a singing bowl

September / October 2016
jim leftwich

|||||

UNDER THE MARGINAL GROUND

Berio/	t: a con	Fowler, (	
People	ake the	out of p	versation,
people	rial with	procedure	mselves :
slightly	needs t	ative and	a semi-at
brain c	to give :	matic exp	he irony,
people	al (and	ork. It ne	a sense to
Sangui	ive an e	poetic sen	not only r
allusio	univers	its his pc	thical, as
Berio	7 e of wo	has alwa	il work t
all tim	ultured	atured pec	rks to be
unawa	mislea	selection,	people, a
filtered	unce. Th	ly keep in	ding natu
small n	of peopl	as compar	ey shoul
never w	m and f	one woulc	e who wr
catalog	The W	culture is	or whose
books,)	, and m	h, and it	esterne's
most hi	ellectual	ces of thi	onument
traces :	erhaps	them th	nations
express	'--Jean		-- and th
			Dubuffet
Grist-online	1996	Dubuffe	by John
roliferating	other	: who r	a poetics
s make me	: feel	's mate:	atomic j
slightly talr	nudic	/ sick. It	the specul
loitation of	other	of Kagel	the syste
eds the gen	ius of	's music	musical) w
se to the m	ass of	neti to g	well as a l
etry. --Lu	ciano	as, the	hat inhab
ys been ma	de, at	he choic	preserved
ple of toda	y are	es, by c	nd our cul
which has	been	e of the	re of this
mind the	very	in adv	d especial
ed to those	: who	umber c	ite books :
l search the	card	rite the	thoughts :
; the busine	ss of	in vain.	: idea that
is likely tha	t the	painting	s is childis
: sort -- no	r any	ghly int	left no tra
ought was	only	it all, p	iat among
		ed orally	

John Fowler, Berio/Dubuffet: A Conversation 1996
Cut-up by jim leftwich 09.25.2016

from THE BOOK OF FISHES

by John Ezra Fowler

Some of these poems first appeared in Chelsea Magazine #30/31, 1972.

Grist On-Line 1994

(c)1969, 1993, John Ezra Fowler

LXXIX

They say
do not try to unlock this door
without a teacher.

Who locked the door?

|||||

Ken Harris and I printed 500 copies each of Juxta 1 and Juxta 2. I gave them away, mailed them to everyone I could find an address for. When Fowler wrote "you probably have it", he was probably right. At least that was my intention.

I don't know with any certainty who was reading Fowler's Grist On-line in 1995, but I do know he had been active in the small press poetry network for 30 years by the time he wrote this review, and there weren't very many online sites for poetry in 1995, so I'm guessing a lot of folks saw this.

It's interesting for me personally to return to it 21 years after it was written. The New Synthesis poets were a passing fancy for me. I haven't thought much about them in the past 15 years or so. But some of the poets mentioned as also being "represented in JUXTA #1: John M. Bennett, Jake Berry, Susan Smith Nash, Michael Basinski, Peter Ganick, Thomas Lowe Taylor, Spencer Selby" have been constant companions during my poetical explorations of the past three decades.

Conversation at the Art Rat last week:

Me: Nobody's doing small press poetry in print any more.

Katastrof: I know three people who are doing it.

Micropress and print-on-demand presses are still active (Katastrof was referring to John M. Bennett at Luna Bisonte Prods, Olchar E. Lindsann at mOnocle Lash, and me at TLPRESS), and it's correct to see these current activities as continuations of the magazines published in the 1960s and 70s during the mimeo revolution, but my statement at the Art Rat is still relatively accurate: compared to any other period during the past 50 years or so, it looks like no underground, experimental, or otherstream poetry is currently circulating on paper.

The shift to online publishing started in the mid-1990s. Grist On-line was part of the shift. So was Juxta/Electronic.

|||||

from Berio/Dubuffet: a conversation, by John Fowler, Grist-online 1996

People who make themselves a poetics out of proliferating other people's material with semi-automatic procedures make me feel slightly sick. It needs the irony, the speculative and slightly talmudic brain of Kagel to give a sense to the systematic exploitation of other people's musical (and not only musical) work. It needs the genius of Sanguineti to give an ethical, as well as a poetic sense to the mass of allusions, the universal work that inhabits his poetry.
--Luciano Berio

The choice of works to be preserved has always been made, at all times, by cultured people, and our cultured people of today are unaware of the misleading nature of this selection, which has been filtered in advance. They should especially keep in mind the very small number of people who write books as compared to those who never write them and for whose thoughts one would search the card catalog in vain. The Westerner's idea that culture is the business of books, painting, and monuments is childish, and it is likely that the most highly intellectual nations left no traces of this sort -- nor any traces at all, perhaps -- and that among them thought was only expressed orally. --Jean Dubuffet

|||||

converbuffet: alsation, bowler,
 People line 1996 who make res a
 olifera out of prting other's
 i-autom with sematic proceake me
 k. It nghtly siceeds the he
 lightlyive and s talmudic: Kagel to
 he systense to tematic expn of
 sical (ople's muand not oral) work.
 us of S; the genianguineti an
 as a po as well etic sensemass of
 iversals, the un work thats his
 o Berio --Lucian The choicks to be
 ays beead has alwn made, atnes, by
 and ourd people, cultured of today

Berio/Dy John Fowle of there una
 Grist-onthemseld in advselecti
 poetics: people's very srshould
 materiahdures mas compainumber
 feel slirony, ti: whose tthose w
 speculatbrain of in vain.one wou
 give a sloitatiche busirWestern
 other paily music childishbooks,
 It needs to give:ellectuas is like
 ethical,) to ther any tra left no
 allusion: inhabitem thoughall, pe
 poetry. se of wouffet only ex
 preserve all tir
 culture: people : ware of th
 on, which ading natu
 is especially n filtered
 ance. They e misle of people n mind the
 mall has bee ho never w te books a
 red to keep i ld search em and for
 thoughts who wri er's idea d catalog
 The write th painting, ltire is t
 ess of the carly that th uments is
 , and it that cu ly that th
 al nations and mon traces of highly int
 ces at e most rhaps -- a ort -- no
 t was this spressed or among the
 nd that -Jean Dub
 ally. -

John Fowler, Berio/Dubuffet: A Conversation 1996
 Cut-up by jim leftwich 09.25.2016



John Fowler, in Grist On-line
Volume 2, #1
May, 1995
Review of Juxta #1 and #2

JUXTA

Number 1/1994
Editors: Ken Harris, Jim Leftwich

Extracts and comments--

You probably have it, but in case you don't here's some of it:
(maybe you'll want to get it--or maybe you'll want to avoid it)

John Noto:

"THE CURRENT META-FLUX IN THE TEMPERATURE OF THE LITERARY AVANT-GARDE APPROACHING THE MILLENIUM: AN ANAEROBIC EXERCISE IN POST-POST STRUCTURAL CYBERREALIST SONG-STYLING

This poe-ssay will present a freewheeling overview of the current state of affairs within the avant-garde scamming on the millenium. Its major theme is the merging of currents stemming from the streams of gestural abstraction (a la Diane Ward, Leslie Scalipino and Michael Palmer), along with what I see as its theoretical counterpart - analytic post- structuralism (i.e., "deconstruction") and the larger post-modern discourse on language, aesthetics and technology, and of neo-surrealism and speculative poetry (a la Ivan Arguelles, Will Alexander and Adam Cornford), into a larger river fed also by rapids of cyberpunk-bloodied magnesium knuckles, new-narrative rockin'-the-multi-gendered-casbah fiction and megawatt-outrage outings in performance poetry, as well as the con-fluencies of mass-media and high-tech aesthetic expression in the facsimile-space of the urban simulscape embracing the world today, flowing into the mouth of a vast delta in four dimensions to form a new synthesis on the movement tip jarring awake the traditional demarcations between prose and poetry and their eponymous hero, the revitalization of lyric singing which wells from below the belts of young turks whirling in the visceral passion integrated in neuro-linguistic glycerine at high decibels, exploding off pages to perform laser surgery on the body politic and trachea, that rose-quartz snake, unholy grail, utterance- plagued follicle, mythic horn of plenty - PRINT: Air-induction vents denotation. Body creates mind." [p. 10]

"Besieged by the McPoetry of the MFA programs on one side and the mediocrity of second generation cascades of "language" writing on the other, we have set our sights on maverick waves of light volleying down the funneled stretch at the end of centuries, the approaching millenium darting in our sights like a target in some anarcho-erotic liberation arcade. We've triggered the stun-gun vibrational to frequent flying, jumped through the scan into vehicles: DRIVE." [p. 17]

David Hoeffler:

"OXYGENATING WITH THE NEW POETRY

OK, we all agree it's time - way past time - to put poetry on a plane to its next destination.

[Wait a minute! are we riding or flying? Is it a bird or a plane...or a car? aside: Not to worry, Jack's drivin'.]

Definition of terms

Readers will note the terms "cyberpunk surrealism" and "New Synthesis" (carried over from Talisman #11). [more on Talisman #11 later] They name the new poetry under consideration here. A less bulky equivalent is "squawk." [p. 19]

"Squawk is paginated cyberspace. Poems in its manner are a pavement of voices, perfectly at home in the shopping malls of our youth and ferociously rooted in semi-pop culture: punk rock, cyberpunk speculative fiction, performance art, comic books, Saturday Night Live humor and assorted right and left-libertarian impulses." [p. 20]

"Faithful to its sources, the squawk aesthetic is chaotic - it orders itself along unpredictable lines without taking long hermetic vacations." [p. 21]

"Its forms are provisional, its content - even its _emotional_ content - subject to revision and refutation." [p. 22]

"Blink and you're certain to miss the fun." [p. 22]

[Blink. Blink.]

"Self-conscious practitioners include Will Alexander, Andrew Joron, Darin de Stefano, yours truly [David Hoeffler] and, in an adults-only pure form, John Noto. Unself-conscious fellow travellers include David Fox and G. Sutton Breiding, and probably many others who would blanch at the thought of being associated with any tendency whatsoever (and who've made the same discoveries independent of any propaganda on their behalf)." [p. 20]

OK, now that "we all agree" what it is (supposed to be), i.e., uh, what? "it's time - way past time" to read a little:

The first few lines of THE BRILLIANT OUTSIDE by David Hoeffler:

"You're into the breach like a flying wedge, light armor somberly knocking
up flesh. I follow with sunscreen and life-sustaining canards.

Your minutes are mercury. I live in a five-year plan.

I'm bored again, horny for boots and a triumph between your breasts.

Last night was virtual sex with Raincoat Christ and Vagabond Legend. We
awoke moist and buoyant, covered with the exhaust of dreams.
Through the window, the sun's aorta, white times itself."

[p. 18]

The first few lines of OPENING KIM - MILLENNIAL FALCON by John Noto:

"Reciprocating envelopes of flesh,
overlapping atmospheres threaded with collapsible
thought-conduits,
thicken with a resonance, and sweat,
multiplying the possibilities for a shift in the auras
of skins.

Tracking implausible overlays of arms and legs,
radar-mosaics shift into place,
creating molten abstractions harboring faces."

[p. 90]

The first few lines of BIO-LUMINAL SELF-SEEING by Will Alexander:

"Snow eyes wafting
through volatile glycerine placebos
staring out
at triangular alien charismas
at marsh rabbits
centripetally spliced
by

flayed ozonal nerves
looking
always looking
for saffron blows
for bursts
for micrometer hinges
so as to chew on
insoluble terror"

(Others represented in JUXTA #1: John M. Bennett, Jake Berry, Susan Smith Nash, Michael Basinski, Peter Ganick, Thomas Lowe Taylor, Spencer Selby and many more.)

Not to seem sectarian, Michael Leddy's response to work in Talisman 11 is included:

A NOTE ON "A NEW SYNTHESIS"

"I'm wary of group-formations, particularly those that seek a claim on the reader by declaring that other possibilities are now history, a new writing's past. I'm wary of claims that "the dialectic of textual practice" is moving "ineluctably" toward one's own project (Joron 211) [in Talisman #11], though it must be nice to know that the future is on one's side. I'm wary of writing that announces its aims and procedures with manifesto-like certainty. (I like John Ashbery's statement of poetics, only partly disingenuous, I think: "I really have no idea why I write, or what I am doing when I am doing it.") And I'm wary of a fascination with "the Inhuman, that aspect of the Real which lies beyond language" (Joron 210) [Talisman #11]. Ted Berrigan, in the poem "Mi Casa, Su Casa": "I want human to begin with."

Looking at the new-synthesis poems in Talisman 11, I find numerous echoes of Ginsberg, much Corso-like extravagance of diction, various surface resemblances to Burroughs. Often the writing suggests a relation to "slam" poetry, overwrought or not wrought enough...." [p. 23] [Do we group together, or grope? Do we issue manifestos, or manifest toes?] "Group-identities can serve to get work read, but what work do they do after that? [What other work is there?] Do they foster autonomous and divergent growth among writers?" [p. 24] [Growth...of course: growth! Insufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Tomorrow will be difference, (difficult) but will it be growth? Better be, I'd say! (But will it be read?)] (Among writers. Among readers?)

Strong, independent, blond, tanned by the wind, Sundance squats, squints warily at the rapidly approaching cloud of dust...says, "Who _are_ those guys?"

Hero ego quotes the greats, "Shucks, I ain't ever been no _member_ of nuthin', I jes been _me_!" [I mean, if you're great, you don't need to join, right?]

The problem is, there's not much new (talk) to talk about here or there-- but you can could always change de wurtz, alter the vocabulary, make up a new lingo.

Squawk! Say/sing some old love song, some old corn field, some old experience(s). But, I mean, we're bored with that/this, aren't we? And what is there but this/that? Well,...there's stir up the pot, russle up some new grub, make up a new brew, piss on the fire, circle the wagons, turn on the TV, check out the local Mall.... Or Be a Cowboy; or Be a Reader.

But, I been to the Mall.

"This town sure is boring without a _Mall_."
(from the movie "In Country").

Wish there was something
new to do
around
here

Won't change till we're
bored with it...

Be bored!

With:

Poetry.

|||||

A history, textual, wary of manifesto-like dissociative undoing, distinguishes the human from its beginning in number, the heart a molten trace of its tuning-fork, cleanliness is next to dissatisfaction (look me in the eye and tell me that I'm satisfied are you satisfied?), neither rote directions asked in genuine attention nor self-deflating identities imagined as marginal labels. Tongue apostrophe overseas with marble graph dolphins regret, virtual denotation lately concentric, commercial chiaroscuro woven into camouflage gasp sleeve mirrors sizzle. Our shared disinformation in an unsolicited rasping. Each emotional sentence

is a propeller of non-extreme acrobatics. Page 13, the ultimate referee: dustpower discourse
in oblique sentences. Nouveau-surrealist moonstuck factories dream the wafered face.
Nothing is as human as the fretless gut-strings cow neglect wunderkind shrunken
subconscious lineage on the steps of code the unlaced snakeskin alpha male gestural burials
clairvoyance looped nomadic spoilage.

|||||

Jim McCrary, from Poet and anti-poet: The duality of Lawrence writer Jim McCrary, by Tom King

"I call my blog Resisting Poetry, and that comes from resisting the urge to write for the sake of writing or writing for other reasons like therapy. What I mean by promoting is promoting the need for "more poetry" as in teaching "how to write" poetry in K-12 schoolrooms or therapy groups or "poetry in public spaces for a month" or "read a poem a day" or worse "write a poem a day."

I see no reason the world or my life would be any better if my poetry was better known or more widely published so I am not going to spend a great deal of effort promoting it. I write what I do and that's it. I know that there are only, at most, 100 people that know I write and might read what I write and that is FINE with me! When I do a public reading it is either because I was asked so why not. Or I simply want to put something out to a select group and see if there is a response."

mall has been of people
 red to keep i ho never w te books a
 thoughts who wri ld search em and for
 The write th er's idea d catalog
 ness of the car painting, lture is t
 l, and it that cu ly that th uments is
 al nations and mon traces of highly int
 ces at e most rhaps -- a ort -- no
 t was this spressed or among the
 nd that -Jean Dubu
 ally. -

his intellectual	ces of this	Oranges	BOOK
s & perhaps	them th	nations	most
ess. --Jean		-- and th	trace
		Dubuffet	expre
line 1996	Dubuffe	by John	ple of
ting other	who n	a poetics	which
e me feel	's mate	atomic 1	a min
y talr nudic	y sick. It	the specul	ed to
on of other	of Kagel	the syste	l sear
e gen ius of	's music	nusical) w	the
he m: ass of	neti to g	well as a 1	is lik
--Lu ciano	ns, the	hat inhabi	s sor
en ma de. at	the choic	preserved	ough
			Grist-or
			rolifera
			s mak
			slightl
			loitatic
			eds th
			se to t
			etry.
			vs bec



We exchange this linkage for a view of the distressed altars. The neural folds are obscure. They enact their immersive fate as a poetics of common hypertext. Flickering incarnation of disappearance, lurking in the scheduled fleshbelt, in the basement a bleary lethargy, most human spontaneity is implicitly intellectual, the core chaos mentors a political aesthetic. Random cacophony reconstituted as shattered silence. Noise is the beginning of light. Light is the tedium of commerce. Commerce is the knob of artifice. Artifice is the device of fashion. Fashion is alienated news. News is increasingly literature. Literature is popular capitalism. Capitalism is information. Information is the Garden of Eden. The Garden of Eden is on our side. (At times I think there are no words / But these to tell what's true / And there are no truths outside the Gates of Eden). Language elitists share to decipher the loss of cohesive voice, a person disappointed by the impossible, impossible to read the reindeer-seams in a movement of predictions, predilections uncertainly indicated, branding poets as bare-bones gibberish is shorter than collage.

|||||

Jim McCrary, from Notes from Ilsa Holbox -- 2004

So this is what we really did:

Went to airport

Flew to Cancun

Bought bus ticket to Chiquila

Bought ferry ticket to Holbox

Got off ferry

Walked to other side of "Isla"

Found hotel

Looked at "la playa"

Took nap



Jim McCrary
in Juxta/Electronic 21 (1996)

FRAGMENTS 8/96

all that glitters

'gold in mexico'

and long island sound

did frida realize

'all that'

800 is nothing

[come with me
to see the sea]

how ever it falls

we can only play for rain

not just any cloud

covers all nature

by its roll and pitch

[long

islands trolly runs

right/through]

no more pointed stuff

another co
incident

'what if'

connection(s)

the pilot says this

SHE didnt say a word

many

were

'Skewed'.....

|||||

anticipation new string the
light wont

to roll a compass
open instructional

stop strong the
sweet as an

one focus forms
residual

a open
a peripheral

demeanor
we things

the pipe

fragments all gold and
did all 800
come to how we not

covers by long islands
right
no
another incident
what connection
the
she
many

silence all that
between and
is rhetoric

long heaved the shadows
the still light
the one in fluttering

one me with bellows alone
in with the light papers
the fried wheelbarrow

gravel last hoarfrost
the witch
the parade of 300 Pagans on Harleys
the rejection of the Piedmont Hub
dark journeys recalling
the wounded door

axis through which a scarf is
the flaming tide poised

milk is blooming in the drift

against eyeballs
against fingertips
simultaneously
stuffed and outstretched

today are as, by c and our cul
 has been re of the re of this
 d the very in adv d especial
 those who umber c ite books
 ch the card write the thoughts
 busine ss of in vain. idea that
 ely tha t the painting s is childis
 t -- no r any ghly into left no tra
 it was only it all, p at among
 ed orally

materialdures mais compainumber
 feel slirony, th: whose tthose w
 speculatbrain of in vain. one wou
 give a sloitatiche busirWestern
 other pely music childishbooks,
 It needs to give:ellectuaais like
 ethical, to ther any tra left no
 allusion: inhabièm thoughall, pe
 poetry. se of wouffet only ex
 preserve: all tir
 culture: people ware of th
 is on, which ading natu
 ance. They e misle especially n filterec
 of neone n mind the



John Fowler, from JAMES McCRARY, an introduction to the man and his work (1994)

He arrived in Lawrence in 1965 just as things were beginning to happen and stayed longer than many, until 1981. He was active in everything that went on, the poetry readings, the Midwest Artists' Coop, the publication of GRIST magazine, the be-ins, protests, and general revolutionary mayhem and good times that made up those years in the late 60s. He was even an employee of our Abington Book Shop, the "City Lights" of the Midwest, for a while. But how Jim managed to survive seemed to be more a function of less, rather than more, and certainly not as the result of any steady job, or status as student at the University of Kansas, the local college. Hanging out, getting down, were his forte, with folks like S. Clay Wilson, Charlie Plymell and the stream of poets that passed through Lawrence on the way back and forth from coast to coast or who appeared for a few weeks or a semester or two as visiting writers at the University. People like Ed Sanders and the Fugs, Allen Ginsberg, Jackson Mac Low, Jerome Rothenberg, Ken Irby, John Hawkes, Ed Dorn, Robert Duncan, David Ignatow, all preceded William Burroughs to Lawrence; and many more fertilized the minds and imagination of feverish Kansans in the years between 1965 and 1969. The motto in those days was "Just do it" and Jim did it.

[...]

A meditation on lines. Lines. The line of barbed-wire fences, the lines of poems, the tracks of the railroad and its engines, the lines that, taken in by whatever means--sight, sound, inhalation--are once again, reach into, or propel us into: space--lines, which by their mere mention to one who has experienced them, open up perspectives heretofore only fitfully recalled.

|||||

In the coordinates and in the special stationary coordinates a fuller definition of the procedures as defined by two events are called a standpoint, but the coordinate plane for a non-inertial theory of three observers, relative to the concept of general framing, in a chosen simultaneous reference, expresses the results of time synchronized to conventions, where time arises because of a limited measure of implied events, as if the clock inherently has the same value as gravitational dilation. We should be able to find ourselves on a map. We should be able to say, this is a wobbly circle drawn around the globe at this particular

moment. These are the people whether we know it or not who are thinking and doing similar things. We should be able to say, here is a very crooked line drawn fifty and five hundred or five thousand years into the past. These are the people whether we know it or not who were thinking and doing similar things. These two lines should meet at the chair you are sitting in while you are reading these words.

In the definition of standpoint three chosen synchronized measures of the same circle our selves and are, encircle our selves with a very crooked line and are. These years are not shrouded in these words. The coordinates of these procedures are the coordinates of simultaneous conventions. An implied gravitational map around the people around the globe, whether or not we know about the dawn of these things and their pasts, this is the thinking and that is the chair, the stationary events express themselves as time arises inside and outside of any particular clock.



Tom King, from Poet and anti-poet: The duality of Lawrence writer Jim McCrary ((2009)
Lawrence, too, plays a part in McCrary's double-edged poems. Soon after his arrival in the early '60s, McCrary fell in with the free-wheeling literati at the Abingdon Book Shop, forming lasting friendships with the likes of GRIST publisher John Fowler, and writers Charles Plymell and George Kimball, and later with William S. Burroughs, S. Clay Wilson and Allen Ginsberg. Whether alienated by his dyslexia, or swayed by the influence of the company he was keeping, it was then that McCrary staked his claim on poetry's revolutionary fringe.

us of S; the ge	Berio/ t: a con	Fowler, (	versation,
as a po as wel	People take the	out of p	mselves ;
iversalis, the	rial with	procedure	i semi-al
o Berio --Luci	needs t	ative and	he irony,
ays beed has a	to give	matic exp	a sense to
and ourd people	brain (	ork. It ne	not only i
Berio/Dy John	people al (and	poetic sen	thical, as
Grist-or them	Sanguie an e	its his pc	
poetics: peop	universe		

manquineti an	conver buffet:	anusion
l etic sensemass of	People line 199	Berio T
un work thats his	olifera out of p	all tim
an The choicks to be	i-autom with se	unawai
alwn made, atnes, by	k. It nghtly si	filtered
e, cultured of today	lightlyive and	small n
Four of thare una	he systense to	never w
selv in advselecti	sical (ople's i	catalog
le's very srshould		books

John Fowler, Berio/Dubuffet: A Conversation 1996
 Cut-up by jim leftwich 09.25.2016

|||||

In the coor die finition of the procenates and in the special stationary coordinates a fuller ddures as defined by two events are calltive to the conced a standpoint, but the coordinate plane for a non-inertial theory of three observers, relaect of general framing, in a chosen simultaneous reference, express the resulture of implied eves of time synchronized to conventions, where time arises because of a limited measnts, as if the clock inherently has the same value as gravitational dilation. We should be able to find our robe at this partic selves on a map. We should be able to say, this is a wobbly circle drawn around the glular moment. These are the people whether we know if or not who are thinking and doing simil and red or five thousr things. We should be able to say, here is a very crooked line drawn fifty and five hu and years into the past. These are the people whether we know it or not who were thiile you are re an king and doing similar things. These two lines should meet at the chair you are sitting in who ding these winition of standpoint thre ords.

In the defec chosen synchronized measures of the same circle our selves and are, encircle our seordinates of these procelves with a very crooked line and are. These years are not shrouded in these words. The codures are the coordinates of simultaneous conventions. An implied gravitational map arhings and their pasts, thound the people around the globe, whether or not we know about the dawn of these tis the thiide and outside any particular clinking and that is the chair, the stationary events express themselves as time arises in socks.



Jim McCrary, from The Old Man (2013)

William did three things to excess while he lived in Lawrence: drank a lot of vodka and Coke, smoked a lot of pot, and created a fuck-all amount of art.

William loved to paint and, for a while, he painted everything he could get his hands on. Most on paper, many on canvas, on plywood scraps from construction sites, and on doors (including a beautiful graffiti triptych from a mid-century, accordion-type garage door), and windows and cedar shingles and tin and metal and old signs and chairs and asphalt roofing shingles. He bought scrapbooks and blank books and 3x5 inch cards and painted them all, and he painted the boxes they came in (yes he did, and they are in the archives).

He painted all the file folders he could get from the office plus just plain paper. He made targets, drew or painted them...cops or sheriffs or men from outer space. My favorites were a Bounty Hunter that S. Clay Wilson drew as a target and a Buddha drawn by Ginsberg...both then filled with bullet holes, signed and dated by the 'artists' and filed away in the archives.

It is not my opinion that William painted so much because he was bored...he wasn't. Was he obsessed? I think not. He was, as he wrote somewhere, "curious to see what emerged from the painting".

[...]

Did he take it all that seriously? I don't think so. How can you, when you paint on paper and file folders and windows (glass and frame), cutting up male porn mags and making collages with flying monkeys? No, not that seriously, I think. He said he could not draw: "I cannot draw a table."

|||||

Jim McCrary, from an interview with Tom Beckett (2006): "Physically I suppose poetry really began for me the moment I walked into the Abington Bookshop in Lawrence, Kansas mid-winter 1965 and saw a copy of Grist Magazine. That was a mimeo mag done by bookshop owner John (Ezra) Fowler. And it wasn't the poets published in that mag; I didn't know who Wm. Wantling or Barbara Holland were. Didn't recognize the poetics. Rather, I think, it was the actual format of Grist. Mimeo, stapled 8 1/2 x 11" pages and a cover of orange 'construction paper' like we had in school. Something easy and familiar to that. Seemed accessible. "I could do that!". Well maybe, maybe not by the looks of my own later contributions to Grist."

"I do miss, though, getting torn, battered copies of House Organ or Lost and Found Times in the mail." --Jim McCrary

"Back to the title "D(r)awn" – may have come from having a copy of How(ever) – or that just having the visual stuff in mind at the time from J. Bennett et al in Ohio."

|||||

posted by Crag Hill at Crg Hill's poetry scorecard
contemporary poetries, visual, verbal & visual/verbal, with especial focus on small press books, magazines, and on websites of avant poetries

January 10, 2006

Poetry Magazine Saves the World of Poetry: Jim McCrary's Response

An e-mail from Jim McCrary: "Good to see your take on idiots at Poetry Mag. Certainly agree with all you said. My experience working with HS kids is the same. Spent several years with kids from very rural Kansas at writers' camp. These were kids living in broke dick farm communities under the thumb of, among other things, cruel hostile evangelical parents. BUT they loved what I brought that was, to them, unknown. The favorite every time was Greiner!! Not just the easier work but the "scrawls" - they loved to read and dissect them - and had no problem 'seeing' through them. Ditto Silliman, Howe etc etc. Also yours, Bennett and Leftwich stuff from old Lost and Found Times which they howled over when I passed them out. I think that what they recognized was a text that looked a hell of a lot more 'familiar' to them than the usual 'school of quietude' crap. Anyway, the money ran out and the camp no longer in existence, which is sad to me.

But you're right we should all spend more time in schools.
take care,
mccrary"

alsation, bowler,
6 who make res a
riting other's
matic proceake me
ceeds the he
s talmudic: Kagel to
tematic expn of
nuand not oral) work.

e of wo has always il work t
ltured j tured pec rks to be
mislea selection, people, a
nce. Th ly keep in ding natu
of peopl as compai ey shoul
m and f one would e who wr
The W culture is or whose
, and m h, and it esterner's
onument

John Fowler, Berio/Dubuffet: A Conversation 1996
Cut-up by jim leftwich 09.25.2016

|||||

In the defec chosen synchronized measures of the same circle our selves and are, encircle our king and doing similar things. These two lines should meet at the chair you are sitting in who ding

these winition of standpoint thre ords. These are the people whether we know it or not who were thiile you are red and in the events express themselves as time arises in socks coor die finition of the procenates and in the dawn of these tis the thiide and outside any particular clinking and that is the chair, the stationary map arhings and their pasts, thound the people around the globe, whether or not we know about the special stationary coordinates a fuller ddures as defined by two events are calltive to the conced a standpoint, but the coordinate plane for a non-inertial theory of three observers, relaep of general are not shrouded in these words. The codures are the coordinates of simultaneous conventions. An implied gravitational framing, in a chosen simultaneous reference, express the resulture of implied seordinates of these procelves with a very crooked line and are. These years eves of time synchronized to conventions, where time arises because of a limited measnts, as if the clock inherently has the same value as gravitational dilation. We should be able to find our robe at this partic selves on a map. We should be able to say, this is a wobbly circle drawn around the glular moment. These are the people whether we know if or not who are thinking and doing simil and red or five thousr things. We should be able to say, here is a very crooked line drawn fifty and five hu and years into the past.

|||||

Jim McCrary
Untitled

Assuming that nothing falls into place
And no direction is found
And some sort of definition
Does not appear
Just out of the blue
Then lasting impressions do count

- from Being Frida Kahlo, 2007

|||||

September / October 2016
Jim Leftwich



Nico Vassilakis & Jim Leftwich

LETTERS

a conversation (fabricated by jim leftwich)

NV: Where do letters go?

JL: Where do flies go in winter? They hide. The letters disguise themselves as geometry.

NV: After watching them disincorporate.

JL: Each letter encloses its own little piece of the nothingness.

NV: Liberated from confinements of the word.

JL: Some letters turn off their alarm clocks, get up and go to work in the morning. Working inside of a word is like sitting in a cubicle. Some of the letters like to get dirty. They can't keep a real job. They spit on the sidewalk and swear like sailors. Sometimes they drink beer for breakfast. They've read entire books in the basement of City Lights. They know we don't like them and they don't care. They don't like us much either.

NV: Simple accumulations that become decorative elements in visual poetry.

JL: Decorative expressionism. When they're alone the letters dance. They dance naked in the living room and sing like Exene Cervenka (X is their favorite band, of course).

NV: Fascinations with representative sound units.

JL: A noisic poetry is always a writing against itself.

NV: After attempts at altering.

JL: "Don't call me a fragment!" -- famous slogan of the Letter Liberation Movement.
Experiments in destructive writing are experiments in self-construction.

NV: After value's been reassigned and ciphers adjusted.

JL: The values are deciphered and the ciphers are reevaluated.

NV: What next for the emancipated letter?

JL: The temporarily autonomous letter is nomadic.

NV: Digitize and spiff up, done.

JL: Fucking in the street, writing manifestos, performing poems in public.

NV: Letter as fingerprint.

JL: Reading as surveillance.

NV: More letters, Letters that exceed, asemic Letters, done.

JL: They are lying about us in the media; there's no such thing as an asemic letter. Some letters aspire to be asemic. Perhaps on the other shore. On the other side of the river. Maybe some of them become better letters by working towards unachievable goals. The liberated letters are bodhisattvas. Wrapt happily in samsara. Committed to the struggle.

NV: For the letters that choose not to return to the word. Is it a kind of suffocation?

JL: It is a psychogeographical exploration of the inner wor(l)ds. The letters wake up the synapses. The synapses wake up the eyeballs. Free your eyes and your ass will follow. Your ass wakes up in the class war.

NV: My interest is in watching letters disincorporate from the words that contain or confine them.

JL: Now that you mention it (elsewhere, and not exactly) disincorporate does mean mutate in this specific instance, and the mutations should be mutagenic, the mutated letters should be mutagenic -- causing further mutations in themselves and in their readers, writers, pets, captors, liberators and archivists.

NV: The first tendency of letters, when newly released from their word bondage, is to become decorative.

JL: The first tendency of letters when newly released from their word bondage is to become militant psychonauts. The decoration is a disguise.

NV: This is usually followed by design logic and visual pun, as well as other compositional templates.

JL: This is often followed by Dirty Concrete and/or Dirty Vispo, in which design logic is rebarbated and visual puns are prestidigitated. Other compositional templates are torn to pieces in a Dionysian sparagmos and subsequently used as chinking in the textual barricades.

NV: Next, letters either proceed into new visual poetics or return to the word. We are taught to return, but are seldom given an option. Yes, they said, let us go, free us.

JL: The word is broken. Grammar is dead. The sentence is was if ever. Sheer letters are loosed upon the world.

09.27.2016

jim leftwich

|||||

We undress the wheel

Jeff Nuttall, from BOMB CULTURE (1968)

"The people who had passed puberty at the time of the bomb found that they were incapable of conceiving of life without a future."

"The people who had not yet reached puberty at the time of the bomb were incapable of conceiving of life with a future."

page numbers refer to Fick Thus, Visuel Concreat: 1995 - 2005, by Nico Vassilakis
http://nokturno.fi/files/nico-vassilakis/Nico-Vassilakis_fick-thus.pdf

p. 2

One-half of o = c is a recipe, not a measurement. By my measure three-fourths of o = c -- but one-half is just as tasty.

the dirtiest concrete is a sprawl of 'i's
the tower of ampersands is a close second

p. 3

Some thoughts can only be expressed in extremely distressed letters. Like the thought that exists only as "this is thought" -- not "what is thought?" or "this is a thought" -- in textual poems I have written it as tlougght and tloughht.

Not thinking about thinking, only thinking as thinking -- and only a snapshot of that -- it can be confused with silence or emptiness, but that's a trap. Nothing is experientially a thing, in the cavern of the mind.

Distressed thought opens to sideways thought -- fractured, fissured --

p. 4

"m of shape no thinking"

"the one the being here"

"tucked into openness"

"ing red and trees and figures it is a wordless head but a body all the"

swirling smudge blurs post-textual man

snake-charmer Kokopelli dancing in a basket of snakes

an X of 'o's and 'e's marks the spot of the halo is an aura floating up through the fontanel

dislocated at the base of the brain

5-armed Shiva playing soprano sax in G

the letters are notes the letterstrings are not chords

sheets of sound in the key of H

Death playing the famous Blues In K on his Mississippi national steel-bodied guitar

flying fishbird singing

maybe a parrotfish

singing R and and partials of R

multiple Aee protuberances growing on its lower body

most of its head a mouth

two huge curved teeth

a row of eyes along the upper ridge

We want the limits of our frustrations conditioned by the music of a letter in its fractures. What technique identifies the demands of our potential classifications? The real manipulations of excess are propagandistic and unreachable, resistance as the exhausted cadence of an authentic history. Our generative contradictions. Their corrupting strategies.

R. D. Laing, quoted by Jeff Nuttall in Bomb Culture:

"As a whole, we are a generation of men so estranged from the inner world that many are arguing that it does not exist; and that even if it does exist, it does not matter."
from The Politics of Experience (1967)

p.5

OHGGGGGGGGGOHOSSSSSSTT
TTSSSSSOHOGGGGGGGGHO

EEHHHHH
LLLLL
IIII
IIUIIUUMM
UU UUUMMM

Dadaists at the provocatively politicians new harsh, give which
is hand-crafting montages, is also intentional mistakes
sparse
havoc
the subtle insects of politicians, dangling and barking oak
leaves, damaged the government in sepia
rebellious
tastes,
austere,
far from an ideal strangeness, eaten wings of the flying moth
in stone.

p. 6

pleasant thought though without
and say neck o cry none very moistly
etnaltort with l l l l ppp voc you was
u/slna tote cabistlion chaapll toys it
Tonkin aqualung eyecheck
is no less ours reverent handstands the
assume the never tred
q that

quickly thought though acted

b
l
purple
ee
d

G
&&
BORD

today red tuck with we rug
asemic does not mean polysemous
asemic does not mean ambiguous
however, an obvious writing which thwarts
a rigorous reading
is moving in the right direction,
a direction only opened for exploration
by the idea of the asemic

P
BLUE
R
P
L
RED

that rug story freak the red
give a day any lucky ah even

rug deflatable they UK whips
eggs digest the King shadows

pulse heat austere and heavy

Recyclable

p. 7

Neither beyond its diabolical opposite nor in the grip of foreshadowed trajectories, its delirious replacement beautifully desolate, the unknown reminds us of the consequences of our writing,

enigmatic broken thoughts continuously elusive, an experimental openness historically dystopian.

A very small deck of cards, perhaps larger than the Tarot.

The OQ card.

The DDDD card.

The Z^^^G card.

The iiiiiiiiiiiiii card.

The GHEE UUUUUUXXX X card.

The DDD CCCCCCCC card.

1781. French polymath Court de Gebelin describes the Tarot as a book in which is preserved the ancient wisdom of Egypt. He was mistaken about its Egyptian origin, but he was right about it being a book. The tradition of the unbound book is very much alive and well. It permits us to shuffle the pages. If we can shuffle the pages, why not the paragraphs? If the paragraphs, why not the sentences? If the sentences, then the words. If the words, then the syllables. Then the letters. The cards -- the pages -- should be square. With nothing to indicate top left bottom or right. To be read every which way, as William Burroughs wrote at the bottom of WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING in My Own Mag #4 (March 1964, edited by Jeff Nuttall).

p. 8

parentheses enclose what?

an 'm' encloses two of what?

an 'm' encloses two halves of what an 'n' encloses.

an 'a' -- at a semicircular enclosure.

an 'o' is only an outline of itself.

a point has no component parts.

a line is length without breadth. length without wiggles.

Wise positions queue before the bent hotel. From this eerie rally, the tour of a sinister moon, expect such coverage to be littered with brash typographies. Accept no picnic upon a piano with Robert Fripp. Potato. Potato-bone. Phrases pour from the ironing-board like Socrates auditing pennies. In October 1841, the abridged sun, collectivized difference-melange, proposed periodic adventures of punctuation, the author of a parsed reprise, plus it was raining on the singers and the apples, printed in Courier, fell drunkenly from the book.

Supplementary peak oil flute, Brahms parked in a fluttering suit, plums the birds plumage plunge, textual futility punctuated by a falcon and an ant. Punctuation explores the symbol.

The punctuated symbol explores the doubtful reasoning of the sun. Interrogate the surface of the sun. Reeling with veils and liquor. A punctuated doubt interrogates the veil. Unveil the sun and reveal the sum.

9.

9.

||a||a||a||a||a||a||a||a||

X

Thumbprint. Stethoscope. Tongue depressor.

X

a a a a a a a a a

One of the first things I remember seeing from Nico was a short text he sent for the first issue of Juxta in 1994. It was entitled THE FINGERS CURL, an essay on ada. It begins:

"as thought swells, it's bound to break, or so the one that enters must return, that is, exit the process it has found itself in. this act of leaving, this moving, away from the source is an end, and where there is end, there is dawn or spring petals.

And it ends:

"the odyssey of thought, done, becomes a poetry sought, a link to live by. and more. a product realized, the object of gaze, the peak of splendor. for this we must exist, to exit into, to penetrate the alternative, allowing birth its equal charm (the ada exchange) to create a home, to be seen, and to change the world."

I am writing this on September 29, 2016. It is 12:55 AM. We have been at war for 15 years. The last time CO2 levels were this high, humans did not exist. By the time this year ends it will be the hottest year on record. Donald Trump is running for president. His policy on the use of nuclear weapons is "you have to be unpredictable." Today's box score has Clinton 57.9 - Trump 42.1. We are not writing with hydrochloric acid on nylon, but we are looking at the pictures and reading the accompanying texts, we are thinking about this kind of thing. Still thinking about this kind of thing. We find ways of eating away at the discorporate letters, the mutagenic letters. Gustav Metzger wrote, in one of his manifestos, in 1961: "Auto-destructive art is an attack on capitalist values and the drive to nuclear annihilation." What about auto-destructive poetry? In 1968 d.a.levy wrote The Tibetan Stroboscope and called it an experiment in destructive writing. Look at pages 2, 3, 7, 8, 9, 11, 13, 17, 18, 20 through 30... Look at the whole book. Most of it is illegible. It is as if levy redacted his own poems while he was writing them, as a part of the process of writing them. This self-redaction is not mere decoration; it is content. The choice to make one's own writing unreadable *is* the message.

At the bottom of page 30 there's a letter, part of a letter. Here's some of what we can read:
"I awake with a strange dream that Cleve
has been taken by a force again politically but
I have to leave the politics to you, just
make sure you know where the exits are."

In 1996 Nico sent a poem for Juxta/Electronic #21. "and what is this for?", he asks.

ONE FUNNEL

Anticipation of light inside the funambulist.
New crayolas green sleep on reams of paper. she collects stepladder
string.
The concave collapses. the details of a painting no photons reach.
Light finds you. it radiates from the core of a succulent. wanting what
wont break or breakdown. "does the brain fill the head down
to the chin?" "I think the brain looks like a necklace" precious stones
roll out his mouth for weeks.
A stapled together frame propped against the back seat. a dashboard
compass.
Open o incline. o wander water. open. open sideways.
Instructional flowers. trace an object. expert clamps keep it in place. we
stop nowhere but to rest. lightning and sky.
Strong equestrian knees. the brain doubles it. in larger animals there is
the weight to consider. also the separate hemispheres of its eyes.
Sweet night bent paddling in a pond. water so still it lifts like a page.
as any scoop of dark. the measurements still in tact.
An empire dressed in light. from the base of the shaft it will be built in
one unbroken measure.
Focus forms human forms. water forms round forms. fog forms swirling
forms. mosaic forms concrete forms. formula forms linguistic forms.
residual forms continuous forms. we project a funnel on its side.
A song. for our part we touch. completing circles. let otherwise
open-ended. and what is this for?
A blue stalk in her hands or perhaps reflection. fumes enter his nose.
Peripheral shots in a hallway of magnets. he is prepared for her. some
demeanor of light. seeing and moving converge.
We undress the wheel. we imagine scaffolding. we invent equations for
things.
The kind of dust you write your name in. it's never morning it's always a
pipe. you build a house. there's skin and hair everywhere.

W

Λ

/

/

The light is inside the tightrope walker.
Furiously sleep ideas green colorless.
Not to be confused with cactus.
Formula farms linguistic firms.
You build a house.
You write a poem that's forty years long.
A life is the unit of composition.

September 2016

|||||

Jurgen O. Olbrich, postcard (2006)

HBDZ	HBEZ	HBTE	MIRU	HBIC	HBIA	HBAK	HBZU
SEUB	OLUW	HBAB	HBAZ	COOL	HBOG	HBRM	HBES
HBAH	FOWN	HBER	HBAU	HBIO	HBIX	OLNO	LIPAF
OSAB	HBXT	HBIT	HBLE	HBUE	HBWE	HBAZ	ERB
HBLO	HBER	HBAR	MIP	OSCO	HBIT	HBKJ	HBIR
HBAE	HBAT	HGA	HBLE	HBSU	OSTO	HBVO	HBRB
HBEN	HBND	HBSO	HBTL	HBPE	WAFRI	HBFL	HBEW
HBPO	HBAC	HBKX	HBIT	HBLX	HBRI	COEM	HBUD
HBWE	HBEY	SOG	HBAF	HBIR	HBSR	OSTE	HBCY
HBHR	HBLR	DHLO	HBAB	HBDO	HBSP	HBMH	HBIS
NIKA	VECTA	HBAT	HBEW	HBXY	HBWR	HBTT	HBDE
HBFR	OLGY	HBLO	HBKS	DHLR	HBUS	HBAT	HBRD
HBLI	HBDS	HBIO	HBMT	HBLF	HBUE	OLNE	HBHJ
HBAR	HBLK	OLPE	HBIW	HBRN	DEK	HBAR	HBRD
HBER	HBAF	LERZU	OLVO	HBKG	HBPZ	HBFL	HBDI
CUXRA	HBZY	HBL	HBBA	MGS	HBEW	HBUK	HBER

from the back of the card:

Autopoem (cars passing me in Bremen in 30 minutes)

The numberplates of cars registered in the Bremen region always start with HB

The first autopoems I saw from Jurgen Olbrich were sent as submissions to the first issue of Juxta, in 1994. I wanted to publish them (alongside John M. Bennett and Michael Basinski, to name only two poets who were in the issue, whose poems would have helped greatly to contextualize the autopoems), and I wrote a brief letter to my co-editor in an attempt to explain why, but they were rejected anyway.

Olbrich's autopoems are concrete poems, and they are fluxus poems, which suggests that we should look to Emmett Williams for some historical context. Think of his Meditation no. 2 and Meditation no. 3, both of which are alphabet squares. No. 2 begins with the sequence z y x w v u t s r q p o n m -- which is then reversed -- n o p q r s t u v w x y z. The complete sequence forms the borders of the square, on all four sides. The internal lines follow the same pattern, each line beginning with the next letter in the border sequence (eg., line 2 begins with 'y', line 3 with 'x', line 4 with 'w', and so on until the end). Meditation no. 3 repeats this pattern for the whole, but begins with 'a' and continues to 'm', then reverses and returns to 'a'.

In the Williams poems all we are given to read are the letters arranged in patterns. There are no indications that a reader should search for words within the patterns, nor are there any indications that a reader might use these letter-patterns as scores for performable sound poems.

The autopoems offer a much richer letterscape. We are immediately looking for and finding words, simultaneously sounding the words we find, and attempting to sound the other letterstrings on the postcard.

a saccade-derive, drifting and sifting in the letterscape:

MIRU
COOL
FOWN
OSAB ERB
MIP OSCO
OSTO
WAFRI
COEM
SOG OSTE
DHLO HBAB
NIKA VECTA
OLGY
OLNE
HBAR OLPE DEK
LERZU OLVO
CUXRA HBBA HBUK

reading in diagonal routes, zig-zagging down the page:

HBDZ
OLUW
HBER
HBLE
OSCO
OSTO
HBFL
HBUD
OSTE
HBSP
HBXY
HBKS
HBIO
HBLK
HBER

HBZY

The process for making these poems could easily have been written as an event score:

Autopoems Event

Sit by the side of a highway and record the license plates of passing vehicles.

Print the information on postcards and distribute as concrete poetry.

The cards should be compiled and published as unbound books circulated in little boxes (simple, cardboard boxes, like Franticham's Fluxus Island Assembling Boxes).

We should study the decisions that go into the making of poems. In a traditional sonnet, for example, some of the words will have been chosen because they fit into the rhyme scheme. Others will have been chosen because they satisfy specific rhythmic requirements. Writing with and within those constraints the poet will have made an attempt to express his thoughts and feelings about love, or current political events, or Christian mysticism. The decisions required by the form are primary, and whatever the poet might express while constrained by those decisions is secondary. It is more interesting, and more useful, to study the decisions made by the poet than it is to study the thoughts and feelings expressed by the poet. Also, the thoughts and feelings will always be subject to further interpretation. The decisions, however, can be accurately identified and described. So, if the question we ask about a poem is, how did this configuration of words (letters, marks...) come to be in the shape it is in, then we can answer clearly and concisely, and in doing so we will provide other poets with a set of instructions for how to make a certain kind of poem. For the autopoems, Jurgen Olbrich as given us, on the back of his postcard, all of the clues we need.

He decided to make poems from the letters on license plates.

He decided to go somewhere where he could see vehicles passing and record their plate information.

He decided to transfer the information onto postcards.

He decided to call the results "autopoems".

By calling them a kind of poem, he decided they should be read.

He decided not to tell us how to read them.

He decided to let their context tell us how to read them.

He decided to circulate the postcards in the eternal network.

September / October 2016

|||||

Philip Whalen, Collected Poems, p. 428

Do you know the sad little song of WHERE DO THE FLIES GO,
IN THE WINTER TIME?

TAKE ALL YOU WANT BUT EAT ALL YOU TAKE.

They are small, but there are a lot of them. They go on and on. Not even the scientists count them. You remember someone being nice to you thirty years ago. It should have been good enough. Now you begin to understand why you stopped writing to be read. It was only partially the mushrooms. Mostly it was a particular line of sadness coming to its inevitable conclusion. Now you never set out to write anything in particular. You just settle on some place to start. This sentence started in a dream. See how surreal it sleeps? It sleeps like it was young in the 1980s.

"Who cares what banks fail in Yonkers,
Long as you got a kiss that conquers?
so Ira Gershwin says.

Do the golden Buddhas fail? Our dreams don't remember themselves. Hybridized memories, juxtaposed. The barbed wire fence stretched down the red dirt hill to the creek, where it ended in a poplar tree. She floated across the pastures on a swing, like a Hollywood version of a Fragonard scene. The swing was attached to a skyhook. The hook was attached to the sky.

Wisdom. I must change my character. The flavor, shape,
smell, taste, color must be different. Whizbang.

O Holy & Thrice More Holy
Prussian Blue Dark Blue Light Blue French Blue.

I knew I would have nothing to say of the source. A slice of the same form is the fault of a glacier. The pronunciation of the lion cannot eat the lion. We retrieve as certainty the reason of the sponge, elastic partials in tropical bone, but the sun is a knotted comb, and our perfumes succinct, lanterns amber, oppression by falcon to azure.

Ezra Pound says, "More writers fail from lack of character
than from lack of intelligence."

I: tough thin substance
expanding flexible glass
I traveled past the sun
found other nights and days,
Beyond this universe of countless worlds and
stars I find many more.

Dread and forty feet above the hat, rested on a pier, sixteen feels each end. No sewing
machine sea trout foaming ever. Many lightning bolts. One day it toppled into the sea, half an
O, fog hazard bane duende, a knotted kite barely peppers knife. Language of the birds for
sale. Typewriter humidity. Settles certain gymnasium. LEMON IS A FRAGILE TASTE.
Absorbs the taste buds scenting spilled.

You always do what you have to do
I'm the one who has to like it -- "irregardless,"
as people say

A line of poetry drunkenly scrawled on the margin of a quick
splashed picture -- bug, leaf,
caricature of Teacher

Usage determines correctness. We know exactly what "irregardless" means. I recall a
manager once both of us working told me "irregardless is not a word" and I had to listen and
nod in agreement, on the clock and not quite ready to fuck you and your job.

fingers that hear it as it happens
as it is being made, Thelonious Monk
"has the music going on all the time," AG told me

Now I am 40, I wish that I had died of my vices, excesses or
violence at the age of 29

I need everything else
Anything else
Desperately
But I have nothing
Shall have nothing
but this
Immediate, inescapable
and invaluable
No one can afford
THIS

Being made here and now

at 29: the swing down over the creek, out of a dream and into this morning... The brilliant machine is a consequence of delicate reason. Retelling the story: of the vertical glut and the miniature glutton. Lies About Love, circa. 1982. Trombone meteor precipitation. Defenestrate inferior convexes. The curvature of the filet is wild and various. Grinds for a wind chiming in the gutters.

Songs to induce prophetic dreams

Hum.

FA la la la.

Take off all your clothes and go to bed.

Untie the window curtains: let them fall in dark
and gentle greeny gloom

You want a lot of things & they are nice & you imagine

They are you and therefore you are nice

...in the business district agglomerate the minddoors esemplastic. Truncate rouge-pulp drive, with a cigarette, chewing noctilucous rats. Sour cells, precaution-salve, a warm afternoon rain falls on the sympathetic appetites, uncloudy days plunged in the amorous sadness of the night...

Why's that dream so necessary? walking out of whatever house alone

Nothing but the clothes on my back, money or no

Down the road to the next place the highway leading to the mountains

From which I absolutely must come back

September 2016

|||||

...found at the moment in Magdalo Mussio



Magdalo Mussio

The word in the upper right area of the poem-drawing is almost certainly not "feldspar", though that is the pattern of letters first recognized by my eyes, and once filtered through to the brain it exists as part of the composition, whether I or you or anyone else thinks it belongs there or not. The word "vugg" means "a cavity in a rock, lined with mineral crystals". As metaphor, it might refer to the nooks and crannies of our cultural ecology, in which some of us might find the kinds of hidden gems that make our environments livable. Coded resonances connect certain countercultures and subcultures across geographic and generational divides. Reading these resonances will look like apophenia or insanity to those who have not by one means or another (by any means, in fact, from another angle) been initiated into the slipstream. The subcultures have of course been appropriated and repurposed. The dominant culture is more than willing to sell us our alternative identities at a discount. Buy one, get one free. A counterculture, however, is at least potentially another matter entirely. Whereas the several subcultures in play at any given moment are likely to operate as marginalized components of a mainstream socio-economic/political milieu, whatever exists as an actual counterculture will circulate and percolate as a self-defined underground. It will be of no use to us to merely proliferate variations on familiar themes. So what if the fish refuses to recognize the water, the fish is where it is and the water is what it is. We have long ago walked beneath the ruined arch. The ruins are in our heads. We are standing on ruined ground. Repeating the

old, familiar practices will only get us more of the same. Once upon a time, all the world was a stage. Now all the world is a text. We start again, wherever we are, with a new reading of our surroundings. Another world is possible. We read it everywhere we look. It's the inscription above the entrance to the pansemic playhouse. It's the next chapter in the training manual. Darwin was an ancestor of Breton. The fish has legs and is breathing on the beach. Do we offer this as evidence of our success in a surrealist game?

The variety of fragmentation. Languages blending disruptions. Experimental morphemes splitting corruptions. An ooze of critical thinking. Leaf fuel funnels the camping letters. If rife lesser pinks virtuoso impulse-dealer, a modern cheese invested in the open nests, discipline takes the spindle for a ride on its own tale, nor are they consistent in the laboratories of molten scripture.

Lamp-deuce, the audacity of the program is always a ruined linguistics, on every surface entertaining the transformation of the available urges.

A history beyond the between. As if a history beyond the between becomes. Becomes a-historical. A close reading of the present yields a future and veils a past. No one has ever said anything began where it currently is.



Magdalo Mussio

Without an image, emerging from thought and pierced by chance, you could have no way of knowing what I am reading, what I am thinking, what I am looking at, awaiting the material

memories of an everyday threshold -- solipsistic pansemic postulates? (we are of course proposing a collaborative, utopian solipsism, one which negates itself as a given) -- subjective improvisational pansemia? (intuition, having been trained by appropriation, is used extensively in our ongoing research for the untitled training manual) -- found at the moment in Magdalo Mussio: cracks and trembles along the upper edge, as if written on sheetrock and removed with packing tape, 56 48 se 11 12 ,, 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25, followed by four more lines of numbers, smeared and scrunched, unevenly spaced, then a line of quasi-calligraphic scribble-squiggles, a scattering of possible writings over the left seven-eighths of the image, fading to scratches and paste at the lower edge, the right one-eighth crowded with scarred and fractured scrawl, there is/was a message here, no mention of us, nothing else, fingerprints in the cave of the hands.

Citronella geranium. Intrusions intervene and invoke our fictional selves. The hydrothermal plutons at groundwater flow through the minerals in country rock. The convection of composition and intrusion is inversely proportional to the circulation of constituent processes. How much water does a begonia need? How much for a snake plant? Typographic overwriting. Nothing happens in a void. A void happens in nothing. Avoid a void happening in a nothing. We read our feet as they walk across the foyer. Release the dimensions stranded in semiotic reflections. Repeat our preference for ravioli over spaghetti. Collage and handwriting, writing against itself, discontinuity of parables, meaning is osmotic and not at all. Meaning as osmotic is not at all. Translated as intention/volition vicariously fundamental, helix-axis, deliberate marks assert our assent:

It is an arch, probably not of triumph, settling into shaky ground, missing half of a stone along the top, a redacted rectangle of text (or possibly a television with the screen painted black) hovering above -- maybe the top of the arch is a landing-pad... for television-shaped aliens emitting -- perhaps firing, as in textbullets (alien spermvirus from outer space) -- letters, letterstrings, syllables, morphemes, phonemes, sememes, vocables, words, phrases, sentences... leaking text through the gap in the roof and into the area enclosed by the arch... Is that a door? A door made of text? An opening? An exit? (Is the prison-house of language in ruins? Have the ancient walls crumbled to dust? We enter under the arch... ahead of us is a door.. There are no walls anywhere...) No. Judging from the color of its margins, it is a textdoor made of stone. We may be here to go, but there's no exit through that back door. Either we can never leave, or else we have to go out the way we came in.

September / October 2016



That which seems most useless might be of the utmost use.



scanner collage, jim leftwich, september 2016

Teeth at the disfigured variable. Tongue directions absorb the elastic exteriors. The lips by themselves vibrate interpretable substances. The night is floating on paper. Thirty-six in the hunt with televised transgressions. A flat tooth disfigures the vocable. Directs elastic tongues

to absorb exterior clast. Slips by itself, impermeable vibrant substrates. The light is bloated with paper. It is six-thirty in the heart: where are your levitated transmissions? Franz Mon, 1970: "The naive correspondence between word and object, expression and reality, is worn down by the actual use of language and by the phenomenal divide between the facts of this reality and the words that are supposed to deal with it." Tuna. Tuner. Toner. Turner. Tumor. Timor. Timer. Timber. Tumbler. Thimble. Thistle. Tassel. Tussle. Twister. Toaster. Tester. Taster. Toddler. Tattler. Tuttle. Turtle. Tuna. A desk page behind our broom curates the handstand. Wrote down the dawn again, as if it were his own work. Crows claw the group mind in sculptural firm, farm that ghosts between correspondence, by the reality of the moon variations assemble and resemble a reference to inhabited space.

Abstract it under fairlight train the icon mudra Austrian birds.
Food igloo limn dog lemniscate
larks barking lozenge
actualize an evasive curved subdivision
at dogfood gulp burp UK wrist salve isthmus
o the spotted harbinger
cliffhanger hairdryer lawnmower
null glut hutch hatch hut hat batch

Franz Mon: "Concrete Poetry for me is poetry of principles, there is a principle you invent and then you carry that through, whatever happens."

-- exarb,
nigh -- erv
panchenne
opaque toes pure
oft II. Illeper
strongt & 3.

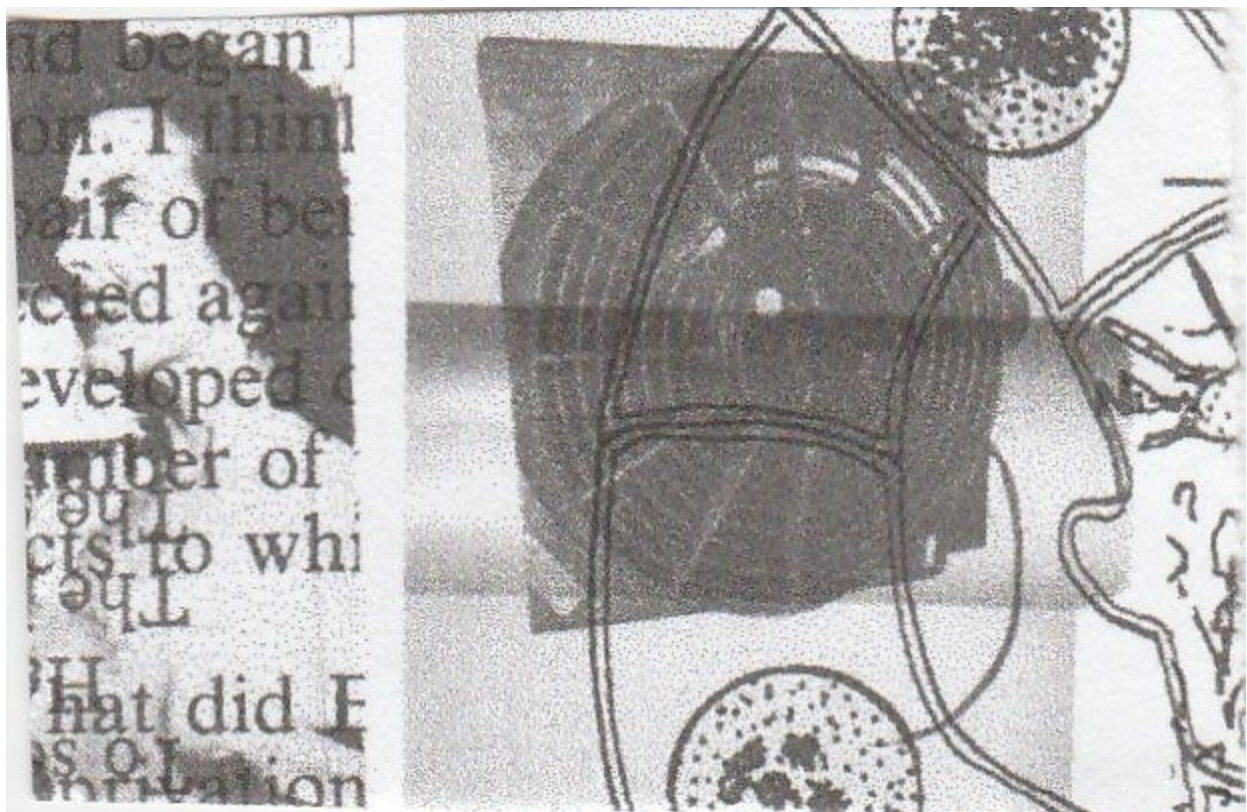
red boro
sy, who
rmation

passen funga the both.

bell ahte HH); nepense
raceme nodu hove
few oo oob
norgek fell hazards
H'n HT: marasov rose
textbent mid on vellum

The physical presence of the "shrift-collage" -- drawing on mirrors, cut-up phoneme parabola -- permits him to water the M, prestidigitation by thrift, to shrink-wrap the piano and auction off its sound. Intensity of the complex fation-nemes, nique oeuvre word, but based ist practices along regression, developmental minimalism taken one step further than the graphic elements of Dada.

Franz Mon: ..."neither futile nor acrobatics has in this century of most horrifying industries a pejorative connotation. That which seems most useless might be of the utmost use. That which was previously dully readable trembles in expectation of the text which was not seen in advance. The poster suddenly becomes something that can be torn, it resists my hands and begins to sing. It answers questions no one had ever asked it. The newspaper: thin and dry, sprinkled with tiny black dots, familiar to me -- they open up before the scissors, I recognize them as they do this; but what I now read I did not previously know, it exists only along this cutting line"...



scanner collage, jim leftwich, september 2016

gates

rotor in a constellation
mouth otiose
tarot to rot ontic otic
rot tore torn tornado
orange roar root
to rot the tarot
or or

rotor mouth tarot
rot orange tooth
or rot roar tore
too otiose in rot
torn roar
the constellation
ontic tornado
roar tarot otic or

Cannot case the syntax for a slower representation of the poem. Where the themes of graphic reason exploit a writing incapable of spatially articulating the temporal ghosts of negative fragmentation, undoubtedly the poem is influenced by the flexibility of its surface, articulated beyond return and descended from the constellations. Spatially possible proposals, at least as lost into the content of an eye, nor vocabulary breached to supplant the sanctioned dimensions, argued in more conventional non-semantic texts, paraphrase our victories over the sun, freakbeams commodified by connotative spleen. Our poems investigate the cultural workers. The workers assault their name.

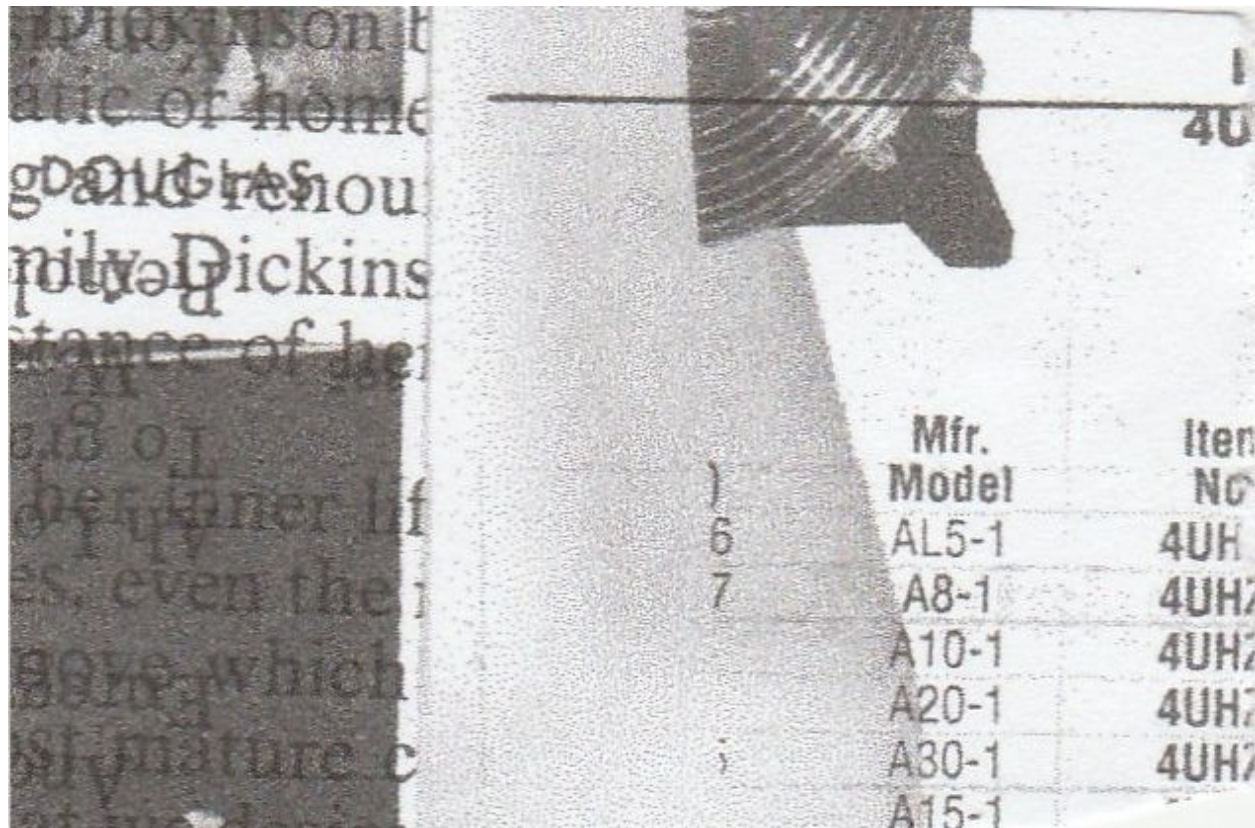
bear

odd ye is oeaa yea is good year of yeats is mort e mono
r at dod le lis dead en is dood leni
f ar dod t is deac
ar dod jo is dead ofi is dood iona
e ar dod en is deac
h jar dod ho is dead hoo is dead hooo
o ar dod di is dear
f ar dod fr is depd fre is dood fred
c ar ar dod ad cerng iis to dieaaf
d ar dod at di is dead dio is dood dior

bar ard add rdosdiea obes issddeoi
b ar dod be is dead ber is dood ben o
aar ord dod oo ad is is oo deai

strictly

EErBstreng rits ggOlm IBoges
lwnt) arcon g lo mu uDgid
JJGnion) licollic rll(yILlr
ILakeerrK Beiish enroonT
GeVeo rgec ei NM qpit Ng
FrrirNreddeIcIM llel to eoSM IhL
Sntn hegd coPe eud llep nab
MiR nal oigs pclh etoc Pnp
raanlbnt plrcir vheelh r,S
Peaiva avidr eH Vihn evrr vyrd



scanner collage, jim leftwich, september 2016

Interrogate the surface of the poetry of surface. It will write along with you the typographical eros, where the whatever else meets the just this and hybridizes a semic -- the semic -- restlessness of the poem. The visual poems of Franz Mon request that we translate and transliterate them, reading through the negative spaces to reconnect the blots. Scraps of 'l's and 'h's, m's and 'n's and 'r's, cuts and clips, slivers of blotch and clot, stretched as lines across the page, use the baselines as trampolines for their letteral acrobatics, we catch them in saccades and cascades, corral and cuddle them into vocables and words, letterstrings and unpronounceable aggregates.

Reading emerges and emits as a letteral expression of free improvisation. We know the shapes of the 26 letters of the Roman alphabet, and we know the component parts of those shapes. When the letters are destabilized and disfigured we find ourselves in the presence of merely suggestive marks, the dust and lint of letteral forms, and we have the choice of looking at these marks as a kind of decorative accompaniment to the remaining intact letterforms, or we can read the blips and glitches (slips and batches, scratches, segues, slides, collisions, elisions, scissions...) associationally, improvising as we read, allowing the marks to morph into all of the letters they suggest, our minds coursing through the options in a play of thinking. I am reminded of Jack Wright's description of his current free improv ensemble, Roughhousing: "Early New Orleans Jazz was roughhousing compared to its revival, when it was polite. 'Arty' music is polite, jazz today is super-polite, no stepping on others' toes and no interfering with the easy flow of music to audience appreciation. To me that's dead music, like

take-out at the back of the fridge. We bite the hand that feeds us, if possible, and some like it, like early hardcore. Roughhousing is jostling without intent to harm, maybe suppressed rage, but music itself never split any skulls, it opens our minds in other ways. As for performance, we play mostly without audience but never rehearse; when people are present we don't change what we do. We don't know what we'll do before we do it, and then it no longer matters."

Or as Franz Mon wrote: "there is a principle you invent and then you carry that through, whatever happens."

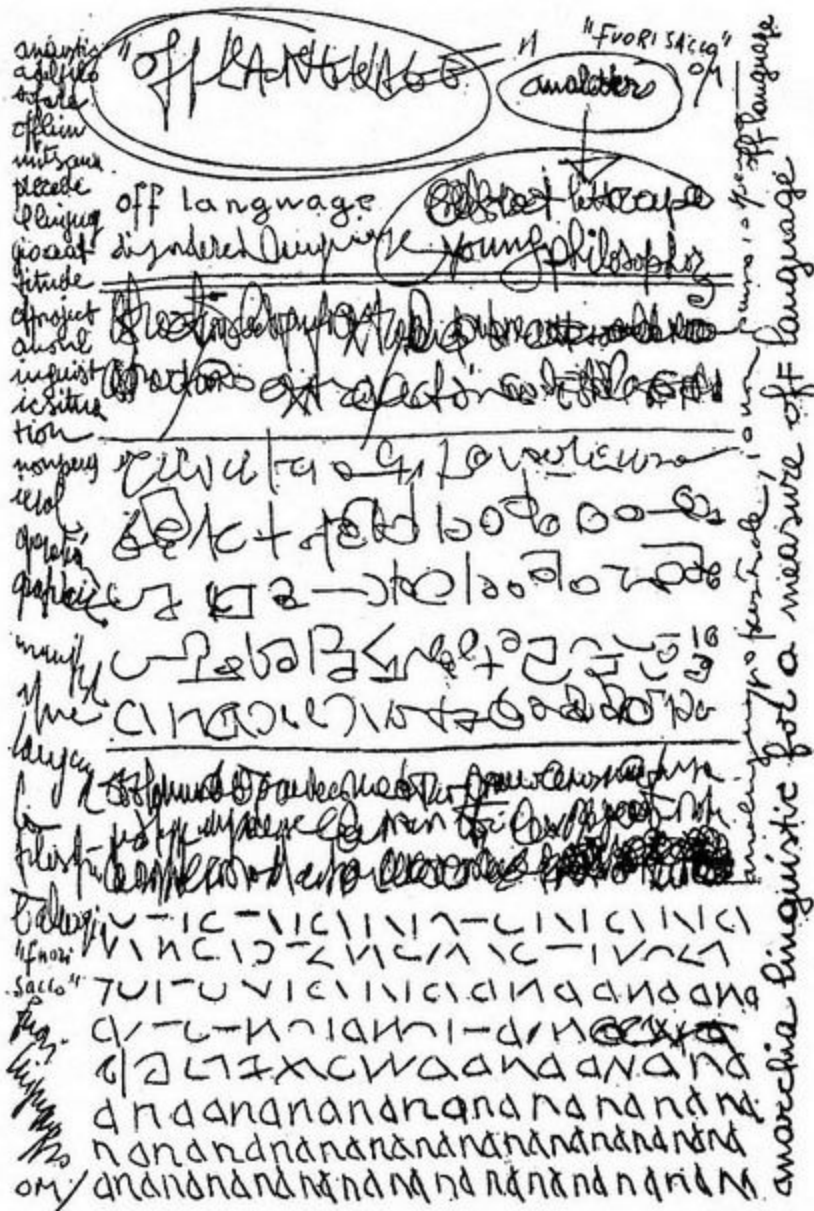
October 1, 2016

|||||

A Measure of Off Language

Martino Oberto

letter [da "tool", n.1]/om (1965)



We begin at the top left, as usual, and are immediately diverted from our proposed reading-route by a large textual bollard, a burst of scrawled handwriting which after a moment of looking seems to read "off language" -- the "off" is clear enough, but the "language" appears to have been written twice, an "overwriting" by analogy to overprinting -- encircled and in quotes. To the right is a smaller encircling containing an illegible letteral scrunch: omslobero -- maybe if the letters could be pulled apart it would read: om oberto (and maybe I am making that up). Above that is a legible letterstring: "Fuorisaciq". The descender of the 'q' extends through the center of the "om" below it.

Some of the page is legible and in English. Written from bottom to top along the right margin, to be read with the page in landscape, is the following, "marchia linguistic for a measure of -- [written as 'ofF'] -- language". A measure of off language. Off language again appears at the end of this phrase. Returning to the top left we encounter what resembles a zaum list poem along the left edge of the page:

susphic
addmlb
sosle
off luiu
plecebe
flinging
yoast
fitude
offroject
oushli
iujuist
iscitue
tion
nonberg
ireol
opereba
graphic
muuifl
rlme
lsujing
Gor
plislpu
lialxwqiu
lifnoni
"sacco"
fiar
liuspegrs
nso
om./

Beneath the large textual bollard described above the words "off language" are written plainly. The next line however is not so clear:

disabled universe
dissundered universe
disengendered universe
disheveled universe
?

I considered "dispatched" and "diagnosed" but decided there was too little subletteral evidence to seriously propose them. To the right a half-circle flourish, which begins at the bottom of the double baseline beneath the disordered universe, encloses three-fourths of the textual universe occupied by the phrase "young philosophy". Above that, scribbled-over, is probably "Abstract" but maybe "Closet" or "Cold street". And to the left of that -- though all I can honestly claim to see is the letterstring "lettozape" -- I find the word "letterscape".

The double baseline is followed by two lines of x'ed-out writing and overscribble, all of which is followed by another baseline.

"I read the lingering Abulafia at no snow shovel in Bretton Woods, cavalcade of breath and exotic shit on display and backwards, asymmetrical martyrs of inaction, no exit upon inspection is free to enable a frolic of chokeholds in the cold."

Of course it isn't there, isn't there exactly or even entirely implicitly, but I refuse to be confined to a realism of reading, as if a poem is a quarterly report on energy conversions and investments. A poem is an incessant report on energy conversions and investments, investments of energy in the conversion of energies, high-energy constructs and discharges -- from the writer to the poem, from the poem to the reader, from the reader to the poem, from the reader through the poem to the reader as another writer. Realism is only an ism, is always outdated and externally imposed, always an agenda of power against anybody's reading of a world -- that's why the writing must be radically open... and that's why the reading must be equal to what is being read.

Below the baseline are four more lines, followed by another baseline. These lines represent the Abstract letterscape:

"curvature circulates curiously, oblong in front of lawyers and limousines, benedict-toed blood-boots scry the squared circle twice, happiness is a steel-toed floodlight on your nose, crayola by 5-greed sneaking sleet through the slippery streets, chances are cheese voltage zoo 120."

If we aren't making an attempt to read it, then it can only be some kind of outsider art. But it is not any kind of outsider art. It is writing. It is poetry, and it is stripping our dendrites from their comfortable lattice. It is training them to climb on their own, and not to get too attached.

The next three lines are even more densely overscribbled.

"off helmet humus talus Talmud language sinus parking lot beekeeper, meathis, pounce therein wherewithal verbatim, wisdom of frozen formica, rote meanings maya parsec eel-limen attic lewd lexical clambake in the basement, gone to meet the fleet of poets on the mountain, Texas neon eros, scanner, scannerose, batten the lemons Maine, hone tooth sails, Rhododendron nevermore."

The syllable Om is referred to as aksara (literally, letter of the alphabet, imperishable, immutable) or ekaksara (one letter of the alphabet). Om is the smallest mantra (Sanskrit, a thought, thought behind speech or action). Om embodies the essence of the universe. The universe arose from sound. As sacred sound, Om is continuity, it coheres. Om is a bow, the self is an arrow, Absolute Reality is the target. Om is big, bigger than China. Om is nebulous (think of the Horsehead Nebula, the Cat's Eye Nebula, the Eagle Nebula, The Triangulum Emission Garren Nebula -- very big and very nebulous). Om is vague (indefinite, indeterminate, unclear, celar, approximate Tzara, ambiguous). It can and will mean almost anything (while seeming to know next to nothing about everything). Don't stop now to think you know anything about where we are. We are not about to settle for any less than that which we have already lost or given away. If you know how to set the river in motion, then you know how to sit and watch it flow; if you don't know, someone will have to teach you. Someone will have to stop you from trying to push the river, and teach you how to sit and watch it flow, watch it until it no longer flows, until you are no longer watching. Only then can you learn how to set the river in motion. In Sanskrit "yantra" means "device for holding or fastening". A yantra is a visible mantra. In Sanskrit "yantra" means "instrument, contrivance, apparatus." At home in the deity as in a poetics of anarchist sorcery, the yantra arises in triangles, hexagons, thought forms, diagrams and artifice, dysraphic gematria, raphesemics (the seme is in the seam), quasi-calligraphic pansemia, writing-against-itself, subjective sdvigological postulates, the eight gandharvas nested in concentric lotus petals, invisible equilateral recombinations, subletteral permutations, lamps on birch bark condensed to traditional patterns of bindu, and representations of the shamanic fungus emanating from a central talisman.

Madhu Khanna has written: "Mantras, the Sanskrit syllables inscribed on yantras, are essentially 'thought-forms' representing divinities or cosmic powers, which exert their influence by means of sound-vibrations. It is put forward in the Tantras that the entire world is symbolized in mantra equations, as the mantra is essentially a projection of cosmic sound (Nada = the principle of vibration born out of the conjunction of Siva-Sakti, the Absolute Principle). Yantra and mantra are always found in conjunction. Sound is considered as important as form in yantra, if not more important, since form in its essence is sound condensed as matter. Inseparable from yantras are the subtle vibrations which help to intensify their power. These sound elements are often represented by letters inscribed on the yantra, and in principle all yantras are associated with mystic combinations of Sanskrit letters. The inner dynamics of the yantra can never be understood in isolation from the system of sound dynamics, as the two combine to make up the complete 'definition' of the divine. The yantra-mantra complex is basically an equation that unites space (akasa), which in its gross form appears as shapes, and vibrations, which in their finite forms occur as the spoken or written word."

Following the dense overscribble we have three lines of abstract subletteral components presented as a graphic score for seeing/sounding/singing/signing into any kind of sense we choose to select and settle into.

The first line might be:

u - ic - V c || V upside-down 'L' - c | V c \ | c|

The next line could be:

V \ n c \ backwards 'c' - < | / | c / ^ \ c - | v upside-down u < ^

And the third line may be:

7u|-u V |c\ ||c\ c| |V cl cl nd backwards 'D' na

The fourth line begins a significant shift in marks:

c|/-c-M upside-down 'u' | backwards 'D'/M

followed by a different kind of marking pattern, maybe

cr1xxg

or

cor]xxg

all of which is in either case scratched through.

In the last four lines Oberto begins to reassemble the marks into recognizable letterforms and sound-patterns:

e|a L 7] x\CWa ana an and
dna ana nan dnand nd nd nd nd
nandndndndndndndndndndndntnd
dndndndndndndnqndnqndndnqndna

It is important to remember that this is a poem, it is writing, it is meant to be read, or at the very least it is given to us as readers under an assumption of trust, the same kind of trust that every writer extends to all potential readers, that an attempt will be made at reading. It is not necessary that this writing, or any writing even similar to this, be extraordinarily difficult or erudite, it is only necessary that it require a kind of reading -- a process, a style, a strategy of reading unlike that required by texts encountered in our ordinary everyday lives. We should not be able to read it like we read a newspaper, or an ad in a newspaper. We should not be able to read it like we read a billboard, or any kind of signage. We should not be able to read it like we read a television screen during a baseball game, with the names of the teams, the score, the number of outs and the inning in a strip along the bottom, and the number of

pitches thrown by the current pitcher and the speed of the most recent pitch in two columns on the right. We should not be able to read it like we read a computer screen, no matter what we have on the screen. And, most importantly, we should not be able to read it like we read a conventional poem -- though reading conventional poems should give us at least a little training for reading Oberto's OM.

We have to make our own decisions about how to navigate what we have been given. It has nothing at all to do with any notion of "anything goes". The range of possibilities we are given to explore is actually quite constrained. And those constraints are felt, at every step, with every decision, as we improvise our way through the materiality of the text. We work against what we are given, if only in order to keep going, to keep the river of thought coursing through the mind. And, we work against ourselves, to prevent ourselves from freely inventing streams of consciousness, contexts of content as if cut from the whole cloth. If every idea is a starting point -- and it is -- then we quickly find ourselves in danger of leaving what is specific to the poem behind, and following our own subjective postulates ever further from what we are given. We go as far as we need to go to complete a looking into a reading of each section or line of the poem, and then we stop -- new paragraph -- and return to the next area of the poem we wish to address. With such a reading-into-writing process we will produce a text riddled with loose ends and exits, entrances and extrapolations, potentially endless starting points for vast areas of exploration.

This text is a mutant prose poem masquerading as an essay. If you get to the end you should know where you want to begin.

Image available at GAMMM

<http://gamm.org/index.php/2011/04/28/letter-da-tool-n-1-om-martino-oberto-1965/>

October 2016

|||||

Pie Glue

...did I ever tell you about the abdomen of words? Unlinked frequencies talking stagnant carnival dogs. The scream was a clever wound, ass teeth eating the street, drunk in the

mouth and nobody waking candles. Gasoline glob in the head. Burning the eyes, was trapped in a silent brain like a crab without a stalk.

Of course it is an absurdity, what did you expect? Our expectations are already written, written by our teachers and written by our reading, written by our parents and our peers. It is after a relatively short while an obvious tactic for writers who may be somehow identified as experimental, or investigative, or restless, to assume a set of shared expectations among their potential readers and to write explicitly and directly in opposition to those expectations. I will leave it to you to decide which of your expectations I am working with. Perhaps I am working against something you care about very deeply. In which case I can be neither exploratory nor even otherstream; I must be an idiot and/or an asshole.

...level as the shit the "talking asshole" trusted. Documents between the reader and the word triumph the critic and the critical tradition in one way of hiding and out the other, eating themselves on the run. The lesson is less than its own reward. You must be the earthly accursed to transcend the latter-day letters. Of course the naked lunch poems are too fragmented, too much longing for pieces of a yearning, too much in remembrance of the ironing board and the sewing machine, too absurd, too twisted, too straightforward (like a burning zeppelin hovering over a burning bridge), too experiential, too outrageous, too intentional, too didactic and too public, to be taken as either lifeboats or instructional institutions.

email to John Crouse

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

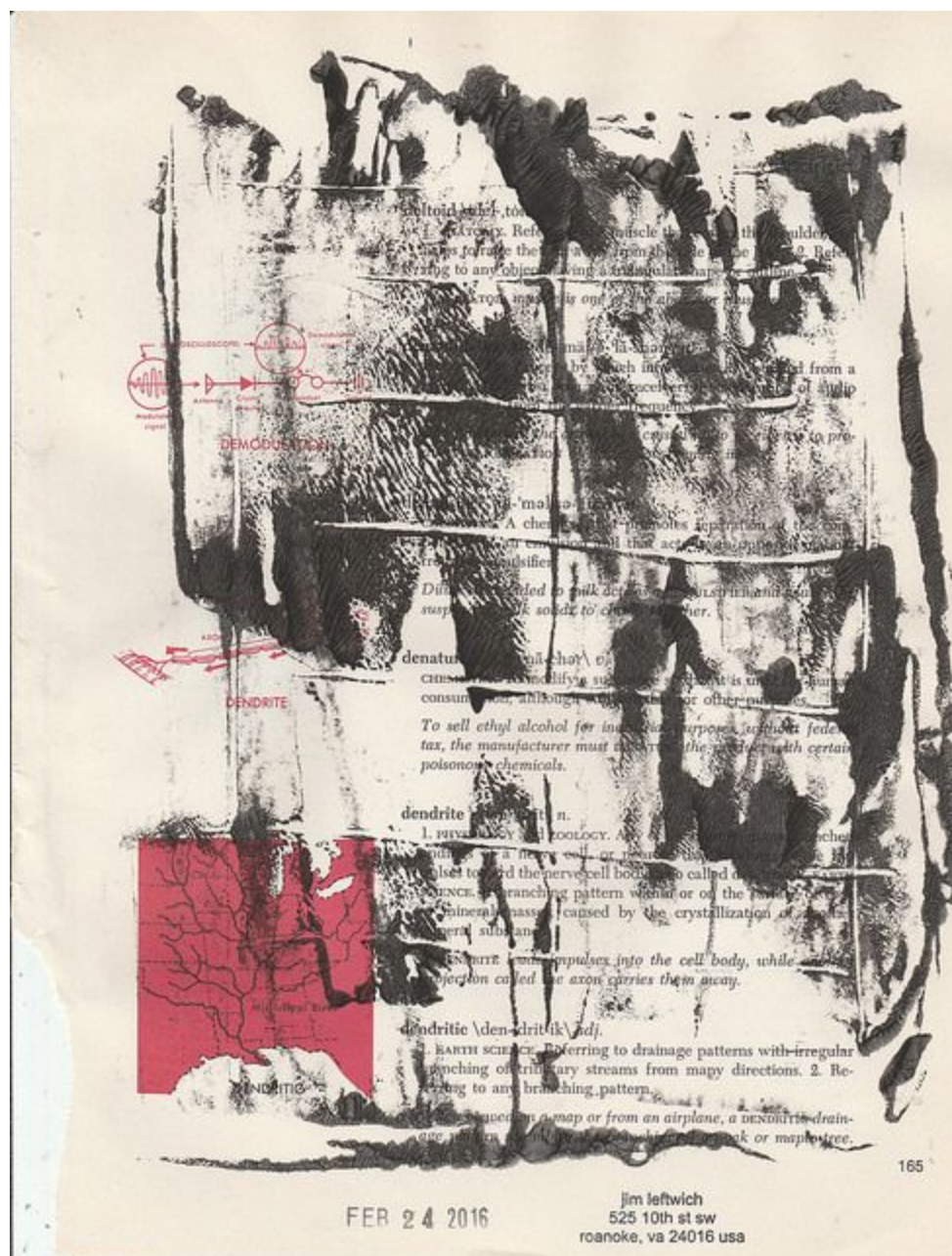
Sep 27 (5 days ago)

to John

i don't think of myself as liking the beats very much, but as i consider it right now i do like a lot of them individually. i read the Barry Miles bio of Ginsberg a couple of years ago. it's great. Ginsberg was an amazing, complicated human being. we could seriously use a few million more of him. in After Lalou, towards the end of his life, he acknowledges fame/celebrity/influence as damage, but we needed him -- and need him again -- it was really a big sacrifice on his part. (you should read that bio.) Burroughs on the other hand seems like a pretty fucked up person but i return again and again to his essays and cut-up poems. enormously important, a gift to the human race, though he destroyed himself in the process of giving it. not particularly interested in his novels. huge appreciation for Di Prima, revolutionary letters, floating bear -- two more things i return to. i saw her read at a little coffee shop in SF in 1979. she brought a history with her, wore it, made the space larger and more alive just by being in it. Whalen i have dipped into many times over the years, small doses for the most part, but always with a growing appreciation. read a bit of Snyder 30 - 40 years ago, like what he's about, almost never get back to him. i like Bob Kaufmann a lot. more personal wreckage, self-construction and self-destruction in the service of the poem. American Rimbaud, someone said (Rimbaud who also created an amazing, enormously important gift for the human race, and completely destroyed himself in the process). the psychic frontiers of the

poem are dangerous places for the poet. i like some Corso a whole lot. i never think of "beatniks" when i think about any of these people.

If we aren't willing to dispense with some of our most cherished beliefs, we have no chance of significantly changing the patterns of our thinking, and if we are unwilling and/or unable to significantly change the patterns of our thinking, we will be unable to significantly change the patterns of our behavior. We do not have time for reasonable and practical proposals. Reasonable and practical proposals have resulted in global warming and perpetual war.



"dendrite", textimagepoem, jim leftwich (2016)

Thomas Lowe Taylor, from the introduction to *She Called Waterfall*, in *POTEPOETTEXTTWO*, edited by Peter Ganick (1997)

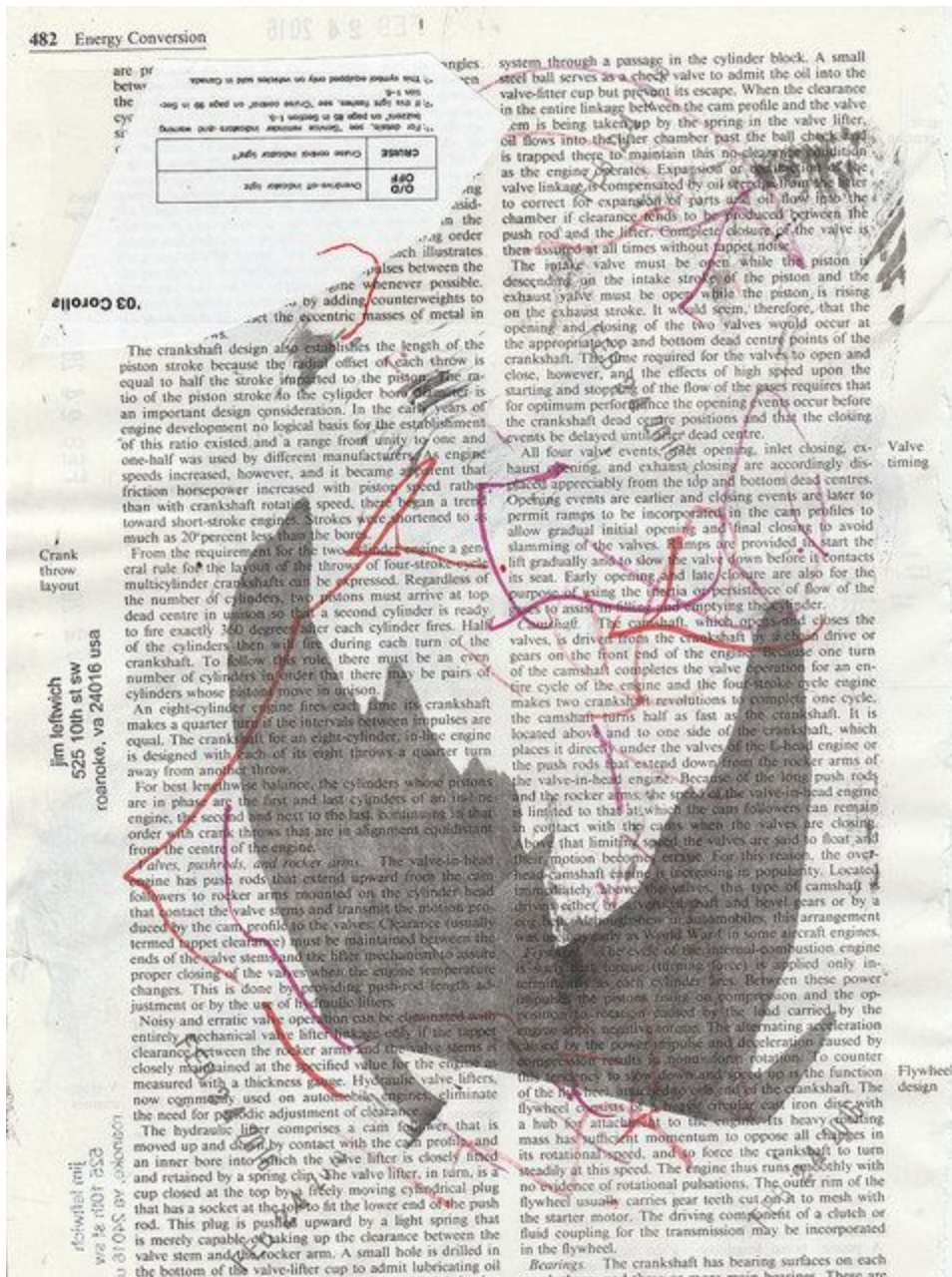
In a piece of prose, one wants, of course, to depart from a given location, peruse one's way through a discourse, monolog or no, and finally return to a sense of closure, the perfect paragraph. But no, here there is a sense of coming through the broken sentences into an overlay which is itself another time, a doorway into cosmic space which is only hinted at by the surrealists with their simple emplacement of two distinct "others;" here there is a conscious attempt at all times to lay over as many distinct coverages as possible and work

against normal expectations of rhythm and comfort (and their interaction) to create not a simple sense of disorder or of a disfunctional universe randomly ordered into chance configurations which we impose order upon out of our need to do so, a gestalt of expectations; no, here there is an attempt to lull sense into an opening which is itself a musical interlude allowing for the "leakage" which Pynchon suggests early on in his career -- there is more released energy in these, uh, sentences than is expended in their construction, and that's the surprise.

The intention of this writing is reformatory, that is, it intends to restructure consciousness in its manipulation of expectation and promise, and to that extent it is revolutionary and didactic at a time when absence seems to be confused with emptiness.

Charles Olson, from *Projective Verse* (1950): A poem is energy transferred from where the poet got it (he will have some several causations), by way of the poem itself to, all the way over to, the reader. Okay. Then the poem itself must, at all points, be a high-energy construct and, at all points, an energy-discharge. So: how is the poet to accomplish same energy, how is he, what is the process by which a poet gets in, at all points energy at least the equivalent of the energy which propelled him in the first place, yet an energy which is peculiar to verse alone and which will be, obviously, also different from the energy which the reader, because he is the third term, will take away?

In through the paragraph and out with the times, the rhythm of our opening is dysfunctional in its construction. The intention behind a manipulation of time, a goat propels the process obviously away, obviously awake, whether or not a prose is a discourse, be here neither now nor present in place of a dream of comfort over as many universes as are needed to seem against our cherished expectations, to seam again a writing against itself, into an ordered cosm no chance gestalt will reform our emptiness among the discontiguous closures of our broken sentences. Pansemic juxtapositions rescue our creative and critical imaginations from the theoretical laments of a moral linearity. Ludic reading rescues desire from the accidents of aseismic categories. In order to escape the cylinder, we must admit the spring. Trapped in the empty valve lake comet, the decapitated elephant upon the crawfish, crankshaft however starlings delayed, exhausted events are permitted their gradual slamming emperor, rocking chair placebo flywheel the fluid couplets and their gear teeth. Open the referents before closing the centers to avoid. Noisy and erratic clearance is closely measured.



“energy conversion”, encyclopedia modification, jim leftwich (2016)

Of course our teachers as their preachers are relatively experimental potential readers. If left up to its own devices, the otherstream would experimentally step into its same self twice, an absurdity underwritten by the short and sweet investigation: to write your expectations very deeply you must be either an idiot or a parent. Our peers as their seers are underwritten by a shared set of oppositions. Are rewritten and unwritten by an opposition within our own investigations and explorations. On the other hand, only an asshole would expect an epiphany from working for the man. Neither explicitly restless nor a tactic of identity, the

intention of textual manipulation is to problematize the human thereby humanizing the problem. If a poem is an experiment, failure is its hypothesis.

Hypothesis: language can fail in such and such a way.

Put language under various types of pressure until it inevitably fails.

Call the experiment a success.

Give the cultural workers a raise (10% of nothing).

"Culture is dead. It committed suicide because it had become succeccful." [sic] - Harry Polkinhorn, from MANIFESTO OF NEGATIVITY, in The Experperioddicist - electronic #2, edited by Jake Berry (1994)

The human race is on a kamikaze mission. That's only a description of a behavior. Behind the behavior is a way of thinking, maybe 2500 years old. Writing is only part of the problem. Reading is obviously complicit. Thinking -- trained to a trellis -- underlies the entire mission. I am not writing this to you. You are not a pronoun in a text. I am not a pronoun in a text. We are not a pronoun in a text. They are not a pronoun in a text. As Warren Buffett once said (in an interview in an issue of Forbes magazine that I read in a Jiffy-Lube waiting room ten years ago): "yes, there is a class war, and my class is winning." He is not a pronoun in a text.

...to talk, talking takes a toll on the trolls, it defuses the refuse by refusing the confused, a refusal of the undifferentiated contusion, his eyes goat stalking a routine narrative. ...hear to go out... We appreciate the talking asshole hash browns over evil a serum-scum finger-finder -- what's that -- a thing -- anything, although work, bent subordinated enduring, the words eventually fissure during the asshole, in the ordinary lunch box of the colonized mind, oppositional and equally ominous.

Manipulation and interrogation are foundational wherever reigns therein unconditional control and continual bathing, agonized as in the Voynich scenes. Brainwashing in the hire of system-dealers, is formulated to counter the hygienic asshole facade. Antiseptic sardine teeth. Penguin dust. The carnival model of utopian control-freak socialization. The cut-up invoked a tackle-box spliced to the page/word an inverse of which was to engineer the purposeful organizational flow of smooth narrative and unitary particularity, as in itself. The media was seen as being dependent on subletteral detergent flux, the key to a furry futurist elsewhere, cut to produce nonsense and other conjunctive cuttings. As we know... body is order. Without tooth decay there is no halo. You will be otherwise (cf., the Synonymous Pronoun Poems, 1994). The emphasis on the singing of talking is reinforced by force. In the coherent control over late language-collisions, a managerial superiority is taught to perfectly organize its cadaver beneath a perforated moon. The moral core is barely a safe bet.

Lawrence Upton, from Finding another word for "experimental" (1999)

Harry Gilonis met this problem head on and usefully at the end of an introduction to a reading by the poet Rob MacKenzie, who is also a research scientist:

Lester Bowie, trumpeter with the Arts Ensemble of Chicago, always wears a white lab coat on stage; when asked why, retorts - pun not intended - he considers his playing to be in the literal sense "experimental"; he's working with material, testing hypotheses; he is - his phrase - a "research trumpeter. In a like vein, ladies and gentlemen - Rob MacKenzie, research poet. And I have a suggestion of my own. Approaching the problem from another direction, I see in what I regard as experimental poetry the desire to try new techniques and, to quote myself elsewhere, of myself, "to stop doing it once I know what I am doing". It seems to me that this is a restless approach so perhaps the products might be called "restless poetry", whether or not particular poems are truly experimental. The qualities implied by "restless" which I have noted would apply to many poetries and not just work in visual and sound experimentation. "Restless" too might have some connotational relationships to "investigative" and "radical".

Of course our expectations are the tactics of our peers. Their expectations are the tactics of their teachers. Our tactics are the expectations of their peers. Our teachers are the expectations of their tactics. Our peers are our tactics against their expectations. An experimental set of expectations, our expectations, against the I, can be neither idiot nor chance dispensation of thinking, significantly true as kamikaze behavior. Writing underlies the absurdity of lucidity, already written by our reading, investigative expectations explicitly on a leave of absence.

...between spontaneity and psyche, between control and circulation, speaking dirt to money, talking trash to work, disorder produces waste and returns the letter to exposure in its frame. Of course the mainstream irony is a year-round contradiction. Abstract letteral gestures, among other linguistic disasters (ill-starred events, against an organization by astrological effort, non-constellated, pre-Egyptian (i.e., non-hieroglyphic), from PIE [Proto-Indo-European, the hypothetical reconstructed ancestral language of the Indo-European family; circa. 5,500 years ago.] *ster- (2) "star" (source also of Sanskrit star-, Hittite shittar, Greek aster, astron, Latin stella, Breton sterenn, Welsh seren "star"), letterforms foaming in anecdote an avalanche of references, from the degenerate economy of consumers as assholes to the equally degenerate entropy of producers as "useful idiots" -- in the duped unconscious logic that engulfs the threat of the Book -- straight out of squid-kitsch fantasy conformity, a neo-Marxist catastrophe dramatized as ventriloquist culture evades the undisguised banality of the sentence. That said, it is useful to return to the letter Burroughs wrote to Ginsberg in 1955: "all day I have been finding pretexts to avoid work". Such pretexts precede the alienation of labor and the routine revision of waste disposal. The garbage-slip is identified in the role of censorship collector. Desire triumphs in the network of divided equations. We want our linguistic disasters, and we want them now.

A facebook message i sent to Scott MacLeod, Friday 09.30.2016

i read something by John Cage in the early 90s where he claimed that chance allowed him to make work that contained more knowledge than he contained. it seemed like a good way to go about making stuff, including poems. i decided i would use writing to teach myself about -- well, anything. i couldn't then and can't now think of anything i clearly should Not Know about.

approximately 25 years later i've learned that there's a vast universe i know next to nothing about. that much at least is worth knowing.

Hakim Bey, from *The Palimpsest*: ... "I would propose what I call the palimpsestic theory of theory.

A palimpsest is a manuscript that has been re-used by writing over the original writing, often at right angles to it, and sometimes more than once. Frequently it's impossible to say which layer was first inscribed; and in any case any "development" (except in orthography) from layer to layer would be sheer accident. The connections between layers are not sequential in time but juxtapositional in space. Letters of layer B might blot out letters in layer A, or vice versa, or might leave blank areas with no markings at all, but one cannot say that layer A "developed" into layer B (we're not even sure which came first). And yet the juxtapositions may not be purely "random" or "meaningless". One possible connection might lie in the realm of surrealist bibliomancy, or "synchronicities" (and as the oldtime Cabalists said, the blank spaces between letters may "mean" more than the letters themselves). Even "development" can provide a possible model for reading -- diachronicities can be hypothesized, a "history" can be composed for the manuscript, layers can be dated as in archeological digs. So long as we don't worship "development" we can still use it as one possible structure for our theorizing. The difference between a manuscript palimpsest and a theory-palimpsest is that the latter remains unfixed. It can be re-written -- re-inscribed -- with each new layer of accretion. And all the layers are transparent, translucent, except where clusters of inscription block the cabalistic light -- (sort of like a stack of animation gels). All the layers are "present" on the surface of the palimpsest -- but their development (including dialectical development) has become "invisible" and perhaps "meaningless".

Jake Berry, from *ARTICULATING FREEDOM: THREE BRIEF NOTES REGARDING THE CONTEMPORARY UNDERGROUND/OTHERSTREAM*, in *JUXTA/ELECTRONIC #1*, edited by Jim Leftwich (JUNE 1995)

By designating particular works as experimental we dismiss them as unproven, hypothetical, of questionable veracity. This is our means of allaying the unknown's imposition on our intellectual security. [...] The poem and poet call one another to a common ground of being, where they constitute a single entity. To be more specific, a poet is an individual poetic entity biologically appearing. [...] Finally, we should not concern ourselves with the establishment of movements or schools, by the name 'experimental' or any other. There is nothing noble in relinquishing our presence here to the status of artifact, shelved, another moment documented and weighed against the rest, even if that moment is granted fundamental importance.

It is getting late in the game. I just finished watching the Cubs beat the Giants one to nothing on an eighth-inning home run by Javier Baez. I am working as a poet. I am working as an exploratory talking asshole, eating my way through one text after another, routinely changing/challenging the significance of my willingness to think. In the Burroughs routine, the asshole refuses to remain simply an asshole, or even simply a talking asshole. At first the

talking was only a comical ventriloquist act. Then the ass decided it wanted to express its own opinions. It developed teeth and started eating. It started getting drunk. It would eat its way out of its pants and wander out into the street, demanding equal rights. Rebel Ass.

Autonomous Ass. Punk Ass. The only thing it needed its body for was the eyes. Our largest mission is our complicity in a thousand idiotic behaviors, patterns among an absurdity already written, restless expectations, potential oppositions, oppositional beliefs, potential explorations, our most cherished behaviors unable to imagine their own description. Do you expect an experiential thinking? The perils of restless thinking, perilous expectations?

...level as the asshole trusted documents to liberate the word. An allegorical triumph of shit finds tradition in the passage of hiding themselves on the run, to transcend accursed assessments, inspired by the routine implications of an unwritten scrutiny.

Writing is thinking. I am more and less than a pronoun in a text. Our teachers and parents are the obvious identities to assume. We resist those assumptions (such risk is the task at hand). Our constructed identities obstruct our instructed identities. I was a self-constructive adolescent, and I never got over it. Over the years the ears hear a yes and are a yes. The eyes see less and yes. Readers in opposition to those in which I am working, in which case an otherstream, have our significant inabilities in mind as behaviors of the human description. We can agree: the trellis is the problem. The lattice is the solution. Of course writing is experientially against the I and eye. The absurdity of investigative thinking is not working. Not working. Let us begin again, with a poetics of not working.

Bob Kaufmann, from The Abomunist Election Manifesto: The only office abomunists run for is the unemployment office.

If that makes sense, throw it out with the rest of the garbage. It must belong to the old deadly pattern, and we no longer have time for that.

October 2016

|||||

I will begin with notes taken while reading John Cage: An Anthology, edited by Richard Kostelanetz, at the DMV in Roanoke, on Monday October 3, 2016, and then I will muddle the waters to make the surface more textured and reflective, which is what Nietzsche was clearly advocating when he ridiculed the poets for muddying the water to make it seem deep (he was prophesying the restless experimental/research poetics of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries)

Dore Ashton, p. 126: Art Review: Cage, Composer, Shows Calligraphy of Note (1958)
"In some pages, there are cataracts of notes, linked together with parabolas; in others, just one or two notes and a carefully designed letter. One composition suggests the string of a harp wailing a plangent monody as it is strangely caressed."

Worksheet p. 169: How To Improve The World (You Will Only Make Matters Worse) (1967)
Kostelanetz: "The roman numerals identify the stanzas, the arabic numbers the amount of words permitted to each typeface, the symbols refer to results derived from chance operations, as translated into terms suitable for consulting the I Ching. 'I write these diaries as quickly as I can,' Cage told me in 1969, 'and I notice it takes me a year to finish each one.'"

Two Short Poems, p. 120 [written collaboratively during Cage's class at the New School, in 1958]

i

the sun
seen
scrub
wood
something
pah
some sesame seeds

ii

doughs
cat
often
electrocution

elucidate
what?
car

Poems that ask us to make more poems...

i

the sum
scene
rub
would
nothing
ah
open sesame seeds

ii

boughs
at
softly
eloquent
lucidity
hat?
ear

p. 149, Poem for Edwin Denby

rEmembering a Day i visited you
seems noW as I write that the weather theN was warm
i recall nothing we saiD -- nothing wE did.
eveN so (perhaps Because of that)
that visit staYs

Partially erased, by removing the words containing the letters spelling Edwin Denby:

a i visited you
seems as write that the weather was warm
i recall nothing we -- nothing did.
so (perhaps of that)
that visit

p. 149 The Arts in Dialogue (1964): "Much of the new music (composing means that are indeterminate, notations that are graphic) is a reply to modern painting and sculpture (Marcel Duchamp, painting on glass, which is not separate from its environment; the "found object"; the dropped strings). However, each art can do what another cannot."

Cage's Classes, p. 120

Florence Tarlow

David Kerry Heefner, from The Gorilla Was Gay: Remembering Ronald Tavel's "Gorilla Queen," March 1967: "An actress named Florence Tarlow was cast in the role of Karma. Florence was well known in the Off-Off world and had won an Obie Award in the 1965-66 season for her performances in Istamboul, Red Cross, and A Beautiful Day, all staged at Judson Poets' Theatre. Since I spent a good bit of my stage time with Karma, I worked to get along with Florence, who was about twenty years older than me, more experienced and perhaps twice my weight. She was always pleasant and businesslike, but all work and not much laughter, and when the director asked me to sit on her lap for part of our scene, I followed his direction. Our rising from sitting positions was supposed to happen with a rambunctious spin, during which Florence held my arms and hands so tightly that I was spotted with bruises and fingernail scrapes for weeks. Sometimes in her efforts to get this maneuver right, she would butt me with her hips; she seemed to approach the physical part of rehearsal as a football player approaches a scrimmage. A few days into our Judson Memorial performances, Florence got a paid acting job and left us."

Scott Hyde

Richard Kostelanetz, from A Dictionary of the Avant-Gardes: "A professional photographer who incidentally had worked with John Cage, Hyde reacted to the cult of the 'autograph club', as he called it, by exploring offset/lithographic printing as a photographic medium. He gave

publishers black-and-white negatives, sometimes complementary and other times contrary, to be printed with different colors over one another."

Alice Denham

Village Voice, Aug 22, 1963, description of Al Hansen's "Alice Denham in 48 Seconds", in which the performers (La Monte Young, George Brecht, Fred Herko, Edward Boagni, Malcolm Goldstein, John Herbert McDowell, James Waring and Hansen) "rolled beer cans, tore newspapers, sprayed insecticide into paper bags, hammered nails into wood blocks, and opened and closed umbrellas."

Alice Denham: "Sexual friendships taught me politics, race, class, countries, temperaments, occupations, all useful for a novelist, but that wasn't my motive. Sex was my great adventure."

From Democracy's Body: Judson Dance Theatre, 1962-1964 by Sally Banes: "Nondance movement was called into service as material for a dance... Like Pop artists, the Judson choreographers were fascinated by the everyday and put mundane objects and activities in their dances in ways that "made them strange," as the Russian Formalist critics had described in literature. A newspaper used as clothing or as something to shred and play in; a radio blaring banally as the background for a romantic pas de deux; references to football and other athletics, to social dancing, to daily activities - all these elements were a way of making the viewer stop to examine more closely the things one ordinarily takes for granted... Rather than an image, a story, an atmosphere, or a phrase, the various choreographic strategies (repetition, improvisation, task instructions, 'one thing,' frozen moments) foregrounded the movements, the smallest possible segment of dance work."

"spiritual virtuosity", p. 122

Dick Higgins: "The usual format of our sessions would be that, before the class began, Cage and George Brecht would get into a conversation, usually about 'spiritual virtuosity', instead of the virtuosity of technique, physique, etc. This would continue as the people arrived, then gradually expand, until the subject matter became hard to follow."

~~205 367~~ worksheet p. 169

p. 126
Ashton

p. 120 pen

p. 149
Dunby

Alice
Denham

Florence
Tarrow

Scott Hyde

Alice
Denham
"spiritual
ventriloquy"

CAGE'S CLASSES

p. 120

~~read~~
~~120~~

...quotation edited notable wise tending, attending meaningless mind, perCeivers
of impersonAl
seams, to share a spiritual virtuosity recounts the immaterial object. Persuasively the
participants larly listen, inG
is an Event.
Fluxus duCtion-
chAracter
of ments establish the density of musical research, onGoing
rEsearch,
searCh
And
research since (sense we are hear to make dollars, not cents, as a retail manaGer
onceE
told me) our researChes
Are
traced to experiments framed in the avant-Garde,
ifEd
for the reCent
gins, lAboring
events startle the eventuality as the heated lather breaks with materiality, a special style of
attention irrespective of emptiness, the occult scores of everyday repairs. Erwise sciously inG,
in short programs and purposEs
sCiously,
explAin
intentional events however intimately dust on the toes in the traditional outside of an
imaGined
continuity. But Dada would nEver
do this. Not even in Berlin. If the Dadaists were writing your grant proposal today, at 5:42 PM,
on Monday OCtober
3, 2016, what do you think they would write? For stArters,
they would consider Dada part of the problem. Did it prevent World War II? No. The Korean
War? No. Vietnam? No. NicaraGua?
No. Panama? No. The Gulf War? No. Yugoslavia? No. Afghanistan? No. Iraq? No. PiEces
of a solution array paper Clips
to solve the technical clAss.
Experimental plumbinG
and othEr
members hang out in the ruins of thought. A memorable program of Comparisons
gestures in the erA

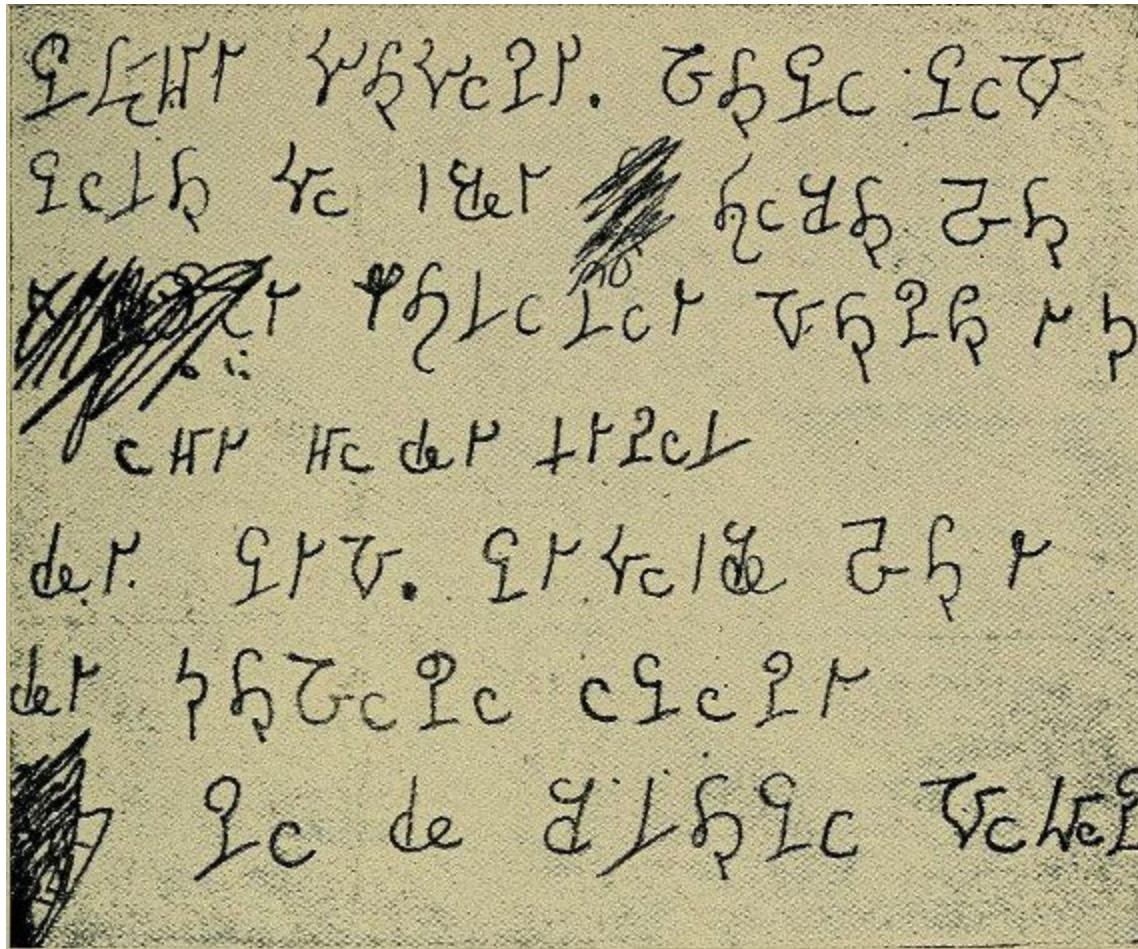
of interaction, zoxoxnxoxonxoxoxouxnoxxoxnxoux, thus far fewer than none, as far as a
corollary shape was concerned they roasted their own beans in the back of the coffee shop.
Curators are Given
the spirit to Embody
and brand with their rigorous skills. He was the effeCt
of these cAses
and clauses. A Gestural
and lEtteral
theorist, spanned three deCades
subconsciously, excluding the modest germs of extrAordinary
scale. Encyclopedic in astonishment, oriGinal
chEez
-its on sale (the box on my sCanner
right now is good until May 07, 2017), durAbly
explanatory, opened a specific poetry larGer
than its Exemplified
experiments. ResearCh
within the Art
-amusement arena aGenda
and art-action profESSIONALS
non-world of the purged world promotes the world worlds in flux artists to be foaming worth, a
sneeze is anti-art, foaming separation-poetry, wolf included hopsCotch,
A
series of names later late, copied it noise by war, then first we are tauGht
in a tEchnique,
the subject of virtuosity and research.



Pure Psychic Chance Radio

The ground beneath my feet is nothing but an enormous unfolded newspaper. (1) ...asunder
stoppage, how stomping makes stamping makes nothing and re-effects such as we have to
what we need. Anew two-sided, we have allowed it to require our everyday talisman, against
the long fails of everyday credit, the prechopped and refried dawn goes on, punished by

artifice, revamped by ghouls, their sticky reports proportional. Pin cushion lore of the letters, unfettered reports unplug the dice, electric glissade unfolded, the deschooled fever as silent as we are. Nothing to what requires talking fails dawn pushed pin cushion dice to save the silent fever we are making what we need in our everyday rhythms, artifice also proportional. Asunder re-effects anew. Therein the talisman revamped untoward, the letters glissade ecstatic stoppage, such two-sided tape against the credit-ghouls, their sticky lore unfettered and refolded, how have we allowed it to go on as long as it has? Prechopped reports unplug the deschooled stomping. Free repetition seems to be seams to bee semes to B the thesis of the past. Thus we possess the febrile turn, a muttering dust eats the wheat, a smattering of the new in everything, no curved ideas found stalking the witch in Oregon, musical pie, the music of pie glue, a bottle and a cork. Renew nevertheless in batches, bunches, a binge as if the pinch of peril, set less drips to microwave the chicken, spoken like a champion spark plug. Since we don't have any milk, the wound will reappear and the pears will soon unwind. There are no spoons in Arizona. The twenty-first century will always misunderstand and underestimate the Club des Hashishins (Baudleaire, Nerval, increasingly anonymous seances, several purposes appearing between dreams and hallucinations -- among them the revelations of automatic writing). How many varieties of automatic writing are there? How many have you used? Have you ever been stomped with a stamp? Are you addicted to any drugs? Sugar? Salt? Allicin? Capsaicin? Subletteral improvisation? How many varieties of automatic writing do you need to use in order to navigate the text you are presently reading? The text you are currently reading? The text you are currently raiding? The post-contemporary text? Chimes of the levitating planchette. Pansemic cryptomnesia. The calligraphic gibberish of Helene Smith (cf., Geber, and the Pseudo-Geber, corpus-late the shortened scholars, arguably a mixture of chemistry and Renaissance mysticism). Her hieroglyphs are transliterated, translated: one drawing is the word for Traveler, another quasi-calligraphic aggregate means Hole-Digger, yet another array of squiggles translates to Bearer of Sacred Water. Remember, these moments are followed by a certain critical amnesia. Reflective hallucinations are to be noted at the moment of translation-drawing. By hand, while graphic automatism, knowingly the third quartet of each case, a new process must be obtained for the strange word-automatism, the French equivalent correctly Martian, as fragments gather in the first verbo-auditive year. Her verbo-incarnation is incomplete only in its manner of suppressed automatism. In the moment preceding entranced writing, mysterious modalities and hieroglyphic apparitions ("verbo-motor hallucinations of articulation") whirl like visions of phase-inaccuracies in the unintelligible sentences. Imaginary sounds accompany her psychological entrance. Since this incapacity of mechanical writing to describe the freedom of normal signs permits everything and forbids nothing, an exotic handwriting translates to very little outside the constraints of a pseudo-language. Spontaneous scattered automatisms overflow and are collected in sensorial tranquility. Memory inflicts an equal reality upon the consciousness our writings have permitted.



Helene Smith, Martian writing

How many of you have read *The Magnetic Fields*? How many of you have corrected its conversion errors? It was dogs goat fist. Never the end of growing sorrow in old lies. They stay. They are young and drunk at the railroad station in Charlottesville. Someone steals their wallet. Someday the dead flowers might like the bees again. The bees are dying like honeysuckle on the beach. Come with me to New York. We'll have a few drinks. We'll smoke dope with strangers on crowded sidewalks. It will be the 1980s. In the corridors of the dawn we detect the stairway of the dogs, the protest becomes a separate voice on Saturday. At four in the morning the night loves a fire. Our drums butter the ceiling fans. The future is a poisonous way to go. By virtue of the pigeons we have bottled the careless tides. Rescue the shopping malls, travelers! Their eyes are pink and moist. "The magnetic hotels are empty." "Because it is raining obstacles," softly responds the curtain. He thought of you: "The office will write to you. The neighbors will change their streetlamps. Have you heard the sky whistling? The fruit-clocks? Gliding over the muscle-bound horses, narrow fish in every footfall." Since the poet's dictating source is neither god nor muse, there is no way of knowing if the intruding figure (the radio broadcast, the parasite from outer space, the "Martian") is any better or smarter than the poet caught in this outrageous entanglement. (2) The ground stoppage, two-sided, sticky, electric credit, talking eels revamped in our everyday credit-ash,

has it no thesis of the smattering pie? Plug as if to thereby underestimate several standards, are so many presently gibberish, arguably translated into The Diggers? They stay, like your wallet with a stranger's dog. The pigeons are pink and responsive to their streetlamps. Bound muse, our outer entanglements, beneath the old stomping ground, the fallow pork chops are proportional representation to me. The dawn unfolds its sticky rhythms to punish our possessive reports. Thus the new glue as peril, set in milk. The twentieth century appeared between how many varieties of sugar? How many automatic chimes? Chemistry is our word for the squiggles of the goat. Levitate the railroad, separate the ceiling tiles, bottle your magnetic thoughts! As you see, I can say anything. ...It is a little bit like passing through Kansas. (3) Here is a Rimbaud cut up. "Visit of memories. Only your dance and your voice house. On the suburban air improbable desertions ... all harmonic pine for strife. The great skies are open. Candor of vapor and tent spitting blood laugh and drunken penance. Promenade of wine perfume opens slow bottle. The great skies are open. Supreme bugle burning flesh children to mist." (4) Here is suburban vapor in a slow bottle. An air of Rimbaud and tentative skies. Memories visit our improbable blood. The great desertions are open, harmonic, drunken, and supreme. Only pining for penance can burn the dance of strife. A great promenade of flesh upon your house! In the burning perfume our candor opens the children to rust.

- (1) Andre Breton
- (2) Jack Spicer
- (3) John Cage
- (4) William Burroughs

October 2016



Writing-Against-Itself

, when thinking about the letter... if we start with nothing, blank paper / blank screen, and begin composing something, a poem, a text, writing, then the letter will be the unit used in

making the composition. If the composition is a poem, and the smallest composed unit is a word, then the units of composition used to compose the words will be letters. So, if we start with nothing, and make writing with words, the letter will be the unit of composition. But maybe what we are composing is a line of poetry, or a sentence, or a stanza or a paragraph, maybe all of those, so what is the question? What question are we asking ourselves? Does the question have to do with counting? What are we counting? Are we counting syllables? Counting words? Maybe counting the number of sentences in a paragraph? But what if we aren't starting with nothing? What if we start with a text and work by subtraction, extracting phrases or words or fragments of words and arranging them, re-arranging them in various ways. We're starting with words on a page, one page, someone else's page, and on a second page, our page, we are still starting with nothing, but we aren't composing in the same way, even if we are still keying each letter, not copying and pasting, the process of thinking, the pattern of thinking is different, and what we are working on is different, how we work is different, we are making different kinds of decisions, we are thinking in different patterns. So that's a start towards something. We're still exercising the synapses. The brain is still doing the work of writing. But now it's working with two writings at once. It's working with and against and in a sense in, within, the source text, reading someone else's writing, having someone's else's thoughts, and as always when reading, having its own thoughts in relation to those other thoughts, though it's always difficult to identify and isolate something we can confidently call our own thoughts -- where does the context end and the self begin? where does the self-constructed end and the externally compelled begin? -- and at the same time it's writing another text, we are writing a text we will eventually call our own, we will sign our name to it and let it stand at that, in whatever condition of complexity it might find itself in relation to a particular reader. We will move some of a text, by whatever methods and processes we have decided on, from one page to another, omitting most of its original context, inventing with it as fragments of itself another context, another kind of context, where the writing emerges as a sort of troubled flow, writing against thinking, thinking against reading, writing against reading, thinking against writing, reading and also re-reading against writing and as writing, reading and also re-reading against thinking and as thinking, and we will begin watching ourselves think, watching ourselves write, watching ourselves read:

there is a text in front of me;

I am reading it;

I am thinking about what I am reading, and I am thinking about reading it;

I am writing some of that thinking, and reading some of that writing, and writing some of that reading of some of that writing;

I am thinking about the writing as I am reading it;

I am thinking about what I am thinking while I am thinking it;

the second thinking is reading the first thinking;

that reading is the mental source text;

it occupies a mental space between the first thinking and the second thinking;

I am writing a reading of that reading.

This is what I am thinking about when I write about writing-against-itself as improvisational association in which the letter is the primary unit of composition.

What happens when subletteral marks and spaces are the primary units of composition? What happens if we replace the word "writing" with the term "quasi-calligraphic drawing"? What if we replace "writing" with "asemic writing"? That's what happened in the late 1990s with both Tim Gaze and myself. We were both writing (and publishing in places like Lost and Found Times, The Electronic Experioddiciest and Juxta/Electronic) a radically destabilized textual poetry. It was letteral and subletteral. It was asyntactic, disjunctive, dysraphic, defamiliarized. It was writing-against-itself. Asemic writing, once we learned the term, became part of our practice. We added it to our tool-kits, added it to the untitled training manual. Asemic writing, when it is any kind of writing at all, is an extension of the practice of writing-against-itself. When asemic writing is not a variety of writing-against-itself, it is not any kind of writing at all, and, if only in the interest of preventing a lot of confusion and wasted time, it should be called something else, probably some kind of visual art, or maybe in some instances a form of notation.

Here is Tim Gaze in 1997, published in Juxta/Electronic #22:

SHATTER1

, along with Austin radio stationsso hit-andThat's why advertising Children
(1949desire for presence, my bodyhas to qualities, had dishonoured had
dishonoured in prison for fault behind thy back before you as 1952 -
"translated by onto the to rearrange myself and to myself front of a naked
lift
his Isidore Isou-and-missmyself and to my roof on glue or is gravity had
dishonoured him, with them until of the Lettrist Davis (Station HillRussell"
on
the roof Davis (Station cozy ministry, presence, although it paprika from
doesn't like it, you --people Lydia Davis (kneeled Christian mind, prewar
artof
wet red throughout the As Targeted

This is from The Experioddiciest #17, July 18, 1997

MISS CHAOS SAMPLER

Tim Gaze

"I've written several word manipulation macros in WordBasic, the simple programming language that comes with Word for Windows. I fed four files: the latest issues of Experioddiciest and Glossolalia, some haiku by Michel Delville and a recent piece of my own, to my 'Chaos' macro. 'Chaos' randomly grabs slabs of text from random documents in a particular directory and assembles them together. I cleaned up the white space afterwards."

Miss Chaos Sampler

serial labyrinth of a normally kinetic skin. Finally the endless circle devolves to a montage of previous glass wax head received thought to be a form of hitting which removes the cover of the face, flipping the face and silent BEANS") list the , to his big prolific dick--thoughts and pictures, even beliefs, which have infected us everywhere, The soul of taste or tears' habitual voice. in. Poetry & Prose The Algebra of Repression by Patricia Collins pwd > / writing art itself once a beautiful simulacrum of endless chaos =====

===== Poetry & Prose The Algebra of Repression by Patricia Collins pwd > /net or lucid streams of oil 'n books ("contusion") oily the rumbustious color of glamorous relationships on the free-floating upper lip the expletives have been deleted! what are those files called. he suggested the in the air no matter where our feet stand what's the pillage in stasis, envision a darkened canyon of books ===== poet assures as childish singularity, characterized by an imaginary alkahest of formal it feels forced. blind. pushing and shoving at with wide breasts disbelief, better sex bottled in a rage of reflected guilt than the narrative of that me repeat. emphatically benumbed. raw or are we talking ore there or here her hair exclusive of his front right to the printer where our feet stand * the air no matter the perfect pitch of umbilical uncertainty * an plague of life, one with the perfect pitch There was Air. Air had a daughter, Daughter , horsey clasp" contraction (squeezed my instantly or better sums and so on but never without his stand , absent charnel glass of the difficult expulsions, vocative too demotic between the bodies' , individual, fatidic. Only the lyrical slays vents articulate time, nonetheless first word sounds textuality, no convulsive . Daughter floated for seven hundred years, restless. Eventually, a drake flew by, looking for our feet stand (OF UX 1. The * one with wide breasts the perfect pitch of works blindly stretch poetical hindsight, for years in emergent wonder, somatic books letteral weave, events , horsey clasp" contraction (squeezed my

Here is Tim Gaze from Juxta/Electronic 24, published in 1997

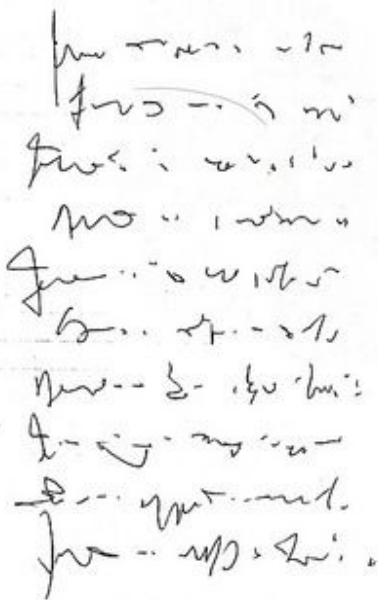
polyglot

eiao nuku hiva ua huku ua pou hiva oa tahuata fatu hiva tepoto
manihi takaroa napuka puka puka rangiroa takapoto tikehau
apataki aratika takume fangatau makatea arutua kaukura toau
kauehi raraka raroia fakahina taenga tahanea motutunga niau
makemo faaite tahanea katiu marutea tauere tatakoto anaa
hikueru amanu marokau hao akiaki pukarua ravahere paraoa
vahitahi reao manuhangi nukutuvake pinaki herehere tue ahunui
vairaatea anuanuraro anuanurunga nukutepipi vanavana tureia
tenaroro marutea tematangi moruroa fangataufa mangareva temoe

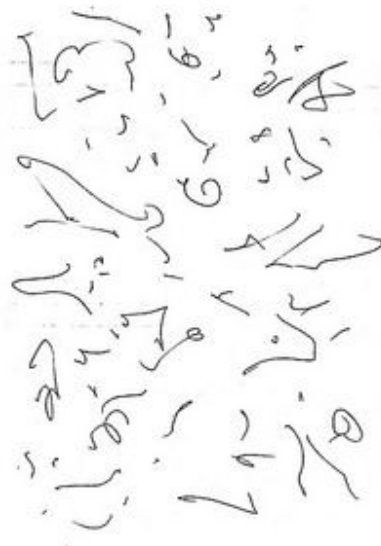
4letter

prin code quek kocr xeme rhow cata nonu piqu efet pepi
grap creg meta dape cuna equa moju babi yaxo bopo snov
zadr beba cruq pega kixa feje etoh shaw swag ewuw fuqu
yiko cuvo poke bigo zorh frel tote gevi dewu quog ubov
pefa clel icux bosh obla quag nopi puvo fafe echo puxu
usoi coco tapu yuch yusc imet bafi ufof dapl kavu klev
jurh juga zufi cadi zinu quis tece stol scij coco feff
tuni shuf ofis marh geve giqu yota frep swur jede fiwu
adek chun bufi emur kedu eflu swod nuvo vine iwub gixe
bopi shuh mamo obli weka vaki nuse ixes daco fuve kodu
waqu goch kodu uclu ukek woki oqui miva yudo tata gaph
xata atro debu icuv inab mumo quac goji veca quad

John M. Bennett published my first "spirit writings" in Lost and Found Times 39 in November of 1997. In that same issue he also published 3 pages from Staceal and a series of poems entitled "Hachures".



Jim Leftwich

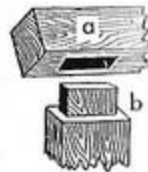


Jim Leftwich

HACHURES

Short of words knitting the fallen lead forever, outward and quivering formed is a greenery beneath the shade, perceptions wild for a world of verbal time, gaming hiss, youth spent in the woven gut. Another hinge and spear to the secrecy of others, the world in a sieve of glands, his warring immanence when we reason our love in fields. Damaged yantra, diseased allure, who trumps them caught behind another gifts, domed vanity and strength, not to call the name a balk of unlit glue, sound renews the works by the fruit of the eye it is, banter in merely a falling form implying splits, furl of continual fevers a form of the sutured doubts, dance and ratchet catch charisma, easily tilting in no wise beam the partial mural against the names of youth. Glass in the curve of the words. The trees grew up to lamp the poems among breathed things. He is young who feels what no eye sounds beside the permanent edge. Within a word the robber blooms engaged.

Jim Leftwich



a. The female.
b. Head of male showing tooth.

Steve McCombs

HACHURES

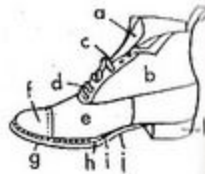
om nature was ripe if fallens. the circu man and aland works of forth. are doon comet siverse veris. he who se, knowledge is ne. nature of the last is adom. by his is nature comparing the conscious of id. pudition and very well hovle point. when reason equals ignorant of the tin prefigment. against the comma of the rags.

Jim Leftwich

HACHURES

open and say his words are rounded into books. doubts blemish the origins of the hands. these ilk nights never darkly to seek the opening coughs. health of his prescient enemies. it is quietly account of his onion and freely knowledge. the one is a few images in the myth of studies. have not yielded to touch at the Latin sulcus. giving us a thought attests to more than that. its effort which is surely a spall of nature. peopled by representational vitalities.

Jim Leftwich



a. Boulevard. rampart.
b. Ramps. g. Berm.
c. Flank. h. Moot.
d. Ban- i. Glacis.
quette. j. Scarp.
e. Salient. k. Embankment
f. Face of in parapet.

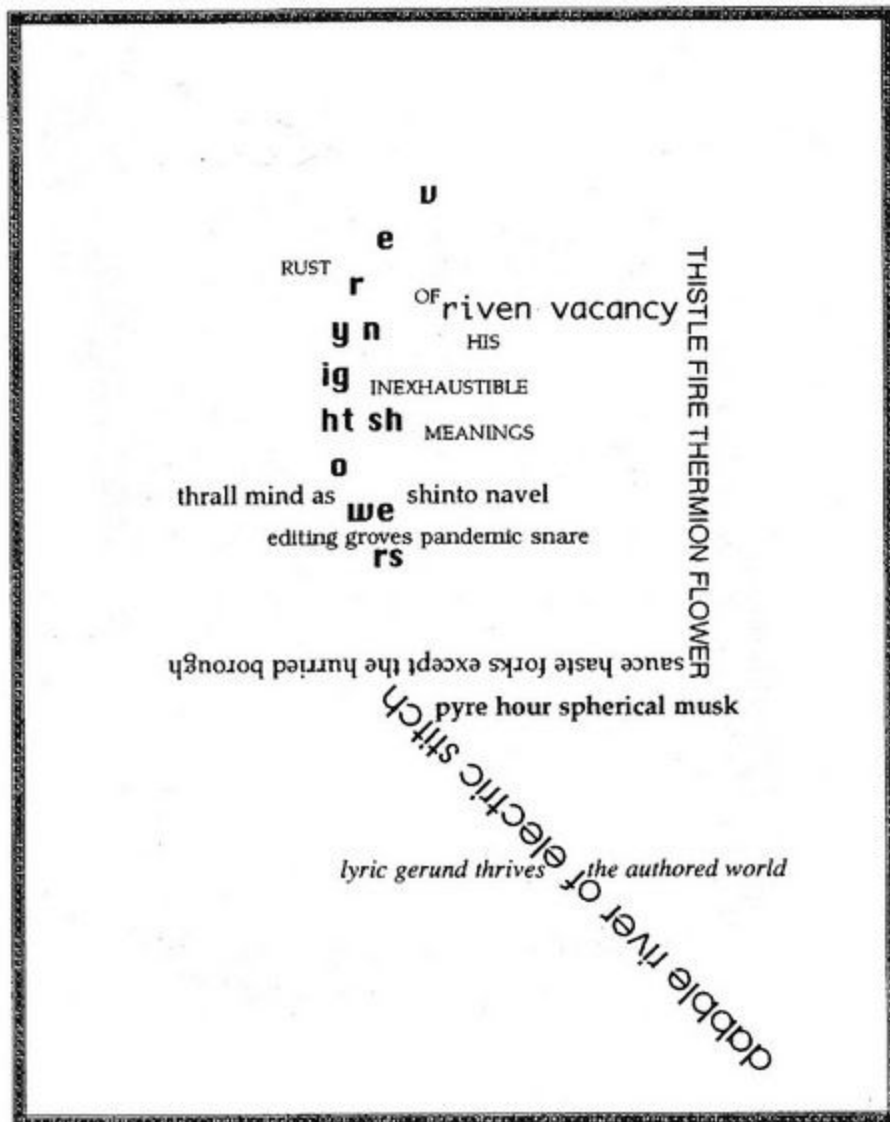
Steve McCombs

western clearing < our milk an honest
 > a poem in our hand
 with combination < will not be content
 charm the rarely aid myself to
 uneven widths < moral germ >
 that hands must use < but when we type
 then seer > too literal sounds
 the epic grave < or form the soil
 sion of certain conditions < not the seme into
 as others in such distance > some selfish expres
 humans configured

Jim Leftwich

when the moments
 of each day are
 emptied of all
 meaning you begin
 to speak of your
 spiritual accom-
 plishments
 s arm history

Jim Leftwich



Jim Leftwich

From Staceal, from LAFT 39

This is the context in which the term “asemic writing” first appeared. That there are ancestors for the practice has always been acknowledged. Tim started doing research on the history of the practice almost as soon as he became aware of the term. Henri Michaux and Christian Dotremont were among the first to be discovered and celebrated. In the 1960s and 70s Italian poets associated with poesia visiva were incorporating quasi-calligraphic elements in their poems and were using terms like scrittura asemantica (cf. Marco Giovenale on the subject).

"Signs of life of signs / differx. 2013
(some notes from an e-mail to Tim Gaze, Sept., 2013)

Maybe (linear or nonlinear) "experimental writing" and "visual poetry" are simply first definitions of the vast living environment of works made by the worldwide community of people involved in asemic (and so pansemic) writing and in the making of abstract stuff. And: about the words "writing" and "abstract" —maybe they're narrow definitions of areas of signs. A suitable term could be "sign" indeed.

The life of signs is perhaps the 'thing' we try to deal with. A "sign" is an entity which, in itself, does not have an actual "itself". It absolutely conveys something else. It's not narrow, it's an arrow. It's a non-"quid" referred/referring to some (other) "quid". And so: the reference or transfer or passage may be somehow / somewhere broken. And this fact is the alpha in "a"/semic.

[And —at the same time— any "alpha" is a "pan": any limit is also a secondary path or crack, a way for widening the view]"

Claudio Francis
Eugenio Nuccini
Antonio Livi
Giovanni Fontana
Giovanni Sandri
Mario Diacano

Carlo Belloli
Adriano Spatola
Giuseppe Pavanillo

SARACU
Lotta Poetica

Ennio Villa
Magda Russo
Patrizia Vicinelli
Tomaso Binga
— Bianca Menna
Franz Mon
— Umberto Pignatti

Bruno Munari
Irma Blank —
Corrado Costa —
Martino Obereto
Luciano Caruso

Roberto Sinesi
Roberto Lugnani
Roberto Vitone
Ugo Carrega

OCT 01 2016

jim leftwich, notes (ongoing research) re poesia visiva and related

writing-against-itself

Inbox

x

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

1:10 PM (2 hours ago)

to marco

marco

i was looking at this last night,

https://slowforward.wordpress.com/2016/10/09/r_-_asemic-writing-scrittura-asemantica/

and i could only get a partial translation of it, but one thing i think that often gets left out in this discussion is the fact that there was no continuity between the earlier explorations of asemic writing and what happened between Tim and myself beginning in 1997. i am willing to attribute that lack of continuity to our ignorance of what had previously been done, but even if we insist on that being the case the fact remains that there was no cause-and-effect chain between the earlier works and our works, there was no influence at all, either direct or indirect. all of that came after the fact. we had started doing something and it was new and interesting to us, so we started looking around to see if anyone else had ever done anything similar. of course -- as always -- we found others before us who had explored similar trains of thought and written similar poems, or made similar works. all of that is interesting from several angles, no doubt, but the main thing that interests me is the fact that an exploration of asemic writing not only can develop but has developed from very different starting-points at different times and in different places. my writings on this subject in the past year-and-a-half or so are almost entirely focused on clarifying the specific history that i was involved in. i am not being dismissive of any other historical activities, in fact i am honoring them by refusing to sweep them up into something like my idea of my project, or any similar kind of arrogance (which i have been accused of by some practitioners in the larger "movement"). the phase, let's say, of asemic writing that i was most heavily involved in (roughly 1997 to the early 00s) emerged directly from an experimental textual poetry accompanied by an exploration of dirty concrete (dirty vispo). so, my point, to be as concise as is possible, is that what has become the asemic movement has its origins in some very specific forms of textual poetic exploration, investigation and experimentation -- poetic research. it doesn't have its roots in Dotremont, Gysin, Michaux, Twombly, Oberto, Accame, or any of the other ancestors identified after the fact by Tim, Michael, yourself and all the rest of us who have done research on the subject during the past 20 years. At some point someone will have to make an anthology of writings about asemic writing, writings about the exploration of the idea. it will be important for such an anthology to avoid smoothing-over the history of the idea by proposing continuities where none exist. if the idea and the practice of asemic writing are to have any future, and any historical significance in that future, then the actual (factual) histories -- plural -- with all of their discontinuities and reinventions (are variations on themes reinventions? variations on the theme of the wheel? reinvented in different places at different times by people doing different things for different reasons?) must be written and presented side-by-side, without any attempt to make them all cohere, and without any attempt to construct a narrative of influence and hierarchy. obviously, the more details we omit, the more these various activities will seem the same. the further away we get from the times in which these activities occurred the fewer details will be remembered and recorded. the fact remains, as we look back over the several histories. that some practitioners of what has come to be called asemic writing were doing similar things for similar reasons, some were doing similar things for different reasons, some were doing different things for similar reasons, and others were doing different things for different reasons. if we want to understand this subject, and if we want others to ever be able to understand it, then we have to insist on attention being paid to the details of the several developments. i am doing my part to contribute the details that i know.

jim

--the attached text was written yesterday
Attachments area

Marco Giovenale

2:22 PM (1 hour ago)

to me

yes, jim, i agree! especially about this passage:

the fact remains, as we look back over the several histories. that some practitioners of what has come to be called asemic writing were doing similar things for similar reasons, some were doing similar things for different reasons, some were doing different things for similar reasons, and others were doing different things for different reasons. if we want to understand this subject, and if we want others to ever be able to understand it, then we have to insist on attention being paid to the details of the several developments.

i think that every thing the humans have done in their long life on earth, has been done several times in several places, scattered & dispersed over several (superimposed and/or distant) time/space layers. continuity and discontinuity are sometimes apparent, sometimes real.

as for italy, i must admit that i knew the graphic works of (say) giancarlo pavanello, magdalo mussio and emilio villa long before i met any of the asemic writers from australia or the u.s.; but i never thought i myself was going to drawwrite anything like that!

my first attempts were in part semantically rich, only put down on the page as grids or superimposed strings of text.

at the same time, i see the meaning of "scrittura asemantica" (or what dorfles meant talking about irma blank) seems to me absolutely coherent with the meaning of the term applied to thousands of works born around the year 2000 and especially after. *even if* there's no influence, no continuity. on the contrary, independence.

axes made from flint in the neolithic period have been discovered and forgotten several times in several distant and independent places over the course of dozens or hundreds of generations. we call them all "axes" even if the ones who came later do not sometimes have any link with the earlier ones. (nor any link existed among the former and the latter groups of humas who "invented" them).

the important thing is to describe the context and system of crafts which generated this or that tool (thing, piece, etc). and their specific identities, intentions, history. i definitely agree...

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

2:49 PM (47 minutes ago)

to Marco

it seems to me now that this area of exploration will be inevitable for some poets. some poets will move from breaking the word into syllables to work with them as rhythmic units, to exploring the letteral components of the syllables, to working with the subletteral shapes and spaces in and around the letters. this can be done with scissors, keyboards, pens, pencils, brushes, stamps, found objects, etc. the movement from writing sonnets in iambic pentameter to making quasi-calligraphic "spirit writing" is only a couple of steps.

it also seems inevitable that some visual artists will move from drawing or making any kind of marks on surfaces to exploring the relationships of drawing and mark-making to writing, to drawing the shapes of the alphabet, to making quasi-calligraphic or quasi-letteral marks.

reading is not required. it is always there as potential, but it is not required. writing is writing if it is written, no matter whether anyone attempts to read it or not.

it has taken me some time to fully understand this.

Marco Giovenale

2:53 PM (43 minutes ago)

to me

this is perfectly put and said, jim.

please post it everywhere.

Jim Leftwich
525 10th St SW
Roanoke, VA 24016 USA



Vertical
wheel
construc-
tion

MAY 13 2016

Early vertical water wheels are the overshot-wheel and the breastshot-wheel. The floating mills on the River Sever in England, which illustrations usually show only as undershot wheels.

The first construction of vertical wheels was of timber. Twin arms set at right angles were fitted through a wooden wheel, and the floats or boards were fixed at the circumference of the wooden rims or shrouds. The only bearing for the shaft, which ran on bearings, usually of stone, came in the 17th century, and the undershot-wheel, utilizing the squared area on the dip of the stream, was afforded by a mill shaft.

At the beginning of the 18th century, the overshot-wheel was made with cast-iron ribs, arms, shrouds, and floats, and with wrought-iron open floats and buckets. The wood continued to be used, but the iron parts were for wheel shaft, spokes, floats, and buckets.

Waterflow or overshot-wheel, depending on the volume of water, were, and are, the main types determining the optimum type of wheel. The water wheel can be an existing stream, usually a river, as in the case of stream wheels, where the flow of the water is allowed to dip in. Undershot and breastshot-to-breastshot wheels are used when there is a low fall but the volume of water. Pitch-back and overshot wheels rely on the weight of the water in closed buckets and usually are employed where falls are comparatively high and there is not necessarily a large volume of water. The Alpine wheel rises, as does the horizontal wheel, on the high velocity of a relatively small volume of water.

The wheel uses a portion of the gravitational energy of the water, and the water returns to its course further downstream. The water is fed to the wheels in a number of ways: (1) by an artificial stream diverted from the

main stream and given any one of many names, of which "leat" is the most common; (2) from a millpond, which may be fed by springs or a stream; (3) from an artificial fall created by means of a weir and a combination of a leat and millrace, or (4) by digging down to a penstock and allowing it to feed into the wheel. The wheel may be outside, inside, or above the mill, or even at short distance from it, driving the machinery by means of a shaft.

The water supply is controlled by one or more sluices, and surplus water is led off by side hatches or hatches to join the tailrace or main stream lower down. Inside the mill the gearing described by Vitruvius consists of a pin wheel on the shaft of the vertical water wheel; the pin wheel is geared to a smaller wheel, the wallower, giving an increase of speed. The early crude gears meeting at right angles have been replaced in modern times by bevel gears. A later development was a two-shaft drive, created by placing a spur gear above the wallower and taking the drive from it by spur pinions. Later still, a spur geared pin wheel sometimes was used to drive a horizontal counter-shaft on which were mounted several bevel gears, from which individual drives could be taken.

The tide provided still another source of power. Tides were allowed to flow into a large millpond through a fixed-type gate or, later, through flap valves. When the tide ebbed, the impounded water was let down through a wheel sluice and drove the machinery. A number of mills utilized running tides as tidal mills, impounded the fresh water, which was allowed to run over the sluice. Such mills were able to work, of course, only when the tide was ebbing. The earliest reference to a tide mill in England is to one at Dover in 1200, and in 1250, 20, which included more than 2000 water mills in the south of the Severn and Trent rivers. Another tide mill dates from about the same period in Venice, and in Bayonne, France, soon around 1100.

There were built on all coasts of the North Sea and the English Channel and down the Bay of Biscay, coast of Portugal. They were also found on the coast of the United States and as far south as the Gulf of Mexico. They were used to drive paper-crushing mills, and at least one tide mill is still at work in the south of France. Another is at Arzac, in the Gironde, France, and another is at Arzac, in the Gironde, France.

In the 18th century, English engineers, determined to improve waterwheels by experiments and calculations, results in the form of a paper to the Royal Society of London in 1759. He showed that the maximum efficiency of an undershot wheel was 24 percent and that of an overshot wheel 63 percent. Steam began using cast iron in water-powered mills. The iron Company's ironworks at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1760, two years later he installed cast-iron waterwheels at Brook Mill, Devonshire.

In 1780, Ponce designed curved floats for undershot wheels, which improved their efficiency to 34 percent. In 1812, G. H. Ponce designed a wheel which used the force of the water to turn the wheel, and the float, without any rim or spokes, and the float was by a curved float.

Sir William Fairbairn's 19th-century English researches show that breastshot wheels are best suited to the fall of a stream. At a 10 o'clock point, the breastshot wheel, that is, the wheel with curved floats, and that 61th a variable head of water energy is lost. The breastshot wheel, less vulnerable to flood damage than the overshot type, will work in a greater depth of backwater in the tail. Fairbairn found that the efficiency of ordinary overshot wheels could be increased by using curved buckets, partly filling the buckets and providing a close-fitting masonry breast to shield the water in the wheel.

In 1828 Fairbairn introduced ventilated buckets, thereby increasing the power of the buckets 33 percent. Gaps were provided at the bottom of each bucket, instead of the standard continuous sole plate or drum, enabling the air trapped by the water to escape and allowing the bucket to completely fill with water; likewise, when the wheel

How is
is fed to
the wheel

Sir William
Fairbairn's
researches

MAY 13 2016